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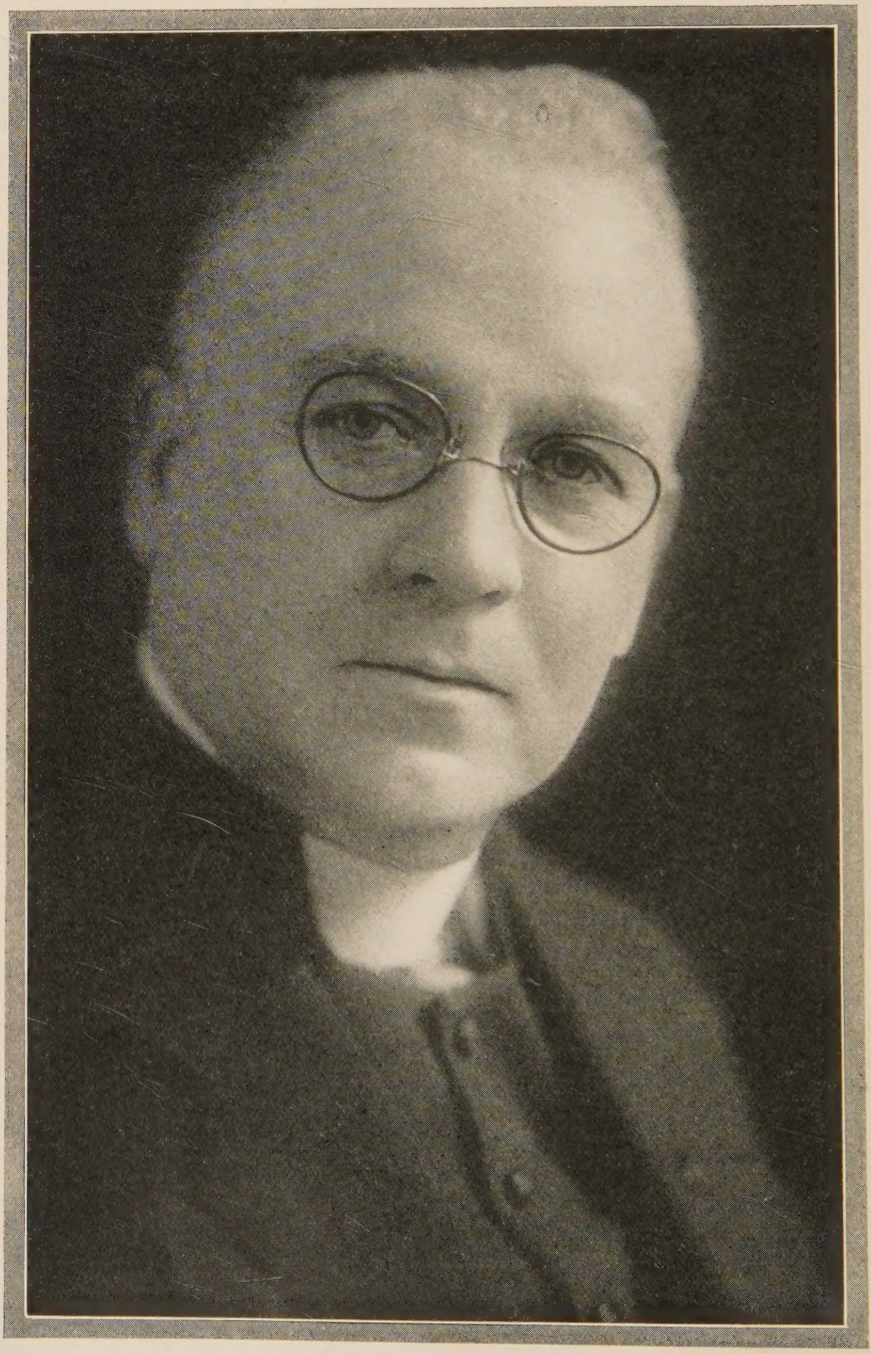

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THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D., LL.D.

The Story of Extension

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

BY

The Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., LL.D.

Protonotary Apostolic to His Holiness
Honorary Canon of the Metropolitan Chapters of Mexico City,
Guadalajara and Morelia
Founder and President of The Catholic Church Extension Society
of the United States of America

1922

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Dedication.

In affection and appreciation, this book is dedicated to the memory of

James Edward Quigley
Late Archbishop of Chicago

the first Chancellor of the Society, in the hope that those who read it will not fail to pray for the eternal repose of his saintly soul.

The Author.

FOREWORD

A distinguished prelate was to have written this foreword. When the chapters were appearing serially in *Extension Magazine*—from which they are now reprinted with some slight changes and additions—I asked this good friend if he would be kind enough to write a word of introduction to the completed book when it appeared. In his never-failing readiness to help, he promised that he would.

When the book was in type and on the threshold of publication, I thought to remind him of his promise but did not. It was not because I had changed my mind about the value of support. If I once thought that the story needed a strong staff upon which to lean, I am even more conscious of the fact now that I contemplate the completed but unpolished product. It is partially because I am now more conscious than I was then of its deficiencies that I hesitated to ask, and finally refrained from asking, my distinguished friend to stand sponsor for my rambling memories.

I am letting the book go out alone also because it is a chapter from my own life. All through that life I have shouldered my own burdens and carried my own responsibilities; for I always felt a certain timidity about asking others to be my apologists. When I was sure that what I sought from others was for God, for His Church, or for His poor, I never had any fear or shame. My boldness seems to stop at that point.

I have always hated to ask support in the name of friendship. What another might add to my story would be only the offering of friendship, and might be gilded, with friendship's generosity, by undeserved laudation. For *Church Extension* I deserve no praise. The things that have grown under my hands did not grow by the skill of them, but in spite of their clumsiness. If *Extension* is worth a thought it is because God made it so. If it needs human praise to foster and feed it, then it must have been built on the sands of human pride.

Let its story, then, march out without a staff, and as the Apostles went, "without scrip or purse." For thus it is written in the Acts:

"*Neither is He served with men's hands, as though He needed anything; seeing it is He who giveth to all life, and breath and all things.*"

THE AUTHOR.

Chicago, August the First, Nineteen Twenty-Two.

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LAPEER, MICHIGAN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF EXTENSION. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AND RECTORY

"I HAD NOTHING LEFT OUT OF MY SERVICE BUT A HORSE AND A BIT OF WISDOM."

THE NEW CHURCH AT IMLAY CITY, ONE OF THE MISSIONS ATTENDED FROM LAPEER

Chapter the First

In Which "Extension" Is Not Even Mentioned

PEOPLE write autobiographies for varied reasons. Some, but they are saints, out of holy obedience; some from the conviction that no one can do them full justice but themselves; some to head off others who might make a mess of things long after the actor is dead and unable to defend himself; some, persuaded by friends that they are heroes, or enticed by enemies into exposing a flank for attack. None of these reasons has been the urge behind the writing of this book, which is not offered as an autobiography at all, even though it may in spots read like one. The author is not a saint, and under no orders to write anything. He does not feel that he has any "rights" to bother about, or any particular "reputation" to safeguard. He is no hero in action, and certainly none in appearance. His friends are all cordially frank and quite often painfully so. His enemies have not as yet introduced themselves personally, and consequently have been unable to advise to his hurt. His reasons for writing this story will appear later. He does not wish to mention them now because, though he lacks the virtues that give others a right to autobiographic fame, he possesses at least one virtue of a man of business: He knows that it pays to prepare the ground well before seeding. He calls his book a "Story," repudiating the idea that it resembles anything else. It tells as simply as possible how a certain man happened to be on the ground when a fire broke out, and was drenched with water from the hose.

All this, however, though offered as an excuse, may scarcely justify the frequent intrusion of the autobiographic *I*. Perhaps

an additional bit of explaining may help. My father had a garden which he planted down chiefly to useful potatoes. As a boy I was interested in the cutting up of the tubers for seeding, and noticed that each potato for that purpose was divided so as to leave the sections with an "eye" apiece. This "eye" was the seed from which a whole hill of potatoes was expected. Given enough "eyes," enough ground for planting them, proper care during the growing time, and results might well be considered as assured. The "eye" of the potato is the very practical and very hopeful part of it when it comes to reproduction. It counts for nothing on the ordinary occasions when the potato is called upon to function at the table. So I write in the hope that the often recurring *I* in this book may be considered even as the "eye" of the potato—for planting only. With this attempt to disarm the critic by anticipating his criticisms, let the story proceed.

It was one of those things called "chains of circumstances" that drove me into this story. In spite of the fact that I was born as far away from Michigan as the Maritime Provinces, which jut out over Maine and rather haughtily regard Boston as a settlement to the West; in spite of the further fact that when I decided to leave "Down East," Baltimore was selected as the most suitable field of operations; and, despite still further the fact that I studied my theology in the Province of Quebec, whose American interest is New England alone; yet the chain formed, as such things have a way of doing for a young man, and I found myself, in the October of '93, pastor of a parish called Lapeer in the Diocese of Detroit, with two "missions," one at Imlay City and one at a crossroads called Richfield. Even the fact of this pastorship was one of the links of the aforementioned chain; for I was not sent out as a pastor at all, but as a "locum tenens," which is a learned and dignified title for a temporary "supply."

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The real Pastor of Lapeer was a sick man. My orders from the Bishop of Detroit were to officiate during the period of his illness. Poor man, he never recovered, but died before spring. By that time the good Bishop had quite forgotten the "locum tenens," who stayed on; and, after a year of residence began to think he belonged to the pastor class instead of being where his youth placed him, among the curates. The pastors, not knowing that the newcomer was only a "locum tenens," took him at face value without inquiry. As for the curates, they were so much better off than a country pastor with two missions that they were good to the "locum tenens," probably out of pity for the misfortunes of one so young. It was no stroke of good luck to have been even a "locum tenens" in what the parish of Lapeer and missions then was.

The parish had been in existence for about thirty years when I came to it. There had been two pastors in that time, both living; one had been in charge for twenty-eight out of the thirty years. He was the founder of the parish, still there when I arrived, living about three blocks from the rectory. The reason for his presence in town is not a necessary part of this story; yet it must be recorded for a knowledge of the situation that, of a parish with about eighty Catholic families in Lapeer, only twelve remained when the second pastor took charge. This second pastor died about two years after his appointment, a victim of devotion to duty. A man with a strong tendency to tuberculosis, he took without complaint the chances his ministry imposed. Two all-night sick calls during dreadful storms in the dead of winter, exposure, neglect of the consequences, and death closed the book of his useful life. Yet he had given the parish an upswing, at least most of the people were back to the Church when I arrived; but as I had not seen the worst of the desolation, I could not very well appreciate the progress. It all looked so much like desolation still.

There was a church and a rectory in Lapeer, and there were churches in the two missions, but what buildings! An old pastor, who was anything but a discouraging sort of man, told me before I went out to my charge that the three churches were "dry-goods boxes with crosses on 'em." He was near enough to the truth at that; only the boxes were larger than ordinary and boasted windows and doors. It was anything but the dream-picture I had made of my first parish, this parish of Lapeer. I laugh now at my dream-picture, wondering if I can paint it again with words. There was the world—my world. It was bounded on the north, south, east and west by green hedges (there is no such season as winter in student dreams). The hedges shut in the church and home away from the noise of the world outside. No one ever came within these green hedges but myself, a privileged gardener, a housekeeper, and, now and then, a parishioner to whirl the dreamer away to a quick round of duty, and then back again to his retreat. Within the rectory I could see only one room in the dream. There were others, but the dreamer was not interested in them. How could he be when he had that library? He has it now, but somehow, alas, though it *looks* like the one in the dream, it is not quite the same. Books, books, more books, here and there a painting and bit of sculpture, and a deep window recess. Oh, yes, there was also a sun parlor with plants, but so arranged that it could be shut off with curtains when His Reverence wanted dim religious light and meditative solitude. The dream church was Gothic. It had towers, not steeples. There were bells that chimed in one of them. There was ivy to climb up and over both the towers and the gables of stone. Inside was the idea of vastness, even within small compass, a deep-toned pipe organ, statues from Carrara, and—ever so many other beautiful things. Passing strange it is that a lot of all this came true, but when it did

the dreamer had to leave it. That was only to be expected. Can the reader feel the desolation that I felt when I saw the reality? The grass was dead on the lawns. The poor, narrow house was set back from the walk, but alas! there was no garden and therefore no hedges. An unpainted black barn occupied a corner with its unsightly bulk. Across a street that nobody ever seemed to know existed was the dry-goods box of a church. There was no sacristy; but there were smoky coal stoves, a horrible reed organ, and pews that were a penance; no pulpit, no statues, no stained glass windows, but there were dirty vestments, and none of certain colors at all. Grim, dire church poverty we had, the worst kind of poverty because it so often speaks of cold, calculating indifference to God, and smug self-satisfaction in the things that are of this earth.

When first I saw it all there was no one about but the janitor, who "worked for his keep," but did not keep to his work. Folks called him Old Dan. He looked his part and fitted into the picture. He had a habit of saying "God bless ye, Father," every time he met me, so Old Dan was probably worth his keep in consolation and prayers. I am sorry to say that he sometimes got drunk. I scolded and threatened, but forgave him one day when I heard him say, as he genuflected before the altar thinking no one was near: "Good morning, Lord Jesus Christ." Old Dan had the faith that moves mountains, and opens the gates of Heaven.

But the poor church, and the others that I saw later, and which were, if possible, worse than the first, slandered their people. What these people had was what they could afford to have. They had built these churches when they had scarcely enough money with which to buy clothes; for they had come, one by one, to the country around when it was being cleared of timber, often borrowing money to buy their farms, and then

enough more to work them until the harvest. When I arrived only a few of the farmers were out of debt. It took a year to get the whole story; but the truth did not help the conflict between my dream and the reality. Neither did the fact that almost all the people lived far from their churches. They were scattered over a territory about twenty-eight miles square. Few lived in the little city which had, perhaps, some three thousand inhabitants at the time I came to it.

It was no pleasant outlook for a dreamer, but I am afraid that it was much better than this particular dreamer deserved. What business had he to be dreaming? He came to his new life with too many thoughts of the ideal existence of the priestly scholar—which he was not but ambitioned to be—and too few thoughts of the priestly laborer. Yet he was not so much to blame. He had seen little but the beautiful side of the work of the Church. At home in Prince Edward Island the old Cathedral had a sort of Prince-Bishop. He looked the Prince anyway, with his beautiful white hair crowning a remarkably handsome head, and the body of a Middle Age knight errant. He wore his *cappa magna* like some statesman-cardinal of the Court of France. The Cathedral music was good; the ceremonies well carried out. There was a boys' choir and a deep-toned organ. In the Province of Quebec all the churches were beautiful, and the students insured the correct interpretation of the wonderful liturgy of Mother Church in the chapels of the seminaries. As a subdeacon, and later as a deacon, the dreamer went to minister at the Cathedral every Sunday. He loved it. Small blame if he did not know of parishes where there was no music, where there were no beautiful ceremonies, and few books; where there was not even a decent church.

Then, at home, the dreamer had been surrounded by people who believed as he did. There was a sort of constant Com-

munion of Saints there—with reservations in the case of very occasional backsliders. He remembered a "mission" at home when every single person in a congregation of nearly five thousand had made his or her "duty." They were good people, good Catholics, his friends on "The Island." In Quebec it was almost the same. One day some of his fellow students were discussing the representative of the college constituency in the legislature, and a bad political slip that he had made, which slip was mightily resented by about all the voters. "Just wait," said one, "just wait till next Sunday after Mass. The people will tell him what they think of him." Another student, not from Quebec, said at once: "He'll stay away from Mass to avoid meeting them." There was a general laugh; as if it were even within the bounds of possibility that *anyone* could dream of staying away from Mass for such a reason. The honorable gentleman was at Mass. Thoughts of these things did not make the new conditions encouraging. The change was too sudden and unexpected.

There was more the dreamer had to learn, and some were quite willing to be the teachers, especially one, a hard-headed and hard-fisted old Irishman, as honest and outspoken as the best of his race. In the sermon preached by the new pastor on his first Sunday in charge, he referred to the sad condition of the church building, and incidentally remarked that the parish ought to be ashamed of it. Now, he did not then know what sacrifices had been made to build it, poor as it was; but John Cronin—God rest him!—did know, and came back of the altar after Mass to enlighten his new pastor. John did not make a fine choice of honeyed words to perform his act of charity; nor did he fail to remark, that what was good enough for the people who built the church ought to be good enough for any young—yes, he *did* put an emphasis on *young*—slip of a priest who came to take charge of it. Kind hands led John

away and the "young slip of a priest" went sadly back to the poor bit of a rectory—and cried. But he had gotten no more than he deserved. Later he came to know John Cronin, and to respect him. Even if he was hard-headed and tight-fisted, John Cronin was a man.

There was another old gentleman in the parish who lost no time in paying a visit to his new pastor. His name was Daniel Sullivan, but he was generally known as Uncle Daniel, and was soon Uncle Daniel to the pastor. Uncle Daniel was worried about the young priest, for gossip had whispered that he was—what do you think?—a Republican in politics. Uncle Daniel did not understand how that could be. It was almost as if the new pastor were tainted with a blotch of heresy. There was nothing to do but see him about it. Uncle Daniel came promptly to the discharge of his urgent political duty.

"They say, Father," he began with deliberate directness, "they say that you are a Republican."

"That is quite true, Mr. Sullivan."

"But how can you be a Republican and a Catholic?" Parenthetically it might here be stated that Uncle Daniel anticipated Mr. Dooley, who a few years later put it thus: "Are ye a Dimmicrat or a Prodestant?"

The pastor explained the reason why he had selected the tenets of the Republican party to the exclusion of the Democratic principles of Uncle Daniel's political creed; but he made no impression on the old gentleman, who only shook his head sadly. At last the exposition came to an end. "Then, Mr. Sullivan," said the worried pastor, "we must remember that it would not be a good thing for all of us to get into one party. It would be easy under such circumstances to rally everybody else against us and do the Church great harm."

This hit Uncle Daniel as an argument worth while. "Be gad, Father, ye are right," he said. "If we all got on wan

side 'twould be aisy for an inimy to crush the life out of us." Uncle Daniel smiled at his pastor then; but, as he arose to go, handed him a doubtful compliment. "There are priests and priests," he said. "The man here before ye was not shmart enough; but ye—ye are too dom shmart. I don't like a man who is not shmart enough, but I don't know what'll become of a man who is too dom shmart." Just the same, Uncle Daniel was the pastor's sincere friend from that day on, with all the rest of the Sullivans and their many connections.

A word about the non-Catholic neighbors. They were nearly all Yankees of the old stock, a kind, talkative, charitable and friendly people. True, a little incident of stone throwing had given the timid pastor a few bad days; but it was only the work of thoughtless boys, and counted for nothing. The young pastor got to love a lot of them, his neighbors. They were slow in making up, but very warm-hearted when they did. There were but few bigots. One of the reputed ones was a merchant who was supposed to be very rich. The new pastor rather shunned him. But, later on, there was a celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the parish in which about half of the banqueters were non-Catholics. The day following the celebration the pastor met the reputed bigot in the street, who stopped and shook hands.

"I thank you for that St. Patrick's banquet, Father," he said. "I was glad that at last there was someone to give proper attention to the celebration of our patron saint."

"*Our* patron saint? Are you, then, a Catholic?"

"Not at all, not at all, Father. I am, I hope, a good Methodist like my Belfast father before me; but I am also a good Irishman, thank God!"

So it went. The best of all happened when a new minister began his local career by a tirade against "Romanism." He was called before his church committee and told that, in

Lapeer, Protestants and Catholics lived as good neighbors. If he wanted to stay would he oblige his parishioners by preaching the gospel of his denomination, and letting "the Pope and Father Kelley worry along as best they can?" The minister did. Father Kelley began to think that there were compensations for the loss of that dream church. But it faded slowly. Alas! it took three years to fade entirely out of his sick and disappointed heart.

The dream had faded all away when the climax came in the pastor's relations with the neighbors. One day he met the man who had charge of the destinies of the Republican party in the county. He was a Presbyterian. "I want to see you in my office, Father," he said. Behind a closed door he told what was on his mind.

"Father, would you like to go to the State Senate?" The Father was paralyzed.

"The State Senate?" he stammered. "Do you want me to run for Senator?"

"Sure, Father. We'll give you the Republican nomination next time. It's the same as election."

"But look here, Jim"—the objection was strenuous—"I could never carry the northern townships where they think a Catholic priest has horns and hoofs. They would all vote for the Democratic nominee up there."

"That's partially true, perhaps," he said, "but did you think how all the Democrats in Elba would vote?"

Jim knew his business; but Father Kelley did not run for the State Senate.

Among my parishioners were some who had really never "come back." One was the chief of the fire department, Jim Murphy. Jim was a character, for though he kept a saloon in a Puritan town, he was, nevertheless, the best loved man in it. Jim was the original for the "fool and his money." His

hand was always in his pocket to get something out of it for the poor. The only trouble I had with Jim was that I had no trouble with him. He bothered neither the pastor nor the church. True, he attended every funeral, but he never came to Mass on Sunday, nor went to the Sacraments. Duty told me to go after Jim. During a mission I went to see him. "Of course, Father," he said, "I am going to confession tonight. It's high time I got straightened out." I was delighted, but slightly in wonder at the easiness with which I had won over what I thought was the hardest case in the parish. Jim came to the church that night. He heard the sermon and stayed to await his turn to enter the confessional. I noted this and was well satisfied to leave him there for the mission father to settle with. When I left the church there were but three people between Jim and his spiritual house-cleaning. Five minutes after I entered the rectory I heard the fire bell ring. Looking out I saw the coat-tails of the fire chief, Mr. James Murphy, disappear down the street. Next day I asked about the fire. There had been no fire. It was a false alarm. I ceased to think of Jim as an easy job.

Thank God, I got Jim later. It was on his deathbed. I was glad; for it would have seemed a pity that he who had, out of charity and kindness, followed every poor coffin to the church, should not have had his own laid down between the candles, in the love and prayers of his people. I preached over poor Jim. The church was crowded as never before—for a saloonkeeper, too. There were many who wept, and I knew the reason why better than most of that congregation. They said that I never, before or after, preached a sermon like "the sermon over Jim Murphy." Indeed, that sermon passed into local history like the "night of the big wind" in Ireland. I do not remember what I said. I do not recall that it was much of a sermon. But I know that it did not

come entirely from my mouth. It was the heart that was speaking over the sheep who wandered out of the fold, but loved it too much to wander away from it.

A friend, reading what I write as the sheets fall, tells me that I am trying to immortalize Lapeer; but how could this bit of a book immortalize anything? Yet to me at least Lapeer is immortalized, for Lapeer was my first parish. It just forced me to love it, in spite of its rude shatterings of student dreams. It broke my heart to come to it, but broke it worse to leave it. I was poor in Lapeer. Often I had not money enough to pay my railroad fare to visit a neighboring priest for confession. But Lapeer is a memory of happiness, and people still fill their old and proper place in my heart. They bore my youthful blunders with patience and my shortcomings with forgiveness. They loved me, and did all they could to make me feel the warmth of that love. Never again can I feel so much a part of any community. It seems now as if I had always lived in Lapeer.

I knew every road around and about it—I knew them in summer, and I knew them in winter.

There is scarcely a Catholic home within its parish boundaries that has not a memory for me. The little flock at Imlay and the smaller flock at Richfield, now Davison, were all of the one parish family. A few years after I left I wandered back to Davison. As I was walking down the street, a boy passed me on the run. Behind I heard another boy shout: "Hey, Kelley!" I turned, and the second boy darted past me.

"Who is that lad running ahead?" I asked of a friend.

"Why, don't you know, Father? That boy was the first baby you baptized here. He was named Francis Clement after you, but everybody here calls him Kelley."

There was a big lump in my throat as I walked to the station. I do not know what "Kelley's" other name is, for

he was baptized over twenty-eight years ago. I do not know where he is, or whether the baptism "took" full effect or not; but when I sit and dream about the old days—one would think I was an ancient—Lapeer, Imlay City and Davison always come together to knock for admission, and the magic password is: "Everybody here calls him Kelley."

Chapter the Second

Into Which the Hero Breaks and Breaks Out Again

THE hardest thing in the world to kill is the Faith of Christ, for its life is divine. The only weapon that has ever proved even temporarily effective against it is sin. By all the rules of the world's game, the Faith should have been dead in Lapeer and its missions, yet it was very much alive. I used to wonder at this vitality, but soon came to understand what I should have known right along: that God takes care of His work even when His servants neglect it; and takes care of it all the better if an attempt is made to kill it. The parish of Lapeer had stood the test. More than that: for eight years it had stood the greater test of an actual effort to take its message out of the hearts of its children; yet it was still strong. The miracle of Lapeer and its missions was the miracle of the Faith "once delivered to the Saints."

There were, however, some minor things to wonder at in this fidelity. Lapeer had received little instruction. Excepting a few, there was not in the people what might be called "an intelligent faith." I do not like to put it that way, but can find no better words to express a faith without much basic instruction. But Lapeer's faith was not without a sort of miraculous foundation. To illustrate: One day I received a visit from a lady who wished to place her children in the catechism class. I asked why the children had not been in that class before.

"Because," she answered quietly, "they were going to the Universalist Sunday School."

"Then," I said, "you are not a Catholic."

"Oh, yes, Father," she answered quickly, "I am a Catholic. I was born and baptized one, drifted away, and came back."

"And why," I asked, "did you come back?"

"It was this way, Father," she said. "I had been thinking a great deal on the subject of religion. I did not know much about the differences between the churches; but I knew there must be some very vital ones. I thought that only *one* could be right, though some folks told me that as all are aiming at the same point, all were right. I decided that this could not be true, and that it was my duty to find the right one. So I looked around for the Church that was the most hated. I found it. It seemed that every book I read had something mean to say about the Catholic Church. Every hand and tongue were against it. That was the way Jesus Christ was treated. I just knew then that His Church would be getting what He got. So here I am back again."

That interview was a small but practical course in the theology that I had learned only too superficially in the Seminary. The country parish is the best encourager of private post-graduate courses in divinity that I know of.

There was work to do in Lapeer and its missions. In a few short months loneliness would have driven me out to hunt for it; but I knew that I had the care of a part of my Master's vineyard. I began to look about for my first big job. Without doubt it was to replace the dry-goods boxes with churches. Why that? Because I discovered quickly that this miracle faith was proud. The people loved it and were glad in it, for they knew what it was worth. On that pride I hoped to build, even materially, so I began in the missions. "In labor and long suffering" I entered on the task of collecting for two new churches, one at Imlay City, where I had to persuade the people to change the site from the country to the town—

no easy task; the other in Davison, which was the logical center for the small congregation at Richfield, four miles away from the old church. Both churches were quickly built, for the missions had not received quite as hard blows as the parish center. Still, the work was unreasonably difficult. I began to wonder a bit why no one seemed interested in such a hopeless task but myself. In a vague way I wondered if somebody else did not have a reason to desire the return of a desolate parish to the fold. But that was only a passing and almost unnoticed thought; yet it was the beginning of the great dream. The two pretty churches were finished and dedicated. I drew a long breath, for I knew that the battle royal was soon to commence. I had to build in the center; and I still remembered what old John Cronin had said about my first sermon as pastor. There was more than one in Lapeer who thought as he did. The battle began.

Pleading was wasted in Lapeer. I could get no money. Some of the people had none to give; some were paying off mortgages on their farms; some were satisfied with the dry-goods box; and some just wouldn't do anything. After a year of the struggle I had gotten practically nowhere. There was a beautiful plan and a water-color drawing to look at, but that was all. The dry-goods box held its own. Every time I looked at it I half hoped it would take fire, and the house with it. If there was no dry-goods box of a church I might have a chance; and time was slipping by. I knew that without a church there would soon be no Faith, for the Christian pride would surely die. I couldn't hold the children when they grew up, for school there was none, and no chance for one with a flock so scattered. That dry-goods box simply had to go. It went. I sold the parish out of dry-goods box, house and barn, and got fifteen hundred dollars for the whole outfit. Then I bought a lot in the best part of the town and paid two

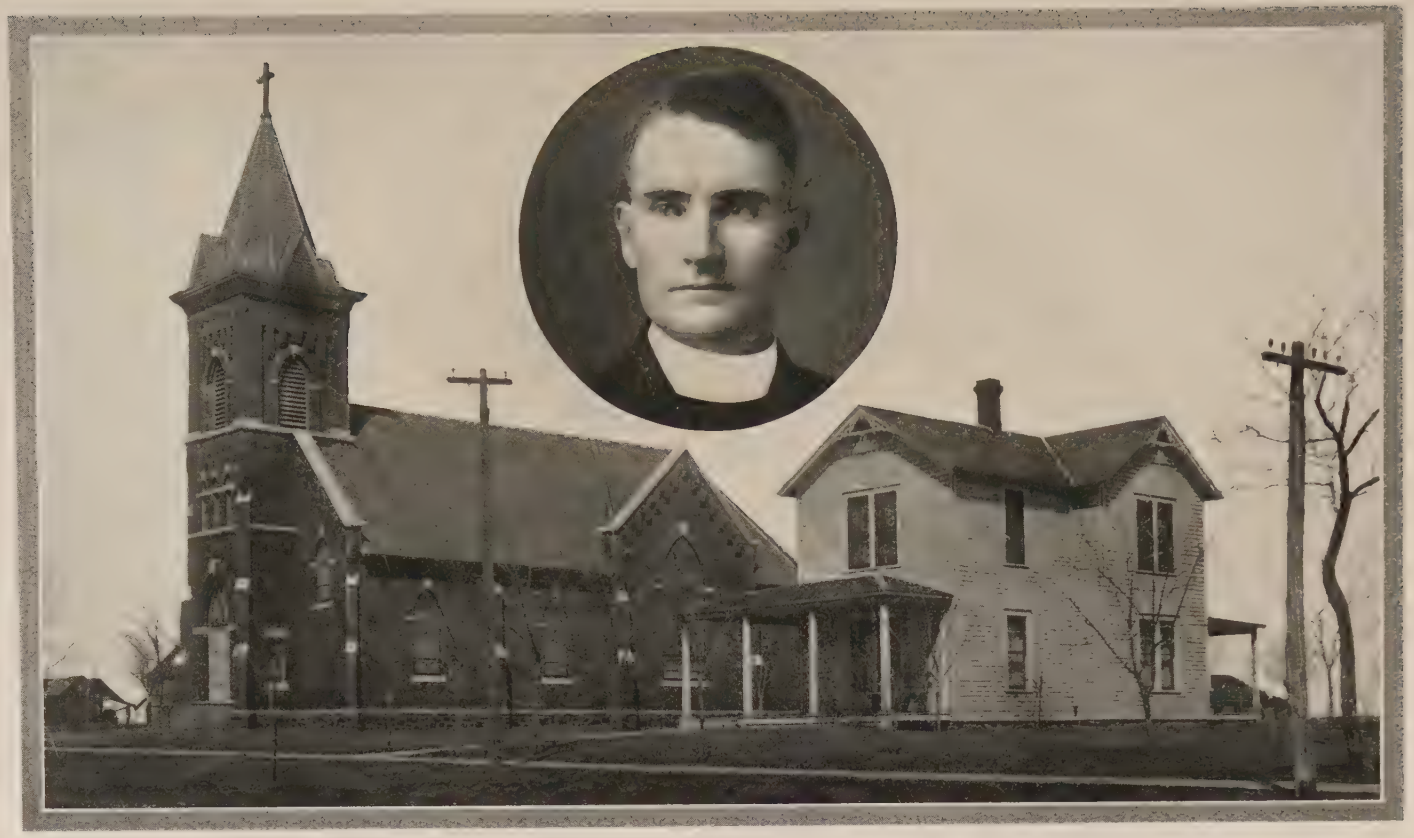
"FATHER ROE, WHO WAS HAPPIEST WHEN TRAVELLING"

"FATHER LANDRY'S PARTICULAR JOB WAS CALLING ON PRIESTS"

"I THOUGHT OF FATHER CATULLE'S PRAYER, SAID IT, AND WENT AHEAD"

BISHOP HENNESSY

"NEXT MORNING I WENT TO WICHITA, AND AFTER SAYING MASS CALLED ON THE BISHOP"



THE PRESENT CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT ELLSWORTH, KANSAS

"I ASSURED FATHER LUCKEY (INSET) THAT I WAS GLAD TO ACCEPT HIS ARRANGEMENTS"

"I KNOW A LITTLE 'SHANTY' IN THE WEST, PATCHED AND DESOLATE, ABOVE WHOSE CREAKS AND CRACKS THE BLIZZARD MOANS AND CHILLS, CELLARLESS, STAIRLESS AND DREARY."

thousand dollars for it, leaving the parish five hundred dollars in debt. I rented back the old property till I could build, and got ready to break the news to all the objectors, and all their kith and their kin, that they were churchless.

I do not quite know why the Bishop signed the deed putting the parish of Lapeer out of house and home, but he did. Maybe I did not tell him all that he really should have known; and maybe he felt that it was a desperate case, and didn't want to know too much. At any rate, I could expect no help from him after my silence. I had to face the people alone. I felt like a gambler with everything on his last throw.

The Sunday I broke the news is one that I shall not easily forget; not because I was mobbed, but because I expected to be and was not. The people took the announcement very quietly. After Mass I saw them gathered in knots to discuss the matter; but no one came to remonstrate with or blame me. I suppose they had decided that I was a hopeless case, anyway. I heard later that one good old farmer suggested the advisability of "giving him rope. The thing will be over all the quicker." He said he "wouldn't put up a cent for a new church." But I made up my mind that he would; and he did, God bless his changeable heart. I closed his eyes later on. He was a good man, if stubborn. He said the same of me many times. We were, I hope, both right.

It was my next move, and I studied the board all winter. In the spring I began to build, without a cent, "except in gall," as one of my neighbors said. The people dug the foundations for me, gave me the big "nigger heads" of stone from their farms, and hauled them to the site of the proposed building all through the winter. But they gave me no money for mortar and labor to put the stones together. The citizens of the town, however, came forward with about a thousand dollars.

We had socials and teas and a bazaar; but the results were not encouraging. Yet, in the spring, I signed the contract and builders came from Detroit to work. I was playing a game I could not very well win, but somehow I never lost heart. That church *must* be built. I kept the saying of an old Redemptorist, Father Catulle, in mind, and had faith: "When something is actually needed for God," the old man remarked, "I always go ahead and do it, and then pray: 'Now, dear Father in Heaven, this was done for *You*, because *You* needed it. *You* are rich. *I* am poor. *You* pay for it!' " There was no question about the need in Lapeer. I was building neither a palace nor a basilica. Souls were the stakes. There was no other way to get them. I thought of Father Catulle's prayer, said it, and went ahead. On the day of the corner-stone laying I needed fifteen hundred dollars to pay the contractor, but alas, I didn't have a cent. Yet it was a great day. Standing on the corner-stone I told the people what was needed. Fifteen hundred and eighty dollars came in. I was happy again, with eighty dollars to the good.

Now, for the first time in this story the soft music that indicates the real entrance of the hero should be played; or is there soft music for the hero? Not being acquainted with grand opera I am in doubt; but I think it ought to be so. The hero in this case was the Dream of Church Extension.

There were others in Lapeer who began building at the same time as the Catholics—the two bodies of Methodists, ME's and PE's, as we country townsfolk called them. But the PE's—Protestant Methodists—poor fellows, were also known, and very unjustly for they were a quiet people, as the "Howling Methodists." They had a preacher with an Irish name; a fine-looking, upstanding man with a beard, who was much respected in the community. He had a son who was not quite a regular church member. In fact, the son was one

of a class very much liked by those who knew him, but given to the ways of his good nature. Now, I had a dog, a real dog, one that could fight and knew it. So did all the other dogs in town know it. When my dog appeared at one end of Main Street, every dog on that street began to bark in alarm, and all had good reason for their worries. The elder's son started some prank one day at the east end of the street, when my dog swiftly appeared at the west end. The noise made by both brought some merchants to their doors. A look each way told them the story. "By gum," remarked one of the wise ones, "for out and out devilment give me a minister's son and a priest's dog!"

Years after I met a familiar face in the smoking compartment of a parlor car out of Detroit. The eyes scrutinized me in a friendly manner.

"How long since you have been in Lapeer, Father?" The voice was as friendly as the face.

"Oh, it's many years since I was there. Do you know Lapeer?" I was wondering to whom the voice and face belonged.

"I knew it well."

"How are things there?"

The face widened into a smile. "I don't know much about it now, but I am sure things are *quiet* enough. You see, Father, your dog is dead, and *I* moved down to Florida!"

But I was talking of the Methodist building activity. The ME's and PE's were doing very well, while I was lagging.

"How's your new church progressing?" I was asked by a Presbyterian neutral one day.

"It is going up slowly," I answered, with perhaps just a trace of disappointment.

"The Methodists are beating you."

"I guess so. How do they do it?"

"They are helped by their Church Extension Society," he answered. "Don't your Society help you?"

The answer is obvious; but I had an idea. That night I searched the Catholic Directory for a trace of a Catholic Church Extension Society. Of course I found none. Methodists could get outside help, but Catholics had to work alone.

So the hero doesn't really come in here. He just puts his head in and withdraws again to the wings.

Now followed the dark, dark days. I begged and begged, but the money came so slowly that the bills piled up, one on top of the other, till to me they seemed as high as Mont Blanc. There was an election for governor of the State going on, and a man named Pingree was running. He was opposed by the regular Republican machine, but was very popular with the rank and file of the voters. The day after the election there was a snow flurry of great, large flakes. "Quite a lot of snow falling," casually remarked a friend of the machine to one of the town butchers, who was an ardent Pingree man.

"Not at all, not at all," cheerfully answered the butcher. "These are not snowflakes that you see. They are Pingree votes, and everyone will have to be counted." Pingree votes to him, but to me they were bills, and every one would have to be paid.

I stopped work on the church. I had to. I was eight thousand five hundred dollars in debt. There was no plaster on the walls; but there was some temporary arrangement for heating. I quit paying rent that I could not afford, and moved into the unfinished building. It was cold, but I relied on Jack Frost to dig up some enthusiasm for putting it in a better condition. But Jack failed me. He refused to know the poor foolish pastor of Lapeer. The Bishop kept right on saying nothing. He was a great success at that. Maybe he didn't

know that he was giving me the rope some of my farmers thought I needed. The days were getting darker and darker. Interest time came very regularly, and interest had to be paid, even if I went hungry. I had to keep silence and bear the burden pretty nearly alone. Even hunger did not seem to be too far away.

But was I quite alone? There were good friends who would have helped if they could. There was the church treasurer, Theodore Halpin, a wise lawyer; there was John, the son of Uncle Daniel; and another John who used to drive me to the missions on Sundays while he practiced law on week-days, and—oh! a lot of others. It was pleasant to even talk it all over with them, but talk got us nowhere. It was about as useful as whistling in a cemetery on a dark night. I managed to pick up a few dollars by preaching and lecturing outside.

Then came the war with Spain. Trouble over Cuba set the country wild. The war gave me a new idea. I needed at least eight thousand dollars. That eight thousand was the biggest thing in the world to me. The war beckoned and whispered: "I can be kind as well as hateful. Come to me. If you live you shall have a salary that may help. If you are killed you might arrange to die worth eight thousand dollars." I saw the point. Chaplains were needed. Sometimes they *did* get killed. What did one life amount to, anyway? The way was clear. I volunteered for the job and was accepted. The wheels of the car I rode in down to Florida sang to me every night: "You'll never come back. You'll never come back. You'll never come back." But they sang in vain, for I could turn the song into, "Eight thousand dollars on my life. On my life eight thousand dollars," and go to sleep in peace, with Major Tom Reynolds dreaming of battle in the berth below.

Will it be necessary to say that the insurance companies did not have to pay that eight thousand dollars? I was never near enough to the fight to put them or myself in danger even once. I came back in five months, yellow and emaciated, but alive. I had nothing left out of my service but a horse, some uniforms and a bit of wisdom. I went back to my poor parish, my unfinished church and my mortgages. I thought the Bishop smiled meaningly when he sent me.

It was my horse that started things going for the better. I raffled poor Teddy off, and everyone bought a ticket on "The Chaplain's Horse." He brought in fifteen hundred dollars, and the winner gave back my "blue roan" to me the next day. The aurora was over the earth again.

Then came chances to lecture. I began at fifteen dollars a "date." The first winter I made about six hundred dollars in my own State. The autumn after I had dates outside the State at a better price. The people of Lapeer evidently decided that the thing might as well be over, for I wouldn't let go, and the war had not removed me. The debt grew smaller. The sun was rising, and I was glad, but working hard. I had already covered most of the Western States with my first lecture, "The Yankee Volunteer," and had to get other lectures ready for return dates. I was making money. The debt was getting down to bedrock, so the contracts for the finishing of the church were signed.

Something had happened while this was going on. The hero had poked his head out of the wings again. Here is how the hero came to do this thing. One Saturday night I was in a Kansas town, which I think was called Argonia, for a lecture in the opera house. After the lecture many people came to shake hands, a habit with small-town audiences. But in this case several of those who came said they were Catholics.

"Is there, then," I asked, "a Catholic church in this town?

I thought I had to go to Wichita tomorrow morning at five o'clock to say Mass."

"There is no Catholic church here, Father," was the answer. "There is no church within twenty miles."

"But there are a number of Catholic families?" I persisted.

"Yes, Father, but not enough to build a church without outside help."

There it was again—"*outside help.*" I thought of the talk I had about the Methodists and their Church Extension Society with that Presbyterian neutral back home.

Next morning I went to Wichita, and after saying Mass called on the Bishop. I hated to do that, for I had been told that His Lordship was not a very affable person; but he had invited me to call. At first I thought my informants were right, but very quickly found the necessity of reversing my judgment. Bishop Hennessy had contracted the habit of looking severe to keep folks from knowing that he had a weakness for being too kind. I got under his armor when I spoke of the many cases of churchless towns that Argonia had made me think about, coming up on the train in the dark that Sunday morning. I told the Bishop what the Argonia people had said.

"What can I do without money?" asked His Lordship. "All such people need help from outside. I cannot give what I have not. What we need is a national society like these Church Extension bodies in the Protestant sects." Church Extension again!

"Can't *we* do what they do, Bishop?" I asked.

"We could if we would, but who will begin it?" The Bishop was very, very earnest.

"Some bishop," I suggested pointedly.

"No," he retorted at once. "A bishop is not the one to do it. Why don't *you* do it?"

"I? Why, I am only the obscure pastor of an obscure parish who—"

"Who," calmly remarked His Lordship, "has, for some good purpose, been forced out to see conditions from one end of this country to the other."

Then he gave me a dissertation on the way all great movements began in the past, laying particular (and I thought rather necessary) stress on the obscurity and the littleness of the individuals who started them. He did not convince me that I could do such a big thing. There was a chain of mountains looming up as obstacles in my way, and no visible pass through them. I knew that I was not strong enough and brave enough to go over them, for the tops were white with frost. I could already feel the cutting winds that swept their icy blasts on my shivering frame. The Bishop had picked the wrong man. I knew that without being told. But I didn't know this Bishop. He coolly swept all objections aside and, before I left, made me promise at least to study Church Extension, and to write an article on it for his own diocesan paper. I sent for reports on the subject, studied them very faithfully, but forgot all about my promise to write. So the hero pulled his head back into the wings again.

Meanwhile the church in Lapeer was finished. My own Bishop came to dedicate it. He said a few nice things to the people and congratulated them, but he did not say very much about the pastor, which fact led the said pastor to suspect that the Bishop had not been quite asleep through the dark days, but had been wise enough to be blind until it was time to see. After all, the situation had been long looked upon as hopeless. The Bishop knew it at its worst, and might well have allowed me to go my own way, since there was no other way by which to go. After the dedication service he walked over to the rectory with me—I had a new rectory, too!—and to my aston-

ishment slipped his arm into mine and called me by my family name. When the Bishop did that he was pleased. When he said "Father" he was coldly formal. Then I remembered that he had put no obstacles in the way of my long lecture tours; and had even given me a curate to look after the parish in my absence. Bishop Foley is now dead and gone, like many others of whom I am writing. God rest his soul in peace! I fear that bishops have need of both rest and peace. I had great need of both with only one parish to worry over. They have hundreds. For all the extras I added to Bishop Foley's many troubles I am sincerely sorry.

The hero left the wings for a year or so. He must have been discouraged, wondering when I would get to the point of letting him out on the stage at all. I was busy with my parish and my lectures. I spoke in almost every State of the Union during the fall, winter and spring, and began to lecture to great summer audiences of thousands, where I saw rural America and had a chance to know its needs. The hero could wait; and that is what he had to do.

Chapter the Third

In Which the Hero Gets Into Action

THE day came when my hero protested in a way that showed him to be a real hero, and this is how it came about. I was to lecture in another Kansas town, Ellsworth, in the Diocese of Concordia. At a small station ten miles out a priest got on the train. I saw him enter the car and walk down the aisle as if looking for someone. He stopped at my seat. "Are you Father Kelley?" he asked. When I answered "yes" and made room for him beside me, he sat down in an embarrassed sort of way, seemingly hunting for words to explain something. When he found them he said: "You are to lecture tonight in Ellsworth. I am the pastor there, Father Luckey. You wrote to me—and I did not answer. It was not that I did not appreciate your courtesy, but because I should have invited you to be a guest in my house. I could not do that; but I have engaged the best room at the hotel for you; and I want you to take a meal with me tonight. Then you will understand why I could not very well invite you to stay with me."

I assured Father Luckey that I was glad to accept his arrangements. He stayed with me for the rest of the journey, accompanied me to the hotel on arrival, and then brought me to his house. When I saw it I understood, just as he had said I should; and, sitting at his poor board with all the signs of his poverty—and his Master's too—around me, I heard my hero speak his first real line. He had rushed to the wings and out on the stage so quickly that I had not noticed. He spoke quietly, but very, very earnestly. This is what he said to me, his audience of one: "You thought that you were the poor-

est and most afflicted pastor in the country. Look about you. You have never suffered as this man is suffering; yet you were always very ready with your complaints. See the poor little church on the other side of the street. Your old one was far better, but you were not satisfied. Maybe old John Cronin was right. Well, what are *you* going to do about all this? Don't you remember what Bishop Hennessy said? Are you still waiting for 'someone else' to make a move? 'Someone else' has been thinking about it for fifty years, and what has come of it? Wake up and take this thing to heart."

Not until the following morning, however, did the audience of one "wake up." At the station I left my new friend with a parting handshake. I saw him on the platform as the train moved out for Kansas City. All alone in my seat I began to think of the dark days in Lapeer, days that I would not want to live over again. It was the awful lonesomeness of the boy-priest that lingered most in my thoughts that morning. I could see myself get off at the ugly depot and walk alone amongst strangers through the streets of the town to my dry-goods box church. I heard again the thud of the missiles flung after me by thoughtless boys. Again my heart sank at the shock of the shattering of my dream church and house. Then that first long walk in the darkness to forget! I remembered the lights in the windows of the Presbyterian parsonage. As I passed I saw the rooms full of women in earnest discussion. With sad thoughts I passed on; for I remembered a notice I had read in the town paper, that the discussion was to be on "Romanism." They were discussing my work, my people, my poor church, and myself—and not in a friendly way. My heart sank lower. I was the pastor of a poor handful of the faithful, and myself only an inexperienced youth. The upgrade looked steep, long and lonesome. Always was I lonesome. I could not get the word out of my thoughts. Now

my lonesomeness was past. My way had become smooth enough. There was hope on the up-grade. But what of the thousands of other lonesome priests who, to me, were represented by that courageous but sad figure I still could see on the station platform at Ellsworth? Had I no obligation towards them? Certainly none in justice—but in charity? I did not know. But if I had none, why had God sent me out to see all these desolate places? It seemed as if His finger had guided me to go, and as if His Hand had always led me to the very worst. I remembered all the others, even more desolate than Ellsworth, for Ellsworth had at least a resident priest and they had none—some had not even dry-goods box churches. How many communities were churchless in this adopted country that I already loved? I kept looking out the car window to catch sight of steeples with a cross. Alas! how few there were—not one for every ten towns! There was certainly something wrong. But was it my business to try to right it? The Church had her bishops. Then Bishop Hennessy came to my thoughts, though he never knew it, down there in Wichita. "What can I do without money?" he had said. "There is no society to assist these poor places. The bishops are powerless without outside help." But it was that lonesome figure on the station platform at Ellsworth that spoke last and most effectively that morning. He had gotten to my heart; for he was going through what I had suffered—and worse, far worse.

By this time there were tears in my eyes. At my feet was my battered suitcase, paper and pencil in it. I took it up and put it over my knees as a desk. The pencil was in my hand and the paper in front of me before I really knew what I was going to do. In a vague sort of way I began to write. I had no definite idea of doing anything more than telling the Ellsworth story, and finding some editor to publish

it as a means of getting help for the lonesome priest back there on the platform. I knew I could put my heart into the appeal; but I was not sure any editor would accept my crude composition. But why worry about that? The thing to do now was to write and leave the rest to God. So the story began with the tears still in my eyes, and thus it ran:

The Story

I know a little "shanty" in the West, patched and desolate, above whose creaks and cracks the blizzard moans and chills, cellarless, stairless and dreary. Built on low prairie land, the excuse for a garden about it floods with water when the rains come, so that the tumbling old fence, with its network of weeds, falling, fails to hide the heart-breaking desolation. The "shanty" has three rooms; the first a combination of office, library and bedroom. In one corner is a folding bed; in another a desk; in another, curtained off with cheap print, is an improvised wardrobe. Against a wall stands a poor bookcase, while a few chairs are scattered about. The next room is also a combination, for eating and sleeping. A table is near the wall, a bed is in the corner, and close by are a washstand and a few chairs. Back of all is the third room, kitchen, coal bin, utility, and—what not?

Whose shanty is it? Who lives here?

A pioneer on the vast plains, advance guard of civilization, trying in a sod hut to compromise between the longings within him and the wilderness that overwhelms by its lonely savagery without?

No!

The hut of a negro huddled away on the outskirts of a great city?

No!

A squatter on the railroad right-of-way?

No!

It is the rectory of a Catholic parish in a town of two thousand inhabitants, in a well-settled state of the Union. And today it is the home of an educated, cultured gentleman, a priest, who has left his worldly chances behind him for this!

Across the street stands a shaky, once white building surmounted by a cross, the only sign of its high and holy mission. Outside it is as ugly as the gargoyles of Notre Dame, without the artistic beauty that surrounds them, to make it all magnificent by contrast. The steps shake as you mount them. The floor trembles at your tread. The rough, unsightly pews are the acme of discomfort, and a house-painter's desecrating brush has touched the altar and the Holy of Holies. No vestry. The confessional is literally a box. The vestments are few and tattered. Not a footstep sounds from fortnight to fortnight across the threshold of the Hidden God but His priest's, as alone he comes daily to offer up the mighty redeeming Sacrifice, or steals before the altar, to watch and pray, and perchance—who could blame him?—to sob down his discouragement before this tawdry throne of his Master.

Why alone?

Because his people do not care. The decades of neglect, when neglect was the only thing possible, have left the scattered few unmindful. Do not think, gentle reader, that I am drawing with rough charcoal and tinting with pigments from my imagination. I am drawing with a well-tempered pen, and using the colors of fact.

One priest died in this place a short year before this priest came, died of a fever bred by malarial surroundings, died while his sister was speeding from cultured Boston to share his exile, only to find that she had passed her brother's body on his last journey home. Other priests followed; none of them stayed long enough to die except this one. He will stay.

The timid, shrinking eye fights to master the determined expression of a Western mouth and jaw, and they win. He is working, and working hard, against the odds of indifference and irreligion; working to save for the children the inestimable gift of Faith which the parents have forgotten how to appreciate. Yes, he will win as surely as God reigns and His grace lives.

This is not a solitary case. It may be the worst I have personally known, but men who have traveled in our land see how many other places are sadly needing the help that, it is evident, this one needs. The young priest who labors here has been making an effort to get out of the malaria-breeding house. He has four hundred dollars pledged to him, after the work of months, and after meeting rebuke and discouragement everywhere.

"I can give you nothing," said one indifferent. "Let the parish die."

"Nothing," said another. "What do I care? My children are Protestants, anyway."

"Oh, go live somewhere else, where a priest is appreciated," said another.

These words are true. He will get his poor home some day, but will he ever get his church? Not in fifty years without help. And in fifty years what will be left?

The years of struggle we Catholics of America have passed through, when every parish was really a mission, even in the great cities, have blinded us to the fact that our fight has not ended, but has simply been transferred. The amazing progress of Catholicity in the centers has lulled us into a feeling of security in our own strength with consequent indifference and blindness to present needs. So we have built up the center, and in our confidence have allowed the wings to become weakened. We have neglected the outposts. But while all

this was doing within, it might be the part of wisdom to learn what activity has manifested itself without.

(When I came to the writing of these last words something happened. My mind seemed to be as full of figures as my suitcase was of reports. The reading that Bishop Hennessy had advised, and which I had done rather aimlessly, was freshened. My little appeal for Ellsworth somehow got away from Ellsworth and into larger fields. I began to think of Church Extension as a Society, and to wonder if, perhaps, even the obscure pastor of an obscure parish might not be privileged to contribute something to its making. The figures came in a flood, so that I had to pick and choose. It seemed as if the article grew almost by itself. So I wrote on:)

According to Dr. H. K. Carroll, religion in the United States gained 582,878 communicants in 1904, with 2,310 churches. Catholics gained 241,955 of these communicants, and 226 churches. The Baptists gained only 85,040 communicants, but they built 469 churches. The Methodists gained only 69,244 communicants, but built 178 churches. The Episcopalians gained 25,381 communicants, but built 138 churches. The Congregationalists gained 7,555 communicants, but built 79 churches, while the Universalists gained only 462 communicants, but built 83 churches. There is one church for every 925 Catholics; but there is also one church for every 108 Methodists, for every 65 Universalists, for every 100 Baptists, for every 102 Episcopalians, and for every 118 Congregationalists. When we remember that Doctor Carroll's estimate of our strength is only about 12,000,000 while our estimate is nearer 20,000,000, the figures are still more alarming. On this, the basis of our real strength, we have but one church for every 1,500 people. Since the average church accommodates no more than 400 people, a little further figuring gives abundant food for thought.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY, HELD IN ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY'S RESIDENCE ON THE 18TH OF OCTOBER, 1905

STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT): JOSEPH A. ROE (MICH.); FATHER VAN ANTWERP (MICH.); W. P. BREEN (IND.); FATHER KELLEY; FATHER ROCHE (NEB.); A. A. HIRST (PA.); FATHER GRAHAM (MICH.); FATHER DUFFY (S. C.); M. A. FANNING (O.). SITTING (LEFT TO RIGHT): S. A. BALDUS (O.); FATHER O'BRIEN (MICH.); ARCHBISHOP BOURGADE (SANTA FE); ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY (CHICAGO); BISHOP HENNESSY (WICHITA); FATHER JENNINGS (O.); BISHOP MULDOON, THEN AUXILIARY BISHOP OF CHICAGO.

MONSIGNOR VAN ANTWERP, OF DETROIT
DONOR OF THE FIRST ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

"THE REV. E. P. GRAHAM, OF THE DIOCESE OF CLEVELAND, WAS ACTING AS THE SOCIETY'S FIRST GENERAL SECRETARY."

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

There is a reason for this state of things. Let us face it. The Methodists have a regularly organized Extension Board, with a secretary, an assistant secretary, a large committee for consultation, both clerical and lay, and many traveling representatives. They have a standing offer of $250 as a gift to aid the building of a Methodist church in any of the frontier states and territories, the only condition being that each church must cost not less than $1,250 above the value of the lot. Over 775 are memorial churches named after the donors. In 1904 the Methodist Extension Board aided 388 churches, and up to the close of 1904 they aided, in all, 13,914. They made loans to poor churches amounting to $11,413.53. They hold annuity funds amounting to $619,734.75. They also received in 1904, for this building work, $270,709.60, and they paid out in actual donations $114,921.15. But the remarkable part of their report is that this Church Extension Board received from all its funds in 1904 the sum of $429,-150.81. Add to these figures some $450,000 received by the Home Mission Board annually and you will have an idea of Methodist activity for its pioneer and poor parishes. In a few years Methodists will reach the million mark. This money was raised by conference collections, by personal gifts and by bequests. (They have long since passed the million.)

The Baptists have Church Extension work as a department of their Home Mission Society. They received last year in legacies $146,478.84. They have a Church Extension Beneficial Fund, the income alone of which is used, amounting to $158,50.20. Their Home Mission Society has permanent funds, the income alone of which is used, amounting to $1,393,152.93. Their church building department aided, in 1904, the building of 102 churches, 77 by gifts, 5 by loans, and 20 by both. Since 1881 they have aided 961 churches. Their average gifts to churches have amounted to $3,597.50

each, and through their work of last year they secured $181,930 worth of property. In 1905 they plan to erect 148 new churches. The money is raised through gifts and voted out directly by the Conference. Like the Methodists, they hold annuity funds (meaning that money is accepted, and interest paid during the life of the giver, but after his or her death it becomes the property of the Society). The Baptists hold $535,197.79 in this way. As to their success, let me make a quotation from one of the reports: "Last year while 60 churches are reported as having become self-supporting, on the other hand nearly 90 new churches were organized in our mission fields; our general missionaries report over 200 new places that ought to be occupied the coming year. No one who is at all familiar with the development of the West can question the need for strengthening our forces there."

Church Extension for the Congregationalists is in the hands of the Congregational Church Building Society, which celebrated, in 1904, the Golden Jubilee of its existence. This society ended its first year's work, showing an income of only $1,766.94. It started when the West was begininng to open up, and when its directors felt that an opportunity was opening with the country. The amount of money received in the beginning was not very large, but little by little legacies began to pour in and the society is now most effective. Last year it appropriated $251,649.28 for church building. It has helped to secure, since its foundation, $17,000,000 worth of church property. In 1904 gifts were granted to 106 churches, amounting to $77,374.28. It loaned $143,650 to 61 churches, and $30,625 for the building of pastors' houses. In its fifty years of existence it has aided 3,491 churches and has spent $3,323,519.64 on the same. It has aided 876 parsonages with $382,923.60. It is worthy of note that the society loses very little of the money which is loaned to churches. Like the

Methodists these figures are doubled by the Home Mission Board. These I have considered as examples.

(I had by this time almost forgotten my appeal for Ellsworth, since Ellsworth was but one of thousands now. Yet the appeal must be made for the thousands. Now, I saw my priest of Ellsworth for what he was, the instrument in God's hands to push *someone* to action. That the *someone* was myself I could not believe; but I felt that my present duty was to write, write, write till the *someone* was discovered. So I launched into the appeal:)

Last week I sat in the library of a Chicago club that has a membership of two thousand five hundred of the strong men of that great city. I asked the friend who was with me, and who was a member of the club, what percentage of these men had been born in Chicago. He answered: "Less than twenty-five per cent." I then asked him where they had come from. He answered: "They are country boys. They come from all over the West. Their descendants will probably have to go back, in many cases, to the farm, or suffer from the competition of the strong young fellow who has already learned his lesson of life there." Yes, the truth is that the flesh and brain of America is growing in the country and in the small town, until it goes forth to city after city with its treasury of power. What inroads on business and professional life these sons of farmers are making everywhere! They fill the benches of the universities and colleges today, but tomorrow they will fill the chairs, if they are not already filling them. Today they are behind the counter; but tomorrow they will be behind the desk. Today they are digging the mine; but tomorrow they will be at the ticker with experience to back an unclouded judgment. Let these men go to the cities as they now are, too often religiously neglected, and what will become of your magnificence? In the town of the "shanty" are names

like those of the O'Donnells and the O'Connells, all leaders in the community, as they should be with their heritage of honest red blood; but some have drifted away from us; and as for the others, the breath of a zephyr would sweep them from their religious moorings. Many of their brightest children have left for the cities, and have taken their places in professional life, but the pews of the cathedral know them not; nor does the beauty of the ten thousand dollar altar move them. The golden moment has passed.

For the long-neglected and scattered mission there is but one hope—holy pride. Religion is a memory with the majority. Faith is like Good Deeds in "Everyman," too weak to walk, or even crawl. Mixed marriages have sapped its strength, but the pride may yet be awakened that will bring better things. What are we doing to waken it in this and countless other little parishes, we who have comparative prosperity in better fields? We are building great rich cathedrals, beautiful churches and chapels, and embellishing their walls with costly paintings and works of art. We are spending money on an extra amethyst for a chalice, or a brilliant for an already costly ciborium, while the Eucharistic God in the West and South lies on brass and is covered with tinsel. We are putting our wealth to the elaboration of already beautiful things, and in more than one parish we seek to spend excess of revenue, but never outside ourselves. Institutions of charity in large cities, already wealthy and often receiving State aid, cry for the silver quarters of our people to spend on elaborating what is already elaborate. Yes! Yes! It is all good work, I grant; but here is better work, more necessary, and touching more closely the very heart of American Catholicity. It is the work for white men, upon whom depends the salvation of other races—black, red, yellow and brown.

More still. The hillsides of Ireland are dotted with

churches built or aided by American Catholic gold. Not only little parishes have asked and have received, but great cathedrals have become beggars. They loom up to meet your eye as you enter the harbors. One ornament from their gilded walls would mean a new church, a reawakened pride and life to the little Western parish. The cost of a certain monstrance I have seen would build three houses for homeless priests, or two churches for dying parishes. The price of a chalice encrusted with gems, given to a curate by a pious friend, would furnish an entire sanctuary, or a parish residence in the West or South. Our elaborate memorial chapels would build ten, thirty, fifty better memorials—schools and churches—where they are needed as much as the bread men eat.

But read these facts: "The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" tells us of the six millions of foreign dollars that have been spent to aid in the building up of the Church in America. I know of many churches now holding rich, prosperous congregations that were aided in their efforts to rise by money sent from France. In many of our cities congregations received the land upon which their churches are now built. In the olden days, too, every parish had numbers behind it. Emigration came thick and fast, so fast, indeed, that hope of future gains worked wonders. But in these little missions of the West and South the prospect for rapid gain is not great, and congregations are very weak in point of numbers. Yet their work is the real apostolic work—the work worth doing—the work best in accord with the spirit of a great Church. These little outposts need help today far more than it was needed in the East fifty years ago. Yet the wealthy parishes that received aid then do little or nothing to help the poor ones of today, though they are in far greater need than were those of the pioneers.

But the different Protestant denominations, especially the Methodist and Baptist, have been, and still are, wise in their

generation. Passing through small towns in Oklahoma and southern Kansas, towns not shown on the maps, the steeple of a church looms up. That is the pioneer church. The people going to that church do not always belong to the particular denomination that built it, but it is the only church available. Hence it is the church that gains. Protestants of all denominations attend it, and remain nominally as they were, but their children will conform. This is the secret of Methodist growth in the West, as it is the secret of Baptist growth in Texas. The Kelleys, Rileys and Murphys in the Protestant ministry were wrenched from us in neglected districts.

There are facts which stand out from the different Protestant Church Extension reports (as well as figures), facts worth pondering over. The largest and most influential sect in the United States is without doubt the Methodist Episcopal. Its influence is exerted on more people than that of any two others. It is looked upon by the majority of non-Catholics as the nearest approach to a national church that exists in America. It is remarkable that its chances in the early days were no greater than those of any other sect. It was a fair field and no favor, with the advantage of prestige on the side of Episcopalianism. Methodism has long ago outstripped her aristocratic competitor. Why? An answer is written in the reports of her home missionary work. No one can read the report I have before me and not see that Methodism has made the most of her opportunities. Her Church Extension Society has done much toward accomplishing wonders.

From the same report the fact stands out that this is a work that appeals. Methodists are not wealthy, yet the secretary of their Church Extension Board asks only a chance to make the work known. He knows what the result has been in the past. "The returns," he says, "from the free distribution of literature, are significant and important, and we are respond-

ing to large demands daily. We ask only the opportunity to reach the people."

From all these reports another fact of great value looms up. The aid extended to small churches has usually assisted them in becoming self-supporting, while the money loaned to weak congregations for building purposes has almost invariably been returned with its interest—not always promptly, but nevertheless surely.

(Strange it is to look back over fifteen years and think of what happened on the long, slow, arduous upgrade, forcing me to write a new paragraph for this story. Our work was founded. To me was given the task of promoting it. The article that Ellsworth and its pastor had stimulated into existence was reprinted and scattered far and wide. It has now to record the fact that the hero is on the stage at last and playing his part. Here is the bit of history that was added later on:)

On the 18th of October, 1905, nineteen men gathered in the home of the Archbishop of Chicago to discuss the very things that have been placed before you in this article. Two were archbishops, two were bishops, eight were priests and seven were laymen. They came from as far South as the Carolinas, from as far West as the prairies, from as far Southwest as New Mexico, from as far North as the Great Lakes, and from as far East as the Atlantic. The laymen were lawyers, manufacturers, editors, captains of industry. Various were the worldly interests, various the conditions of men represented. But they were united in their ardent love for the Church, and to testify to it they were there at great expense in time and money to themselves. They discussed what you have just read. They saw its truth and recognized that the path of duty was clear. The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America was born of the generosity and zeal of these men.

Chapter the Fourth

In Which the Hero Finds a Cradle and a Godfather

LEGEND says that Darius the Great became Emperor of Persia through the neigh of a horse; but legend also says that Darius had matters so arranged with his groom Œbases, that the horse neighed at the proper moment. Darius may have come to the throne by "accident," but the "accident" was not entirely an unforeseen one. I suppose the accident that made me the first President of Church Extension, was not entirely unforeseen either. "Rather conceited to compare your position with that of a great Emperor of Persia!" Is that what you are thinking? Not at all conceited. Darius should feel honored. I am prouder of my job than ever he was of his, and it is a better job at that. Darius knows, for he has passed to where there is a true estimate of things mundane. Mine is a little job as the world looks at it, but when I think of the power for good that is in it, I—tremble, but am glad. For the day came when I wanted to do this thing *myself*. There was no Œbases, but "accidents" will happen.

I had intended to send my "little shanty" article, to a magazine in Cincinnati, "Men and Women," which has now passed out of existence, but whose editor, Mr. Baldus, was and is heart and soul a worker for Church Extension. He is now the able Managing Editor of our own magazine. I changed my mind, however, because I wanted the first message to reach the clergy. So, the article was sent, to the "Ecclesiastical Review" of Philadelphia, and sent very timidly, since no one knew better than its author that he had no place among the able and erudite writers of that splendid publication. But the editor, Dr. Heiser, was a man with a

heart. He overlooked the obscurity of the authorship, as well as the superficiality of the matter, accepted promptly and asked for more. The article had a hearing from the "Captains in Israel." Then came a flood of letters, from the mountains and prairies: "Go on, please, go on"; "Thank God, someone has spoken at last"; "Don't give up now that the first stone is in place"; "Do it now and do it yourself."

These letters changed a timid and half-frightened young advocate into a determined pleader. They made him resolve to do himself what he had only been urging others to do. But how do it himself? Assuredly, he must have helpers, and especially a powerful protector whose name and position would make up for his lack of both. He thought of Bishop Hennessy, but was gently and firmly told that it was an Archbishop who was needed. Archbishop Bourgade of Santa Fe was already interested, but said: "I am to be a beneficiary, not a leader. Go higher." The advocate learned that Archbishop, afterward Cardinal, Farley of New York would be at Mt. Clemens, not far from Lapeer, in a few days, and resolved to capture him if he could. There! there! I am dropping into the third person again. I must get back to my more familiar "eyes."

I found the Archbishop very pleasant and even cordial. He showed a sort of mild curiosity about my plans, and listened to me with patience. When I had finished the exposition, he advised me to take the matter before the meeting of Archbishops after Easter. Then he went off for a walk, and I returned home, not needing to be told that I had lost; for I well knew that if I had failed to make an impression on this kindly patron of foreign missions when I had him all to myself, there would be a poorer chance for me with fifteen Archbishops in a body. Yes, I was a bit discouraged; but the dis-

couragement passed off in a few days, and I began to look about again.

My next assault was made on Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. He too was coming to Mt. Clemens, and when he did I again went to the Bath City. This time I resolved to stay over night, and go slower about my work. I served His Grace's Mass in the morning, and got to him after breakfast. But he was not quite ready for new ideas. He told me good stories and cracked jokes most pleasantly, but did not warm up to the idea that, at his age, he should take active interest in revolutionary ecclesiastical movements. Still, he promised to take the thing under consideration. He kept his promise too; but before the decision was arrived at he met my own Bishop, Dr. Foley, and—dropped it.

I never got the whole story of what had happened, but did get the gist of it, which was: that His Grace mentioned the matter to the Bishop, and asked his opinion. The Bishop said: "Father Kelley would do better to confine his attention to his parish, and let national Church affairs alone." No more was needed to kill the project with Archbishop Ryan.

I knew it would be quite useless to appeal to the then Archbishop of Boston, who was quite old and feeble. Once I had the idea of guessing at his probable successor and taking a chance with him. Odd it was that Bishop O'Connell of Portland was the one I decided would succeed to Boston, though I had never met him or even heard more than his name; but he actually did become Archbishop of Boston, and a Cardinal to boot. I even wrote to him at the time, but he never got my letter. Anyhow, I decided that it was too serious a business for chances and guesses. The then Archbishop of St. Louis was too old. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul was too far from the money-gathering centers. The same condition applied to Oregon, San Francisco and New Orleans.

Chicago had a new Archbishop, but his picture did not give me any confidence in my persuasive powers over him. The whole Archiepiscopal situation looked bad for the project.

In the meantime, an invitation came from the Knights of Columbus to preach at their outing in Cedar Point, Ohio. I agreed on condition that I might preach on Church Extension, and take the collection. They were satisfied. I preached the sermon, and as a result got some two hundred dollars to spend in propaganda for the cause. That gave me a bit wider range. Then came a letter from Archbishop Bourgade: "Go see the new Archbishop of Chicago," he counselled. "He was interested in your article in the *Ecclesiastical Review*. He has long been favorably disposed towards projects to aid home missions." That was enough. I took the train for Chicago at once.

When I arrived in Chicago, the Archbishop had left for Notre Dame University, to assist at his first retreat with the priests of his new charge. I followed him to Notre Dame, and arrived about an hour and a half before the bell sounded for the opening of the retreat. Dr. Cavanaugh, the new President of the University, granted my request for an introduction to Archbishop Quigley. We met on the veranda back of the Presbytery. The Archbishop was cold and, I thought, rather forbidding. He expressed a general interest in the idea, and said that he had read my article and quite approved of it—but, there were difficulties. The darkness began to fall around the little party which, if I remember rightly, consisted of the Provincial of the Order, Father Zahm, Father Hudson and Dr. Cavanaugh, besides His Grace and myself. One encouraging thing was that the Archbishop did not seem to consider it strange that so young a man should be attempting so great a task. I remember that this attitude of his gave me courage to try to overcome any opposition based on "dif-

ficulties." I thought over my small stock of Archbishops, now really reduced to one and waded in.

His Grace was silent. All I could see of him was a silhouette against the fading light, and the red end of his cigar. He smoked peacefully and let me go on. I scarcely drew breath for twenty minutes, fearful always that I was talking too much, yet afraid to stop and lose again. At last I stopped out of sheer terror that I might be overdoing it. Then His Grace began to talk. I think that, by this time, the others had withdrawn. The Archbishop could talk when he wanted to. He told me that the same idea had been lying close to his heart for years before he became Bishop of Buffalo. He had even done as I had done, and made plans. His plans had been adopted by the then Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan. Each well-to-do ecclesiastical province, by his plan, was to take a missionary province under its protection and supply priests and support for it. As the Eastern dioceses filled up with a proper quota of clergy, each new priest would be ordained to serve a few years in the missions, and be supported partially from home. After these years of service in the missions the young priest would be called back home again, and another and still younger man would be sent to take his place.

"But the plan did not go through, Your Grace?" I suggested, afraid he might urge it. I knew that if he did, the cause was lost again.

"No," he answered. "It failed because Archbishop Corrigan died before it was perfected. We waited too long."

"Is this the plan you would advocate now?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not now," the Archbishop's voice was a little sad as if giving up something he loved, "not now. To make my plan work we would have to secure the consent of the whole body

PHOTO: LAVECCHA

"ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY WAS AN APOSTLE IN HIS HEART RATHER THAN THE MERE BISHOP OF A DIOCESE"

of Archbishops. The missions cannot wait too long. Your plan is better for a beginning."

Then the bell sounded for the opening of the Retreat. The Archbishop arose.

"Will you help me, Your Grace?" I asked.

"I shall be glad to help you."

"But how?"

"What do you suggest?"

"To meet with a few others soon, and discuss the project."

"Where?"

"Where you think best."

"Then come to Chicago. Come to my house. It will show publicly that I am with you. Get about twenty, and I will entertain you all at lunch. Write me when you are ready."

That was all.

Church Extension was now assured, and I knew it. I went home with my heart singing Hallelujahs all the way. Behold, I needed an Archbishop, and I had one. The last chance had not failed me. God must have been testing my fortitude. Certainly, He had not deserted me. Praise be to His Holy Name!

No time was lost in getting into touch with persons I thought might be interested. I raked my brain to remember those to whom I had presented the project, and who had shown a favorable disposition. I wanted bishops, priests and laymen. It was October before I had my list for the Archbishop; and the call was sent out for the meeting. We gathered in His Grace's home on the 18th of October, 1905, in a large room on the second floor. There was Archbishop Bourgade and Bishop Hennessy, sticking to the ship they had done so much to build, when she was about to take her first plunge. There was young Bishop Muldoon, now of Rock-

ford, but then Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago; Father Jennings of Cleveland; Father Roche of Nebraska, who had himself written along similar lines some two years before; Father O'Reilly, who came with the Nebraskan; Father Graham of Cleveland, who had promised to join the active force and become the first Secretary of the Society; Father O'Brien of Michigan, who died Monsignor; Father Kelly of Chicago, the famous "Father Ed" who helped to make Mr. Dooley famous, now also a Monsignor; Father Van Antwerp of Detroit, who wears the purple too in these days; Mr. A. A. Hirst of Philadelphia, who had been inspired to anticipate the Society by building the first memorial chapel; Mr. S. A. Baldus, the Editor of "Men and Women," who had given the proposed work a boost in his magazine; Mr. C. A. Plamondon of Chicago, a casual visitor with Bishop Hennessy; Mr. M. A. Fanning of Cleveland, a friend of Father Jennings; Mr. A. V. D. Watterson of Pittsburgh; Very Rev. Dr. Duffy, who died Vicar-General of Charleston and a Monsignor; Mr. William P. Breen of Fort Wayne, who became our first Treasurer.

Archbishop Quigley presided, and gave ample proof that he was heart and soul with the movement. All the morning was spent in discussion; but in none of it was the advisability of organizing a work for the home missions questioned. That was taken for granted. Some of the discussion touched on a name for the proposed Society; but "Church Extension" won. There was a great deal of talking over the scope of the work, led by Archbishop Bourgade, who insisted that church building alone would limit the Society too much, and curtail its future usefulness. His ideas were accepted. None of us knew the actual details of our own plans. We had grasped the outstanding things, and would have to trust to experience and survey to know the rest. All felt that the pres-

ent duty was to make the first step. It was made, in the Name of God. Those present resolved themselves into the first Board of Governors of The Catholic Church Extension Society. Then the horse neighed at the right moment, and I was elected President, though it was understood that the appointment was only temporary. I was also commissioned to prepare the Constitution and the By-Laws. Father Roche was elected temporary Vice-President and Father Graham, Secretary. It was decided to call another meeting as soon as the Constitution and Act of Incorporation would be ready. After that, we all went home.

It was on my way home that the touching little incident of the "Newsboy's Dollar" took place. Over the story of it, as told in many an appeal, there has been thrown some good-natured doubt, all the Thomases agreeing that it was "too good to be true"; but true it was, nevertheless. This is what happened: I did not go back to Lapeer direct, as I could have done, over the Grand Trunk from Chicago, but to Detroit on the Michigan Central, intending to transact parish business there, and take a Bay City Division train on the same road to Lapeer. I missed the connection and, in a hurry to reach Lapeer, took a train to Port Huron which had a connection going West. At Port Huron there was a wait. I went out on the platform and met a newsboy who sold papers on the trains, and who had been running over the Grand Trunk line past Lapeer for some time. I bought a paper from him. "There's something in this paper about you, Father," he said. "You had a meeting in Chicago and you were elected a high muck-a-muck in some new society there. Gee! I was glad to read that. You know, Father, I like to see the folks on our line get on well."

I laughed, knowing that it was a report of the Church Extension meeting that he had read about, and said:

"Didn't you notice the ending of that article?"

"Not particularly, what was it?"

"It said that I had to raise a million dollars."

"Some job."

"Sure it is. Suppose you hold over those congratulations till I get the million?"

It was the boy's turn to laugh, which he did heartily enough as he went off to sell the rest of his papers.

Now, the gentlemen who met in Chicago to found the Church Extension Society had forgotten one very important thing. They had given me no money with which to work. True, they began to think of that as soon as they reached home, and the cheques soon commenced to arrive, Father Van Antwerp's coming to me almost as soon as I got to Lapeer. But, quick as Father Van Antwerp had acted, he was too late to be the first donor. The newsboy got ahead of him. I was sitting in the car a few minutes later, reading my paper, when I heard him coming down the aisle. He was crying: "*News, Journal; News, Journal,*" and stopping to sell a paper here and there. I did not look up; but the boy stopped beside me. "Say, Father," he said, as he leaned over, with his free hand on the back of my seat. "Everything counts on that million, don't it?"

I was a bit confused, not knowing at what he was driving, but I answered: "Of course."

The boy's hand dropped from the back of my seat. I felt him pressing a bit of paper into mine. "Say, Father," he went on earnestly, "in this business a fellow has often got to work Sundays. I don't do my share in the church. Here's a mite on that million."

Then he was gone. A little dazed, I heard him back of me calling: "*News, Journal; News, Journal.*" I opened my hand. It was a Canadian dollar bill that was in it.

THE SOCIETY'S FIRST OFFICE, WHEN IT GREW TOO BIG FOR THE RECTORY, WAS A FRAME HOUSE AT LAPEER

"SOME PEOPLE WONDER WHY CARDINAL DOUGHERTY OF PHILADELPHIA IS SO GREAT A FRIEND OF THE SOCIETY." HE KNOWS.

Many a time Archbishop Quigley joked me about that "newsboy story." He said once, at a Board Meeting in better days, that I had told it so often to get money out of others that I had come "to actually believe it" myself. But the story is true.

I felt mightily encouraged by the gift of that dollar. It was not very much toward the million, but it seemed eloquent and brilliant with promise. The boy had read only a few paragraphs about Church Extension, yet he wanted to help. I had not even thought of his giving anything; for I certainly had not then arrived at the begging stage. The dollar looked like ten thousand to me,—one dollar of purchasing power, but nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars worth of hope. I resolved to keep it always. The Treasurer got my check, but not the actual bill. That I still have, framed in my office. There is one bill that the Canadian Government will never be called upon to redeem in gold. Many times since I have had people say: "Here's my bit, Father." Only a few days later I heard a man in Detroit say: "I subscribe Ten Thousand Dollars." Later on I secured a subscription of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. But the famous "Newsboy's Dollar" still holds first place in my affections. There is a premium on that dollar now that is increasing year by year.

Chapter the Fifth

Which Is a Tribute of Affection

EVERYONE who attended the organization meeting of The Catholic Church Extension Society realized that Archbishop Quigley was the most important person present, because of his name, his influence, and his power to protect. But none then realized that he had, also, the most interesting personality amongst us. Only after some years of contact with him did I come to know the real man, and to admire him as he deserved. It is but just that I should pay a tribute to his memory in this book, though I am moved more by sincere affection than by the thought of doing justice. To understand my love and admiration for Archbishop Quigley, it is necessary also to know upon what I built my ideal of what one in his position should be.

When I think of a bishop, almost instinctively I think of the Apostles, but particularly of St. Paul. Now I cannot think of St. Paul, or any other Apostle, as merely the Ordinary of a diocese. That St. James was Bishop of Jerusalem I know, but that he was not a purely local personage I learn from his Epistles. That St. Peter was Bishop of Rome is conceded; but I think of him more in his capacity as the Vicar of Christ and the Chief of His missionaries than as the Bishop of Rome. I love to think how far St. Paul penetrated in his universal mission. I should like to be sure that he went to Britain, as our Anglican separated brethren hold. I often wish devoutly that the old Mexican tradition of Quetzacoatl were true, so that I could think of St. Thomas as the first missionary of Christ to reach the shores of America. Dean Harris thinks that St. Brendan

of Ireland was Quetzacoatl. He may be right, though I would prefer the Mexican tradition. The point is that I am always more inclined to admire the Apostle than the Ordinary in a bishop. By this I do not mean to say that I should like to have bishops attend to other bishops' business and neglect their own. Not at all. I merely have a greater admiration for those who do their particular work because it is part of the whole, rather than for the few who are so immersed in the things under their own immediate charge that they half forget the nation-wide and world-wide fight for Christ, in which, after all, they are commanders of divisions. To me, bishops are the greatest men on earth; but there are degrees even on the highest range. I most admire those who take advantage of their mountain outlook to study, from that point of vantage, what they can do to make valley and hillside blossom and be glad. Hence, I love most "a bishop of the missions," one whose range of vision embraces the dark places, be they in his own land or far away. I hate to have people say of a bishop that he is an Irish bishop, or a German bishop, or a French bishop. I think of my ideal bishop only as Catholic. That insures his patriotism enough to please me. I like the humorous suggestion that bishops might well give up their names, like nuns, so that no one would know *what* they are, as long as they are successors of the Apostles. Foolish? Perhaps; but then I have already admitted that I am not particularly wise. If I admit it again will you pardon me for saying that the "Lives" written of so many bishops, in which their great local successes are lauded, are not particularly interesting to me. It is not that I do not admire success, but I think that he who cramped his efforts lost the grace to do more and better things. The bishop who is Catholic in all things is my ideal in the episcopate.

In Archbishop Quigley I found a near approach to that

ideal, but hampered by many things, some of them so strongly rooted in tradition or prejudices that one man's life was all too short to overcome them. Archbishop Quigley was a churchman, not a statesman. He was an apostle in his heart rather than the mere bishop of a diocese. He cared for the whole battle line much more than he cared for his own sector. He loved Chicago more for its position in that battle line than for the fact that it was his part of it. When he was stricken in Washington with his last illness, answering the question, "Where do you wish to be taken?" he said: "If I am going to get well, take me back to Chicago. If I am going to die, take me home." His home was Rochester, New York. So they took him there, and there he died. Chicago was never anything but an incident in his life. Yet he was a faithful Archbishop of Chicago, and a loved one, too. He never did all the things that he had set his heart on doing; but the foundations he laid were well laid. The things he did were well done. The gulf he bridged was well bridged. The outlook he gave to Chicago was great enough to be his own everlasting monument. He seemed to know that the builder would follow—as he did. That is the heart of my appreciation of Archbishop Quigley. To understand it, one must have lived the life of a peregrinating priest for ten years at the time he lived, and to have known the, alas! too parochial attitude, not only of Chicago, but of the whole United States. "We cannot do this thing now," the Archbishop used to say, speaking of Church Extension. "It takes time to get us out of the idea that we are still a missionary country to be helped by others, and make us realize that our duty is to be a helper. We cannot go as far as we plan to go, but others are sure to do it, for theirs shall be a wider vision. All we can do is to fix matters so that the future advance is certain to take place." As far as in him lay, Archbishop Quigley did that.

But there were real "difficulties" before him, the worst of which was his own physical condition. A man of robust health he seemed to be, but he was never a well man. He had suffered a breakdown just before his consecration to the See of Buffalo, and for eighteen months had been a victim of nervous prostration, the consequences of which never left him. They especially affected his memory, a fact that was later seen in his last illness when it left him completely. He tried to keep his affliction out of sight, and only succeeded in having himself misjudged. He was a sensitive man, though exteriorly he appeared to be the very opposite. He was an affectionate man who loved friends, but could not show it, nor was he willing to show it. His constant dread seemed to be that he might be thought prone to sacrifice duty to friendship. He was a man, then, without friends as other people know them. No one could be his friend unless he was absolutely disinterested in his friendship. The Archbishop gave no outward sign of friendship. He made no return; but then, he asked for nothing. He was glad to find unsolicited friendliness. He delighted to have even a chance companion. He reveled in kindly conversation. He guarded in his heart a few old friends who lived far away from him. But, had they been near, I doubt if they would ever have known that he cared for them. He was a lonesome man living in a crowd; a silent man with everybody talking around him; a timid man out of shyness, but carrying the heart of a lion; a home man with a sympathy that embraced the world.

Two things in my intercourse with Archbishop Quigley read his character of apostle as plainly as print. Let me tell them both as proof that I did not misjudge him. One day I received a letter of appeal from the Bishop of Jaro, in the Philippine Islands. The Bishop was face to face with a great financial difficulty. He wanted what was to us then a large

sum of money. I had no authority to give it to him; nor had the Archbishop, for that matter. Still, I went to see Archbishop Quigley, and handed him the appeal to read. His eyes filled, but his face remained cold and impassive. He passed the letter back to me.

"Have you the money?" he asked.

"I could arrange that," I replied, "but I have no authority to give it."

"This man should be helped," he remarked, carelessly. "If you decide to send the money, I shall stick by you when the matter comes before the Board."

"Then you want me to send it?"

"Yes."

"I shall do so to-morrow."

When my hand was on the doorknob he called me back. "The Bishop," he said, "is worried. It would be kind to tell him the good news at once. You had better telegraph that money to him, or at least let him know by cable that you are sending it."

If any difficulty had arisen out of this action the Archbishop would have taken the burden upon himself. He knew I had no money of my own. The risk was his alone. Some people wonder why Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia is so great a friend of the Society. It is chiefly, perhaps, because he was the Bishop of Jaro when that appeal was answered—by cablegram.

The other incident was an interview with Archbishop Quigley by Father Constantineau, then Provincial of the Southwestern Province of the Oblate Fathers, and myself, concerning the exiled prelates, priests and sisters of Mexico. Out of it came an order, again at Archbishop Quigley's own risk, for definite and generous action. Nearly all the credit for the Society's prompt response to the needs of these poor

PHOTO: LAVECCHA, CHICAGO

THE MOST REV. GEORGE W. MUNDELEIN, D. D.

THIRD ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO AND SECOND CHANCELLOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY

exiles, and our protection of their interests, has come to me. But justice demands that I record the fact that it was the Archbishop who sent me to the border with the assurance that I had permission to do all things necessary. Everything he had was at my disposal if I needed it. "You will be representing the whole Church in America," he said, "and nobody in it will be disposed to be anything but glad that we are doing this." Indeed, it was his far-seeing charity that saved the Church in America from reproach; for the need was great in the face of desolation.

Archbishop Quigley so loved the Society that he was always fearful about it. That fear was my one great difficulty with him. Without knowing it, some of his visitors used to make it very hard for me by suggesting possible obstacles to our success, especially in the beginning. If I saw the Archbishop a day or two after such a visitor had called, I always had a discussion on my hands; and I never found His Grace easy to persuade out of his fears for the work. I got to dread his occasional visitors. They were only passing a pleasant hour exchanging views; but they never knew the bad hours their conversations gave to me. I had a rule that I framed up for such cases after some sad experiences, and it was simple. I waited before acting to see if His Grace brought up the subject twice. If he did not refer to it again, I knew that he had forgotten it, and that it was only a passing fear; but if it came up a second time I had to pay attention. His fears showed his absorbed interest.

It really was a fear that brought about one of the very best moves in the interest of the Society—our close connection with Rome. At first, the Archbishop only hinted at what he had in mind. Then he openly said that the future of the work might be endangered unless it were made a Pontifical institution. "No one can touch it," he said, "if it is directly under

the patronage of the Holy See." Later he remarked: "The safety of any Catholic work is in its being Catholic to the core. Rome is our center. We must have Rome as our leader and guide." He planned and planned. Night after night we went over the plans together. When they were fully matured, he sent me to Rome. I came back with the Pontifical approval, in the Brief "*Qua Nuper Nos.*" He was satisfied that he had done all that he could do, and the great fears ended. The Archbishop was a thorough Roman. Perhaps that is what gave him his vision, and made him a great churchman. Eternally he had his eye on headquarters, his ear ready to hear the commands of the Holy See, and his hand ready to obey. It was the spirit of the Church Universal that was in him. He cared nothing for favors and dignities. "I would not walk across the street to be a Cardinal," he once said, when a visitor expressed a "red hat" hope for him, and he meant it. Indeed, he congratulated the Holy Father on creating another Archbishop a Cardinal, when it was expected that he would himself be the honored one. It is interesting now to know that, when his cablegram was read by the Pope, Pius X said: "Here is a man. He might well have thought that I should have chosen him." The Archbishop knew that he had been considered more than favorably. But he was the churchman always. Even if he had been disappointed, he would have acted the same. So also would any apostle.

To Archbishop Quigley the Society was only an efficient means to a great end. He looked ahead of his time; yet kept a hope in his heart that perhaps the end would be in sight before he was called away. The end was a Church for the Missions in America. "English-speaking missionaries," he said, "are the need of the day and of the long future. China especially is calling for American missionaries. We must get ready. Keep up your appeals for Home Missions, but never

lose sight of the fact that they are to educate us to the needs of all the world. We now have our work tied to Rome. When the time arrives we shall know how to obey the call that is sure to come; and we shall be ready. To-day the need is here in America. To-morrow it may be far away." He constantly used to recall long conversations with Bishop Henninghaus of Shantung, on the necessity for American foreign missionaries. This prelate of China had made an extraordinary impression upon his brother of Chicago. Archbishop Quigley's most welcome guests were missionary bishops and, when they were with him, he never tired passing evening after evening in long discussions with them. He loved maps, and everything geographical. He told me one night, how Rome had divided a diocese in Brazil. There were no definite boundary lines that could be drawn because of the wild nature of the region. "So," he said, "they made the division by watersheds. One side of all the country drained by a certain river was given to one missionary bishop; and the other side to his far-distant neighbor." He knew the river and as much about the lay of the territory as Rome did. "That's the sort of missionary enterprise," he added, "in which we shall have no competition."

The Archbishop was immensely pleased one night to tell me about the projects of the Fathers of the Divine Word, in his archdiocese, for a Foreign Mission College. "That College is our present contribution to Foreign Missions," he explained. "It is supposed to be German, but it will be American. At first the Fathers will get only German-American boys. That is just as it should be, for their missionaries now working in China are from Germany. But later young Americans of all racial origins will come, and at the very time when they will most be needed." Prophetic words! Archbishop Quigley's successor in Chicago—Archbishop Mundelein—was the one

who did most to save the missions of these same Fathers in China, when, after the Great War, they were about to be seized. He had only to point to that Foreign Mission College, its American students, and its support from Chicago, to refute the statements of those who would have closed the missions as German. "They are Catholic," said Archbishop Mundelein. "Their students are American citizens. They are supported from here. Do not dare to class our missions as enemy property." So the young Foreign Mission work fostered by Archbishop Quigley became one of the greatest instruments in the hands of his successor to prevent the devastation of a whole Catholic mission field in China, and, incidentally, an argument for emphasizing the Catholicity, rather than the nationality, of our missionaries and our missions.

Archbishop Quigley seemed to have the power to sense the trend of things. Three times I saw this power in operation; but each time I made the mistake of thinking him a coward. For example: He planned the first, and, in a general way, the second, Missionary Congress. Both of these Congresses were called with a definite object in view, the co-ordination of American Catholic mission forces. At both Congresses a meeting of the bishops was arranged for, so as to have a definite working out of plans that might win the approval of the Hierarchy. Many bishops came to Chicago, and later to Boston, intensely interested in these plans, and prepared to back up Archbishop Quigley's ideas to the limit. The meetings were well attended. Each time the Archbishop began by feeling his way, but soon sensed what we all knew was there,—a slight opposition that could barely lift its head in a test. But even that slight opposition seemed to frighten Archbishop Quigley. In both Chicago and Boston he drew back, and retreated without firing a single shot. His friends were disappointed, and some of them disgusted. It looked as

golden opportunities had been deliberately thrown away, for there was an overwhelming majority for co-ordination and unity. The Archbishop never explained the change in him, except to say: "The time is not ripe." Subsequent events seem to have justified his action. The sentiment for co-ordination and unity is now practically unanimous, so far as America is concerned. How far the Archbishop saw into the future can only be guessed.

Archbishop Quigley never was a man with a hammer, but always a man with a hoe. Patience he developed in himself to a wonderful extent. I never saw him angry but once. It was over the misconceptions of a high personage, now dead, concerning the Society. He acted promptly, and went to see that dignitary. What was said no one knew but the two. But that the Archbishop spoke plainly was known. That he struck the table a splitting blow to lend emphasis to his words was also known. That he succeeded in his mission was soon plain to all who were conversant with the situation. It was dangerous to presume on his patience too far. He knew where honest criticism ended and prejudice began. He saw good in honest criticism, but prejudice he abhorred. He was honest himself, and wanted honesty from others.

So this was the Archbishop Quigley that I knew: a plain and unvarnished, but not an unpolished, gentleman who thought of but one thing, his duty; yet withal a timid man, too, who would not risk the good bird in the hand for a whole flock in the bush; a singularly cautious man, who measured each jump before he made it, and went around to an easier crossing if there was a doubt in his mind as to his ability to jump safely; a man of progress, but not one to drill his way ahead; a man who lost battles, but never lost his supplies or the power to regain his ground; a man with a soft heart, which he purposely kept locked up in a refrigerator; a far-seeing

man, but not a far-traveling one; a good encourager for others, who would have no encouragement for himself; a holy man, suspicious of his virtue; a generous man in thought, word and deed, and an enemy of pretense, but not a scoffer even at what he disliked; a grave man, who was kindest to children; a solemn man who loved a laugh; a man who could easily have won anything he wanted in life, but who, as he cared only for things that life could not give, therefore did not worry or trouble himself overmuch about what to him was not worth while. No one ever got anything from Archbishop Quigley that he expected to get. Those who did get anything from him could truthfully say that they were surprised when they got it.

Was Archbishop Quigley also a genius? He never could have been persuaded that he was, but—his foundations tell the tale, since his work was chiefly the making of foundations. He used to tell a story on himself with great gusto. When he was Bishop of Buffalo he had the custom of examining every confirmation class before administering the Sacrament. One day he asked the question: "What is the Pope?" and got many satisfactory answers. He followed this up with: "Who can be elected Pope?" One boy answered: "Any Cardinal." The Archbishop wanted to make it clear that even others could be elected, so he asked: "Could *I* be elected Pope?" The same boy eagerly said: "No, Bishop." "Why not?" There was a moment of hesitancy, but the boy came back: "Because, Bishop, you're not smart enough."

His Grace enjoyed that story immensely and always got a laugh out of his hearers with it. I suspect that the Archbishop thought the boy more than half right. I even suspect that he thought the disability might well have applied to even a lesser office. But he was wrong, for Archbishop Quigley had gifts far above the ordinary. He was a linguist, speaking

fluently at least five languages, and even had in addition a good grasp of the difficult Slavic tongues. He was unerring in his knowledge of theology. He knew his Canon Law most practically. He had an excellent talent for administration. As I knew Archbishop Quigley, he was "smart enough" to honor any place in the Church to which God might have been pleased to call him.

Chapter the Sixth

In Which We Start Afoot and Then Go on Wheels

THE second meeting of the Society was held on December 12, 1905, again at Archbishop Quigley's home in Chicago. At this meeting new faces appeared.

The draft of the Constitution, and the application for a Michigan incorporation were approved and signed. On December 28, 1905, the incorporation was granted. The Rev. E. P. Graham, of the Diocese of Cleveland, was acting as the Society's first General Secretary. He had already moved to Lapeer with all his belongings, which consisted of books and more books. He was a student, a learned man, an excellent speaker, and a bit of a wit, very dangerous in argument, loving a fight for the very fun of it. He had a deep baritone voice, and—well, since he is still very active, perhaps I had better take no risk by commenting on that. I have already mentioned that he was dangerous. When we succeeded in stowing the new Secretary and his books away, the rectory, our first office, had little room for anything else. There were books to the right and left, above and below. The house looked like a public library; and Father Graham's reputation in Lapeer was enviable in consequence. He became a thousand times more dangerous; only he got lonesome, for no one would dare fight with him when they saw the rows of wisdom; which was really the prudent thing to do, for Father Graham knew his books, and had a library in his head as well as on the shelves. We rented a house across the street for the Society's offices, and there the operations went on.

It is a joy to look back at those wonderful operations. We were like men who had to clear away a forest, and only hesi-

tated at the where and how. The bushes and shrubs around the edges were tempting, for they needed no great amount of chopping. But we decided to spare them, and selected the harder task of driving a road straight through the center. So we appealed to the clergy, knowing that they were the leaders, and that, if we had their co-operation, the rest of the work would be much easier. For weeks and weeks the learned Secretary and the unlearned President addressed envelopes, folded and inserted letters, stuck themselves up with postage stamps, and licked tons of gum arabic. The postmaster of Lapeer was delighted. He began to smell increased salary from increased business. Later on, he got it—the salary—and from the increase of business, too. Lapeer even secured letter-carriers before the Society moved away. When the first job had been finished, the Secretary and the President sat down to get the sticky stuff out of their systems, the ink off their fingers, fight over theological points—to the sad discomfiture of the President— and wait hopefully.

Father Graham was a devoted admirer and client of a saint I had heard of, but whose life I had never read, Philip Neri. One night during the hopeful waiting period, he, with premeditation, took down Cardinal Capecelatro's two wonderful volumes on his favorite saint, and read bits from them to me. Next day I was buried in them. One story from the books struck me with particular force. It was that of St. Philip's attempt to be a foreign missionary. The Saint had long been filled with the desire to go to India; but a holy man interfered and, as Philip had sought his counsel, he interfered successfully. "Your India," he said, "shall be Rome." Both Graham and myself saw the application, for even then we were beginning to realize that America was not the whole mission field. One cannot become interested in the home field without hearing the cry from afar. Macedonia has a great and

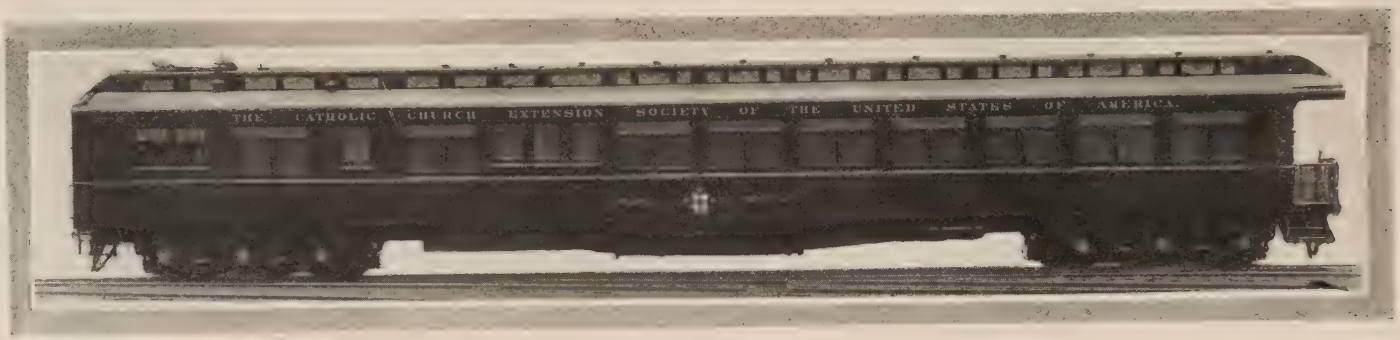
a penetrating voice. But here was the encouragement to go on even as we had started: "Your India shall be Rome." Our China, Japan, Africa and India must, for the time at least, be America. Secretly I made up my mind that St. Philip Neri would be the Patron Saint of Church Extension. Later on, he was so named by Pius X., greatly to the joy of Father Graham who, though then back in Ohio, was always for Extension and Philip. We had many a crack at one another, Graham and myself, during the hopeful days, by reminding each other how Philip managed things; and the Secretary never failed in keeping the President thoughtful of Philip's disinterestedness in the service of God, and his humility. I often thought that the Secretary put too much emphasis on the humility; so I would carefully point out that, while Philip encouraged music and singing, there was no record of his inflicting either one or the other on the rest of his household. After a remark of this kind the President usually went out; which was a prudent thing for him to do. Father Graham had the oratorical mouth, which could expand gleefully into a knowing smile. When you saw the mouth widening that was the time to escape. Broadswords are sharp on both edges. But, while Father Graham was a real orator, he was as content teaching catechism to the poor defective children at the State "Home" in Lapeer as preaching in a crowded church. His success with these children was the wonder of the superintendent.

The hopeful waiting ended in a few days. The mail-box was stuffed with letters, and we had to get a bigger one. The postmaster solemnly shook hands when we met. Printers began to cultivate our friendship. Bankers looked on us with respect. Right down the center the path was being driven, and there was no more leisure to read about dear old Philip, and put up the bluff of knowing enough to fight with Father Graham. We had work on our hands, and we knew it.

"MR. AMBROSE PETRY WANTED TO BUILD A CHAPEL CAR."

THE CHAPEL CAR "ST. PETER" HAS TRAVELLED THOUSANDS OF MILES TO TAKE THE MASS AND THE SACRAMENTS TO SCATTERED CATHOLICS. THIS CAR AND ITS ASSOCIATES, THE "ST. ANTHONY" AND THE "ST. PAUL," SOWED THE SEED OF MANY FLOURISHING PARISHES.

MR. RICHMOND DEAN SOLVED THE CHAPEL CAR PROBLEM"



BLESSING THE CHAPEL CAR "ST. PETER" AT DAYTON, OHIO

INSIDE A CHAPEL CAR, FACING THE ALTAR

PRIESTS' LIBRARY AND SITTING-ROOM

A "CLOSEUP" OF THE "ST. PETER'S" ALTAR

Heavens! no two men could answer all those letters. We had to hunt for stenographers, and buy or borrow typewriters. The cost was appalling, but we had to do it. The house across the way took on a busy air. The movement was launched.

Were *all* the letters encouraging? Not *all.* Troubles came as well as money, which was a shock. Personally, I had not thought about that side of the matter; so I fled now and then to my Capecelatro and Philip. Philip did a lot for Church Extension in those days. It was a testimony of gratitude, later on, when I was allowed to name a new parish in Chicago, that I named it for him, and it flourishes as it should. The years that followed gave me also the chance to name a seminary in his honor, the seminary of the exiled theological students of Mexico in Texas. It were base ingratitude ever to forget "Good Philip."

We did not let twelve months pass without another meeting, but called it in May, 1906. It was held in Lapeer, and to Lapeer came the dignitaries. My, oh my; but we were all proud in Lapeer that day. The Archbishop of Chicago coming to Lapeer—think of it! And his Auxiliary, who became the Society's sturdy friend, Bishop Muldoon now of Rockford, later the leading spirit in the work of the Catholic War Council, he came too. What a *man* he was and is! Tall, good-looking, affable, true in friendship, eloquent, magnetic, zealous. What more do you want? That is Bishop Muldoon. Quite by accident another interesting person was at that meeting, Father Fallon of Buffalo. We put him on the Board before he escaped; but he left us later to become Bishop of London, in Canada, though not before he had "done his bit" for the cause.

That Lapeer meeting taught us some good lessons. Not the least of them was carefulness about finances and bookkeeping. I had to present a report, and had about seven

thousand dollars to account for. Now I never was a good bookkeeper, and the Secretary's store of knowledge, within and without, had not been gotten from books of accounting. Neither Aquinas nor Tertullian had ever bothered writing anything about trial balances. But one trial balance was pushing them all into a corner the day before that meeting. Our clerks could not make that trial balance come out right, and neither could we. An expert was sent for. He looked over the records. His irreverent remark is now written side by side with that pious one, "Your India shall be Rome." He said pointedly: "It's a devil of a pickle you are in, with Judgment Day tomorrow." But he got things out all right, and the lesson was learned. No Extension trial balance ever has come out wrong since. It may be a fine art to get money, but it is a finer art, and sometimes even a more difficult one, to keep track of it.

The other lesson was a better one still. We had seven thousand dollars. What to do with it? Worldly wisdom said: "Keep it till it grows. You may need it. Don't give anything away until you are sure of your ground." But we could not conduct a missionary work on worldly wisdom alone. God is the One Necessity. Old Father Catulle again arose from his grave to speak: "Give it *all* away. God will not see the treasury empty." So we voted it out to the missions; yet the treasury never lost it. As each check went out, another, and a bigger one, came in to replace it. The treasury never went below the seven thousand dollar mark, even in the darkest days. The First Christian Missionary, our Lord, took good care of that, I firmly believe.

It was quite early in the history of these happenings that we decided to issue a quarterly bulletin. The principal argument in favor of the publication was that our appeal would thus reach many, and in the least expensive way. The prospect also had an alluring side for personal reasons. When one con-

tracts "journalitis" young it never quite gets out of the system. I had caught the germ in youth, when I spent much spare time around a weekly newspaper office in my native town, and later started a college paper which had a very short, though remarkably lively, career. If time has not faded out the facts from memory, that college journal was suppressed for the peace and good order of the community. This proposed bulletin of ours would be my opportunity to indulge old longings, and advance the cause at the same time.

Predictions were not favorable as they came from members of the Board to whom I wrote for advice. One member said that he had rarely known such things to produce anything but trouble. Another predicted disaster and more were similarly discouraging. There was nothing to do but stop asking advice. "Extension" appeared. Many a long consultation this first edition entailed—its title, its size, its motto, its departments. Of course, Graham pleaded for a book review. To hear him talk of that, one would think that its omission would leave Shylock out of the Merchant of Venice! The books reviewed? Yielding enough after discussion in other matters, here it was different, a regular ultimatum; they were to belong to him. St. Philip must have sighed. When I read to him my sketch of an introductory article, the importance of which was fully realized, he was silent until gentle compulsion drew from him, "Burn it." I did; but its successor evoked the generous approval: "That's fine and strong and well put and most of it is vastly true. Publish that—and you will be guilty of infanticide." I mentally said a strong something at him, but compromised by exclaiming: "Well, write it yourself, and see what you make of it." A week's time was allowed. For six days while brooding silence was mostly his, uneasiness was my steady companion, because there was no sign of progress. Mild admonition, laments over the flight of time, suggestive inquiry,

produced nothing but some sage remark, and a hint of *otium*, a muttered *Nunquam minus solus*, etc. On the evening of the seventh day I read it, and well, we changed not a line, we scratched not a word, but left it alone in its glory. It was printed and he wore, methought, for a while, a conscious air, as of one who saith within himself, "I did it with my little pen." "Extension" was not a very pretentious publication; but it was a success. We were glad, Graham and I, that we had not asked any more advice on the subject. Donations increased. The office became busier than ever. Lapeer began to have visitors. Scarcely a night passed without a new face around the rectory's open fireplace in the midst of Graham's books. Bishops came to hint at what we might do to help them. Missionaries dropped in to offer us great opportunities. We began to dream of building up an office and printing plant in Lapeer, where there was room, labor, and good air, when suddenly the whole dream was shattered. After one year of the peace of the country town the Board ordered a move to Chicago.

How I hated to go, and I had to go alone. After generous co-operation and, as often as not, acting as a "governor" on an engine to my impetuosity, Graham was returning to parish work. A first-class campaigner and organizer, I would have liked to give him a "mandate" for the East, where success had smiled on him, his sole obligation being the minor one, to remit; but, unlike Barkis, and like America, he was not "willin'." Graham was returning to his diocese and parish work.

I had never lived in a large city. My visits to Chicago did not fill me with longings to be one of its busy multitude. I loved Lapeer. It was a joy to think that the Society would "make Lapeer" some day, as I firmly believed it would. I had been a country pastor so long that it seemed as if I never could be happy as anything else. I voted loyally against the move, but my vote was the only one against it. It was, then, in sor-

row, that the preparations were made to transfer the work to the Metropolis of the West.

Something happened one day, quite by accident, that gave me an introduction to Chicago in a promising way. The printer telephoned for a "stickful" of copy. He was short on the editorial pages of "Extension" by about three inches. A boy was on the way for the copy. I tried to think up something to write; but, instead of an idea, I got nothing but a mental vision of a great, lonesome city and a crowd of people. From the crowd a picture came, in a flash of memory, of my first visit to Chicago, in the year of my ordination, eighteen ninety-three. I had gone there to catch a glimpse of the World's Fair before receiving an appointment. From one World's Fair came the flash of another, St. Louis. The crowd again, and then, something I had seen—a car, a Chapel Car in the railroad exhibit placed there by a Baptist missionary society. I had examined that car, and remembered talking with some man about it. That man had the history of Chapel Cars at his fingers' ends. The original Chapel Car, he said, was that of Pius IX. It was used on the Pope's train when he traveled about the Papal States. The Russians put the idea to missionary use on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. An American Bishop of the Anglican Church—Walker, I think was his name—saw this Chapel Car in Siberia, and had one built like it for his work in Minnesota. He called it "The Cathedral Car." John D. Rockefeller took over the idea for the Baptists. The Anglican car was never a success, but a Baptist fleet of cars was. I remembered thinking at the time what excellent work could be done in scattered places along the railroad lines with a Catholic Chapel Car. The "stickful" of matter was ready when the boy arrived. Here is how it read:

"WHY NOT A CHAPEL CAR? Railroads pull Chapel Cars free of charge. They cost little to maintain. They

house both pastor and congregation: the last for the period of the religious service; the first all the time, for the car is a fairly comfortable living room. Chapel Cars solve the problem of poor hotels and dugout quarters in pioneer states. Chapel Cars insure neglected places being visited regularly. The very novelty of the visit draws non-Catholics to hear the missionary. Literature can be carried in quantities in a Chapel Car, and Mass said daily—not a slight consideration for a spiritually hungry priest. A Chapel Car could supply scattered families with all they need of 'mission goods,' for there is room to keep them in stock. The missionary priest could have a place in which to instruct children where only a few families are to be found, and stay contented as long as necessary, without worry or lonesomeness. The Chapel Car is his *home*. Who will give us a Chapel Car to place in the service of the scattered ones of the flock? We'll do the rest."

It happened that this item fell into the hands of a Detroit man who was in the street car advertising business. He was so interested that he wrote at once to ask for information. The letter suggested the possibility of his being the donor of a Catholic Chapel Car. I resolved to take no chances with this "angel" by too much letter-writing. I sent word to him that I would go to Detroit to see him personally.

The office of Mr. Ambrose Petry was the first large business office I had, up to this time, had a chance to go over and examine. It delighted me so that I never quite forgot the impression. That office looked efficient. I liked Mr. Petry. He was alive. What he did *not* know about Chapel Cars almost equaled his visitor's ignorance on the same subject; but both host and visitor sensed that there was something worth while in the idea. Mr. Petry did not write a check for me before I left, but agreed to build a Chapel Car if—and there was the rub. No, the rest of that sentence cannot be filled in. Neither

of us knew what the "if" meant. It was a vague and very unobjective "if." Mr. Petry wanted to build the car. His visitor wanted to have it. Mr. Petry did not know what his visitor could do with it when it was built; and his visitor had only a feeling that if the Baptists could make a success of Chapel Cars, Catholics could do the same. Perhaps both were thinking what Mr. Petry put into words: "It would give you a million dollars' worth of free advertising." Both understood that. We had to go to Chicago to see what could be done about securing a car; and that brought us to the Pullman Company, and Richmond Dean, its Vice-President.

Since this story is one of men as well as events, it is not out of place to say a word about the two men who were most closely concerned in the making of our first Chapel Car. For years these two men, with Edward F. Carry, were the chief lay advisers of the Society in Chicago. Ambrose Petry was originally a New Yorker. He began life as a cash boy on a salary of two dollars a week. Then he became a sort of office boy for an advertising company, then a salesman, then a partner, then the organizer of his own company and a power in a new field of business. He could sell anything. He was a nervous bundle of enthusiasm. He could scarcely sit still an instant. He argued with his tongue, his hands, his feet and his head. When he wrote a letter it was not brief, but was *a brief* from beginning to end. He was half French and half German in blood, but Yankee all over. With no great knowledge of his Faith, yet he had a most ardent love for it. He missed Mass only twice in a life that was chiefly spent on trains and in hotels. Once he got off a train on the prairie to attend Mass on Sunday, and was rewarded by success. Once he wired the pastor of a busy parish in Indiana to hold a congregation ten minutes, so that he could get there in time for Mass. He was a stranger to the priest, but the latter began his Mass

ten minutes late, as requested, figuring that the man who could send such a telegram was indeed worth consideration. Alas! the train was later than ten minutes, and Mr. Petry lost Mass that day. The other occasion of his losing Mass was when he was laid up in a hospital. The doctors kept him away from Mass on the first Sunday, but he broke loose on the second. He had a veritable mania for the devotion of "The Fifty-two Sundays"; and he never thought an excuse strong enough to absolve him for missing Mass. He had a "daily office" of his own, and said it faithfully. He was hospitality itself, but would not touch a drop of stimulant under any circumstances. His favorite devotion, after that of the aforesaid "Fifty-two Sundays," was to St. Anthony of Padua; and he had a special life of the Saint written for him, which he had printed and which he distributed far and wide.

Mr. Dean was a convert. He had never taken any particular interest in church affairs until the Chapel Car problem was brought to him for solution, except to pay his pew rent and attend to his religious duties. There are thousands in the same position all over the country. The minute he glimpsed bigger things, he grew into a sort of lay leader, and a good one. He solved the Chapel Car problem for us. Mr. Petry called the car Mr. Dean built the "St. Anthony." The Bishop of Wichita gave it its start fifteen years ago. Venerable with age—for it was only new inside when we got it—the "St. Anthony" is still at work to-day, somewhere on a lonely sidetrack out in the West where it serves as a church and rectory until better ones can be erected. Then it will be pulled on the rails to another town to serve again. In the meantime, two new steel Chapel Cars are much more lively and beautiful. They move every week, while the old "St. Anthony" often stays a year; but the Veteran is the Veteran, even if he hobbles along on flat wheels, with his paint skin cracked, flaked

and furrowed. He did his work, even to getting us the "million dollars' worth of advertising." Two names will always be connected with the old "St. Anthony"—Petry and Dean. God bless them both, and God be thanked that not yet is there need to change the petition to, "God rest them!" They are still on earth, Dean in Chicago, and Petry in South America; but both Governors of Church Extension, and proud of it.

Lapeer had the Society for just one year; and, as the year was drawing to a close no emotion of joy or satisfaction came to console me for leaving my first parish. It was plain enough that duty called me to go. It was plain enough, too, that, deep down in my heart I knew that it was better for me to go. But it was hard, bitter hard to break away from Lapeer. There was no particular beauty about Lapeer; but there was something that took the place of beauty. It was kindness, a kindness that seemed to permeate every home, and extend itself out into the surrounding country. No one ever lived in Lapeer without feeling the charm of it. Everybody knew everybody else's business there. Everybody was interested in everybody else. People gossiped about one another, as they do in all small towns; but even through the gossip there was the vein of kindness. The spirit of live and let live was strong. I always had two congregations on Sunday: a morning one exclusively Catholic, and an evening one where the non-Catholics predominated. Father Graham delivered a course of lectures once that sent the Catholics to the galleries, so that the non-Catholics might secure seats. I do not think Graham ever preached better—I know I never did—than in Lapeer. Everybody was fond of long sermons, and both of us could appreciate the kind of an audience that liked to sit and listen. When questions were asked they were intelligent questions, with seldom a trace of meanness or bigotry in them. The little children on the way to the public school had to pass the rectory. They knew the priests as well

as their teachers, and every priest was "Father" to them. Nothing of civic importance was done in Lapeer without getting "Father Kelley" into it in some way. Graham loved the town as I did. That he could do more than "change sides and still confute" was very evident when the people gave me a "farewell" and a "presentation." He had to come back and be included as a *Magna Pars*. The regard of the people for him was gained after a stay of a year; mine cost me almost the years of Jacob's service.

There was no club in Lapeer; but Shad Vincent's Drug Store admirably took its place. That Drug Store club was a very open-minded institution. Politics predominated in the discussions, but religion often had a place too. Since I left Lapeer I have been in many clubs, and am a member of more than one. My favorite club in Chicago has a large membership of educated and refined men. Its rooms are dreams of beauty. The lounge has everything that makes a club lounge a joy to a mere man. The library is an artistic gem, a wonder place when a fellow has to get away from everybody to do his reading or his writing, and sometimes his napping. There is a turkish bath, a swimming pool, squash courts, and about everything else that one would want in a club. But I do not go there as much as I did to the Drug Store club in Lapeer, where we leaned against the cigar stand, or gathered around a hot stove in the winter time. There was Shad Vincent himself, who looked like an oriental patriarch; there was the Sheriff of the county; Jim Vincent, a Major as well as a druggist, and many others. Sometimes, when I get a breathing spell, I sit down on a big leather chair in the lounge of my Chicago club and look at the beautiful furnishings, but my mind won't stay there. Another self wanders off, leans against a cigar stand, "lays down the law" while engaging in a discussion with Irving McArthur who simply won't talk, with

Vincent who simply won't be silent, with Rollin Johnson who is listened to, with Chet White who listens well, and with John Loughnane who listens occasionally. God be good to Lapeer! for it took a poor, lonely priest, who was scarcely more than a boy, to its heart, and made him a happy man for twelve years; then sent him out with respect in his soul for one of the best peoples in the world—the Americans of the small town.

Chapter the Seventh

In Which Father Graham Gets a Successor

MY FIRST visit to Chicago, as a prospective citizen, was made a few weeks before the time fixed for moving the Society's headquarters to the Western Metropolis. There were two tasks before me: to close arrangements with the Pullman Company for the building of the first Chapel Car, and to secure an office for the Society. I knew nothing about Chicago, except that it was a place where everybody had to change cars, and that it was a very big and busy city. I had changed cars there a number of times, and had slept one or two nights in a hotel in the "Loop" district. I knew the Pullman Building, because it was located close to my hotel; so I went directly there, and sent my card to the office of the General Manager, Mr. Richmond Dean, who saw me at once, for by this time he was mightily interested in the Chapel Car idea. My visit with him was pleasant, but was broken by the entrance of two gentlemen whose names I have forgotten. They had no business with Mr. Dean, but came only to say "Howdy" to him. One was a railroad supply man, whom Mr. Dean called "Billy." It was then that I got my first impression of Mr. Dean. "Billy," he said, "you are a heathen. You have made all kinds of money, but you have no religion. You never go to church; therefore, you never give anything. Billy, I am going to offer you a chance for salvation. The Father here has a good work. I'll match you right now to see whether you give him twenty-five dollars or I give him fifty for it."

'I won't take you on those terms," said Billy, promptly, "but I'll match you even, and make it fifty."

Mr. Dean abstracted a quarter from his pocket, tossed it into the air—and lost. "Billy," he said, "luck is with the heathen. I should not have done such an odious thing as to have matched with one of you." Then he rang for a clerk. "Have I a hundred dollars out there?" he asked. The clerk assured him that he had, and brought it in. Mr. Dean handed me fifty dollars, and said: "Come now, Father, I am going to take you over to my club."

The four of us adjourned to the Chicago Athletic Club. I sat with the party for about half an hour when I suddenly remembered that I had to rent an office; so I arose to go.

"Sit down, Father," said Mr. Dean. "You should not be wandering alone around the streets of a strange city. You are far safer and more comfortable here."

I admitted that, but told him that I had to rent an office before I took the train for Lapeer.

"What do you want with an office?" he asked.

"It is for the Church Extension Society," I answered. "We are going to move here in about three weeks."

Mr. Dean's eyes lit up. I had touched something that interested him, and I might say that although we were sitting in a Chicago club in pre-prohibition days, his eyes were the only things about Mr. Dean that were lit up. "What kind of an office do you want, Father?" he asked.

"Any kind," I answered. "I do not know anything about offices. I only know that I have to move to Chicago."

"How many square feet do you want?" was the next question.

I had to shake my head, and admit that I did not know that either. In Lapeer we spoke only of acres.

"Then how many clerks will you have?"

I made an attempt to guess at this.

"I know what you want," he said. "Sit down, Father,

and wait here until your train time. You do not have to go hunting for an office. One will be waiting for you when you arrive, all fixed up and ready for business; and you won't have any rent to pay for a year, either."

I sat down, and mentally came to the conclusion that Chicago was beginning well. In a few weeks we moved into the offices selected by Mr. Dean, in the Neepnauk Building, on Adams Street. They were fine. Mr. Dean had carpeted the floors, and installed office furniture of various kinds. Later, Mr. Petry came, and insisted on purchasing furniture for my own private room. The only trouble about the furniture was that it was too good. These men did nothing by halves. When Mr. Petry described the kind of furniture he was going to buy, I timidly suggested that it would not be advisable to put on an air of too much prosperity.

"That's where you are wrong," he said. "Put the best foot forward. It is always a good thing to smile even if it kills you, and in business to think and to look like a millionaire. People may criticize, but they will come across with the money just the same; and, now and then, you will meet a man who would give you five dollars in a poor office but five hundred in a good one. You'll find before you are long at this work that it is a business proposition as well as a religious one."

I weakened. The criticisms came as I had predicted; but the results were according to Mr. Petry's prophecy.

I used to marvel over the visits of these two men. Mr. Dean seemed to think that the Church Extension Society somehow belonged to him; and Mr. Petry used to come from far and near just to see how the ship was sailing. Later on, other men did even as these two; and then and there I discovered that the lay Catholic is really hungry to do something for the Church. So I made up my mind to give him a chance, and he got it in the Extension Society.

It was not long after our installation that I had an opportunity to test the value of the fine office and its radiant furniture. An Archbishop from out of town came to see us. He was not impressed. "This," he said, "does not look like a missionary society's office; it looks like a bank." He was cold to us for many years; but then we did not expect much money from bishops. A few days later, a capitalist from St. Louis dropped in, led to do so by the eloquence of our friend Dean. I was out to lunch when he came; so he looked around the office, and went back to his hotel, after leaving word that he would be glad to receive a return visit at three o'clock. Precisely at three I found him in the lobby of the Congress Hotel, sucking a long glass of lemonade through a longer straw. He was Col. Richard Kerens, afterwards American Ambassador at Vienna, and once a Senator of these United States.

"You have a fine office over there," remarked the Colonel, after he had ordered a straw and concoction for me.

"Yes, Colonel, it is a fine office," I said, bracing myself for the test as he went on.

"I looked it all over," he continued. "Your cashier even let me glance at your books. They were like your office, well kept and up-to-date. I dropped in to make a little donation. I had an extra hundred dollars in my pocket. But I couldn't put a hundred over that mahogany desk of yours. It would look out of place. I guess I'll give you a thousand."

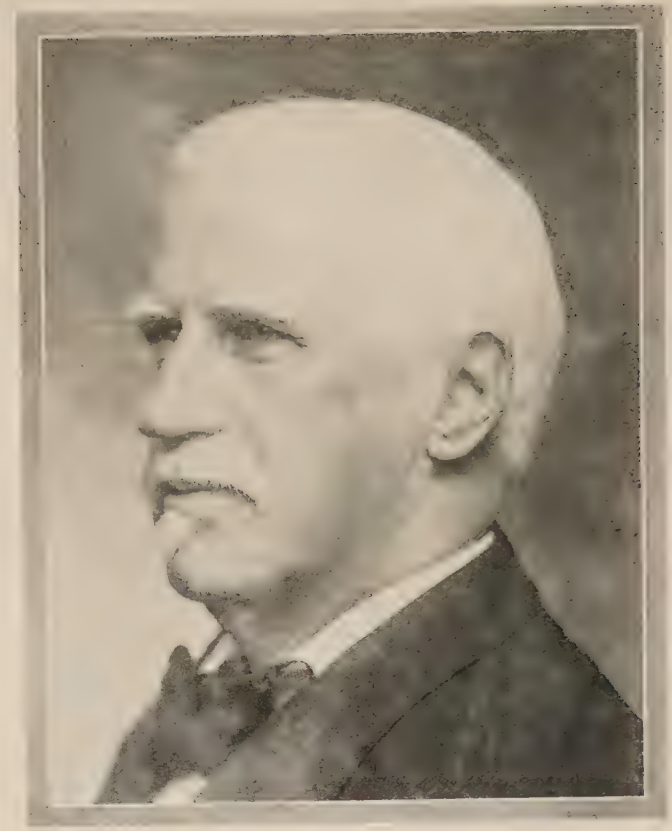
In a few weeks the Colonel changed his mind, which event came about through a little correspondence, in which he mentioned his being "long on securities, but short on cash." So we compromised, at my suggestion, on a five thousand dollar donation in the shape of securities. The Colonel then remarked something about "an abnormal development of gall in people who sit at mahogany desks." I became quite resigned to my desk and surroundings. The furniture had paid for

itself, though it cost us nothing. Another lesson was learned, and stored for future use. My education for the job of President of Church Extension was progressing. My teachers were the business men who surrounded me; and if any success has come to the work, nine-tenths of the credit for it should be handed on a silver plate to the teachers.

I afterward met Colonel Kerens in Vienna while he was Ambassador. No one ever saw Vienna better than I did—in the Ambassador's car, if you please; but the genial Colonel insisted on telling everybody about the "abnormal development of gall in people who sit at mahogany desks." When I explained that the desk was a present, he said: "Then it was twice paid for. If Petry paid three hundred for it, I paid five thousand." But let me get on with the story.

I mentioned that we had been publishing a little quarterly bulletin; but big ideas began to come with the fine furnishings. I wanted to make "Extension" a monthly, and change its character into that of a small Catholic edition of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* I figured that I could thus get it into more homes, and carry the Society's appeals with it. The plan was good enough, except for a small detail, which turned out, later, to be capable of great and alarming growth. In fact, the detail became so large that it threatened to destroy the whole plant. I had not figured out how I was going to circulate my venture. There was another lesson to learn, and I was in for the pain of learning it, in the way that many a boy learns his best lessons—through a spanking. I rushed in and published the first number, which really was an artistic success; but when I had paid for it and counted the cost, the conviction came that I had overplayed my hand, and was about to strike my first big rock, with force enough to wreck the ship. The appearance of the second number was delayed, for there was no money. Then something happened.

EDWARD F. CARRY
PRESIDENT OF THE PULLMAN COMPANY, AN EARLY FOUNDER, ONE OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



"A CAPITALIST DROPPED IN . . . HE WAS COLONEL RICHARD KERENS, AFTERWARDS AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA."

JOSEPH D. DALY

VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL COUNSEL OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY

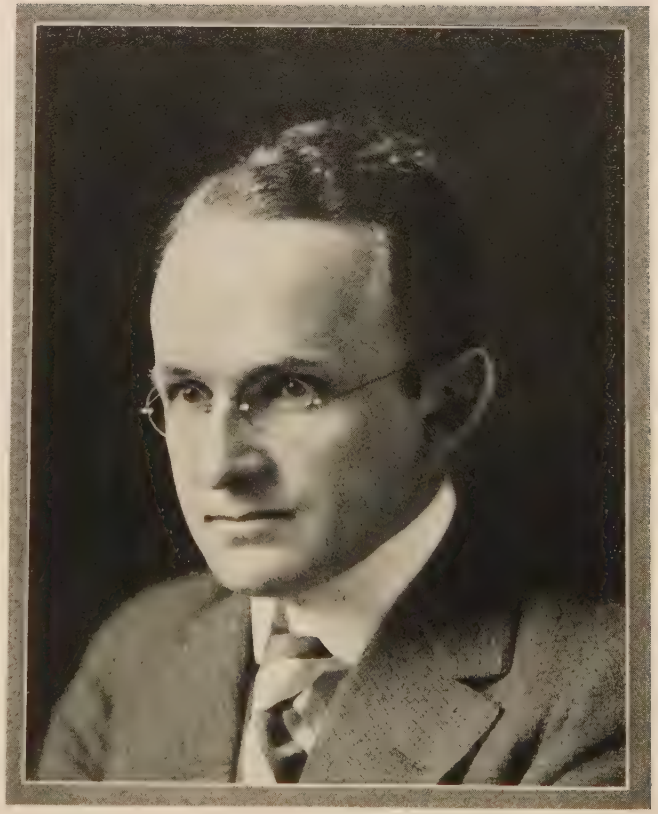


PHOTO: MOFFETT, CHICAGO

"MR. IVAN McKENNA HAD BEEN INTERESTED IN CHURCH EXTENSION MERELY AS A PRINTING PROSPECT."

One day at lunch I met a Mr. Ivan McKenna who had been interested in Church Extension merely as a printing prospect, and who worked for the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, of Chicago. He made a number of inquiries about the magazine, which I dodged as skillfully as I could. Mr. McKenna wanted to print it, and I encouraged him in his laudable desire. Somehow I felt as if a life-line had been thrown to me. After a long conversation, I suggested that I might give his company the right to print the magazine, taking the advertising revenue as their pay, while giving the Society all the revenue from circulation. Now, one of the members of the Donnelley firm was an advertising man, and also a man who would take a chance. He evidently believed in the future of the magazine. So, to my utter surprise, my proposal was accepted. Mr. Donnelley published the magazine for one year. At the end of that period he had lost $18,000; but on our side we had gained about $6,000. Mr. Donnelley also lost confidence in the ability of the magazine to pay; but he had carried us on for a year, past part of the try-out period. "I think," he said, "that it would be only reasonable for you to make me a Founder, or a Life Member, or some other potentate of your Society. You have $18,000 in good Baptist money, and that ought to be reason enough for making a Catholic dignitary out of a Protestant." He took his loss like the average American, though we did have a legal controversy, which ended satisfactorily for both parties. We did not make a Catholic dignitary out of Mr. Donnelley—perhaps we may be able to do so later, who knows?—but Mr. McKenna is to-day one of the Board of Directors of Extension Magazine. He never fails to remind his fellow-members of the Board that his firm has an investment in it; but we are hard-hearted people, for he does not get even the printing job.

A new contract was made with another firm, a contract

that gave the other side a better chance, and the magazine was helped along for eight years while it was getting on its feet. Even the second contractors, however, did not find it difficult to count their profits. Neither did the Society. Though my ambitious plan had almost destroyed us, once the obstacle was passed we were triumphant. The magazine carried the missionary message into homes; and increased circulation gave us increased revenue from donations. I can truthfully say that "Extension Magazine" really made the Extension Society.

Other worries came with the increase of receipts. How to take care of them? I knew little about bookkeeping. I was learning how to get money, but never had time to learn how to keep a real business-like record of it. When we were small Colonel Kerens admired our bookkeeping, and we had a good bookkeeper, who, very soon after coming to Chicago, went the way of nearly all our bookkeepers, and got married. In fact, the bookkeeper's cage has, with alarming frequency, been only a preparation for the matrimonial cage. I could understand figures on cheques, but it was terrifically hard to understand a table of assets and liabilities. The only worry I had about it all was to get in as much as I could at as little expense as possible. That was good enough as far as it went; but Archbishop Quigley had a mathematical mind, and a bad habit of dropping in and looking over the books. We never really knew when to expect him. He came into the office at such extraordinary times, and stayed so long poring over the records, that he used to give all of us a sort of nightmare in the daytime. Then the correspondence began to pile up. I could not attend to both it and the magazine. But St. Philip was watching and help came.

There were a few lectures that I had to give before saying "Good-by" to the long, cold drives and the colder hotels of the Lyceum Circuit. One of my last appearances was booked

for a town called Princeton, in the State that is the original habitat of the American novelist—Indiana. I had received a letter from the pastor, whose name was Ledvina, inviting me to make his home my own while I was there. The invitation was accepted, and my host took good care of me. I stayed with him for two days, and the visit resulted in a mutual liking.

The morning after my arrival I went over to Father Ledvina's church to say Mass. The pastor was not there himself; but I had no trouble finding everything I wanted. I never saw a more orderly sacristy. Everything was in its place, and the place labeled. It was so clean and orderly, the sacristy, that it looked like a room in a convent of women—of course, no one would say such a thing of men. I had never before seen a parish sacristy like it. All I had to do was to glance at the labels, and everything, positively everything, was at my command. To put the capstone on this arch of order and cleanliness, was a little leather-bound book, with the title in gold letters sticking out at you: "Manual of Local Practices." Macaulay's traveler from New Zealand, if he happened to be a priest, might easily master all the local practices of that church in a few minutes by reading the typewritten pages. When I finished my Mass and thanksgiving, and had put things back in as good order as my disorderly hands allowed, I went to the rectory, had breakfast, and sat down in the pastor's library for a smoke. Father Ledvina had not yet returned; so I walked around the room and amused myself reading the labels on the cases. The library-office was like the sacristy. This man had a perfect mania for order and neatness. In the corner was a typewriter, the files near it indicating that he not only answered his letters, a rare enough clerical practice, but that he also kept copies of them. There were little drawers and big drawers; and one of the little ones was labeled: "Needles, Thread and Pins." Then and there, I made up my mind that St. Philip

had directed my steps to the man the Society was crying for, the man who could put order and system into a growing concern. I was glad to find that he was a priest; for only a priest would work for the salary I could offer.

When my host returned I began very gently suggesting something of the beauties of Chicago and the glories of the work of Church Extension. I had not been in action more than a few minutes before he saw the drift, very firmly put up a hand and said: "Nothing doing!" He was wedded to parish life; but evidently was much moved by the offer that I now proceeded to make him; one of hard work and plenty of it, and a chance to share in what I firmly believed then and believe still, a work well worth any sacrifice. It took two days to persuade Father Ledvina that the offer should be considered, and some weeks to persuade his bishop. Then there was a stronger reason, a purely personal one, which threw the balance over to the side of the Society—and Father Graham had a successor.

It would be rank ingratitude if, in this attempt at authorship, I should speak of other men, and fail to pay a tribute to Father Ledvina. My only trouble is the difficulty of making the tribute strong enough. One day I had the pleasure of meeting Cardinal Mercier in his own home at Malines, before his visit to America. Finding that I was an American, His Eminence said: "Your soldiers won the war." A gentleman with me suggested that it was His Eminence's countrymen who had won the war, since they had struck the first blow and prevented the enemy's march on Paris. The Cardinal smiled and said: "I will admit that the war could not have been won without the Belgians, and their defense of Namur and Liege; but I must also say that, without the Americans to strike the last blow, the work of my countrymen would have gone for nothing." In speaking of Church Extension, I can

really claim only the credit of striking the first blow; and that is why I bring in so many names, and talk about so many people. To place Father Ledvina properly, I should have to think of a Quartermaster-General, who gets his supplies in bulk, but arranges and dispatches them in such a way that each unit of the army is properly fed, clothed and otherwise supplied at the right moment. The big man in the German army always seemed to be Ludendorf, yet Ludendorf was only a Quartermaster. Quartermasters are the "mute, inglorious" heroes of every army. Someone called the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army during the war a "refugium slackerorum," which means, translated from slang Latin, "a refuge of slackers." The epithet was a great injustice, for Quartermaster's men were constantly under fire. They have the heavy burdens to carry, but get little credit for carrying them. To make matters worse, it is the Quartermaster's men who are always under fire from the rear.

Father Ledvina was made a sort of Quartermaster-General of Church Extension. It was not his business to collect money, but it was his business to take care of it when it was collected and see that this was done properly. He had a methodical mind, a sense of fair play and justice in managing employes, integrity that had no flaw in it, and a cool head that would put out any flame of excitement even if it were licking through the wood of his office chair. Employes who did not like to work never liked Father Ledvina; but I noticed that those who did like to work got along admirably with him. He had a way of learning what was going on. He spoke very quietly and very gently, rarely if ever raising his voice, and never raising it at all in the general office. When he rebuked he did it in private, for he had a rare appreciation of the feelings of others. He cultivated justice till his "squareness" became an office proverb. He believed in the square deal, and practiced the doctrine. His

office was a real business college to any employe who wanted to learn; those who did not usually dropped out very soon. Most people thought him an iceberg, and he was—when on duty—but duty done he became jolly and, as some one put it, "quite human." He was one who could enjoy solitude if you gave him a violin, a piano or a flute; but it was rarely anyone heard him play except from the other side of a locked door. He was very humble, yet he really enjoyed being a dignitary, and when the Holy Father made him a member of the Papal household, said so; which shows also that he was supremely honest. Monsignor Ledvina's services to Church Extension were of the kind that never can be forgotten. One day a visitor, seeing him through the glass of his office door, asked: "What position does that gentleman occupy here?" I was about to answer that the gentleman was the Society's General Secretary; but just then I thought of some troubles past and gone, and I answered, more truthfully, that his real standing in the Society came from the fact that he was a man sent by God, whose name was Order and System.

Since writing all this about Monsignor Ledvina he too has left us, but to go up higher. He is now the Bishop of Corpus Christi, Texas. Just think what Father Graham missed. Applicants for appointments should form a line to the right.

PHOTO: MATZENE, CHICAGO

"MONSIGNOR LEDVINA'S SERVICES TO CHURCH EXTENSION WERE OF THE KIND THAT NEVER CAN BE FORGOTTEN."

Chapter the Eighth

In Which George and Other Good Folk Make Their Bow

TO THE Catholic public the most interesting development of the work always centers around the Chapel Cars, for there are now three of them, with two Motor Chapels. By the time this book gets into print the latter will probably have been retired on account of age and the infirmities due to hard travel. The Chapel Cars never lose their interest. I have already told how we came to secure the first Chapel Car; but I have not told much about its work or the work of the others. I really cannot tell the story without first introducing George.

George—his other name is Hennessey—is the senior assistant official of the Society in years of service. He was with us almost as soon as the Society was founded, and is with us still. When we came to Chicago, he was Assistant Secretary but is now Superintendent of Chapel Car work in the West. He likes his present job to about the same degree that he hated the one he left in Chicago. George was no desk man, and no aid to that tranquillity in a business office so much in evidence when the General Secretary is about. Yet one could not say that George is "a square peg in a round hole" as far as office work is concerned. George is a tree out of which a multitude of round or square pegs could be made; but the tree still stands in the open, bathed in sunshine, and rooted well in God's own out-of-doors. One of George's happiest days was the day he left the Chicago office; but, truth to tell, no one was particularly happy that he left it; for one of George's easiest but greatest accomplishments is making folks like him. He does that without trying.

It was George who first took out the "St. Anthony." He was fitted for his new task—rather let me say that he was *gifted* for it. God gave him a McCormack voice and he learned, all alone, how to use it. He had been an altar-boy in early youth, an altar-boy who had grasped the horn of the altar and never could let go. He knew the ceremonies, and everything that goes with their proper movement. In the Chapel Cars he is not only superintendent, but sacristan also, as well as organist and choir. He is more, for he is the friend of every unreconstructed backslider who comes along. They all have confidence in George. He says that it is because they feel he is one of them. He does not preach, for that is the province of the Chaplain, but he talks to everybody without preaching, and somehow—God knows how—the talk is as good as a sermon for one man or woman. George always works on individuals.

The children all love George. I suppose it is because George loves all children. He gets them into the Car between services and plays and sings for them. He shows them around, and even to the "treasures" of the Sanctuary, all the time explaining. He does not intend to teach, and yet he does teach in the most efficient way. Many a "Mamma and Papa" found their way to the Chapel Cars and grace, because of "Buddy's" enthusiastic description of the "red-headed fella who sings about an Irish rose down at the freight shed." Poor kiddie! Both Mamma and Papa had once been Catholics, but had forgotten because they had been forgotten out there in a prairie town. They came just because Buddy wanted them to come, to hear and see "that red-headed fella." At the Car they met George, and then the Chaplain. Buddy's first glimpse of the altar of his fathers had been on George's invitation. Pray God that he may see the altar often, now that he has, by a long deferred baptism, been made one of the

altar's conquests. Buddy may have wondered what made Mamma and Papa so happy on the last Sunday morning of the Car's visit to his town—the Sunday they didn't have breakfast until after they got back—but Mamma and Papa know; and by long experience with other buddies and other buddies' parents, George knows.

The first porter sent out with George was a professional, with no religion apparent and no visible foundation for one. He was very big, very black, very funny, and a very, very good cook. Of the mission of the "St. Anthony" he knew nothing. Of the Catholic Church he knew nothing. He had no prejudices except against an illiberal spirit on the part of the traveling public. His name was Rufus. His confessed creed was the one that suited you. What suited him did not matter when he was on duty. His business was to keep the Car clean, and to feed the Chaplain, George, and the favored visitors, all of which he did well and faithfully.

It was only when the "St. Anthony" stopped at Wichita, Kansas, that George discovered that Rufus had in him the makings of a diplomat and a wit. It came about in this wise: A rather tight-fisted but very pious old gentleman visited the Car in the Wichita railroad yards. He went straight to the front pew to say his prayers close to the altar. Rufus saw him, but minded his business of dusting the pews. When the old gentleman had finished his prayers, he arose and went to the door to depart. On one side of the door was a holy water font; on the other side was a collection box. Both were of glass, held in place by openwork metal brackets. The old gentleman ignored the collection box, but dipped his hand into the font. It came out dry. He was indignant, and turned to Rufus. "Porter," he said severely, "Porter, there is no holy water in this font." Rufus hurried forward. He had never heard of holy water before; but no trained Pullman porter ever

admits ignorance. Rufus gazed into the font with concern. He put his hand in, drew it out, and looked inquiringly at it. "No, Sah," he finally decided, "dar ain't no holy wathar in dat glass. Y'see Sah, dis yeah cahr she's just outa de shop. We ain't got eberting workin' jest right yet." Then he went over to the other side of the door and glanced through the glass of the collection box where there were a few coins. "Come ovah yere, Sah, please. Dis side she's workin' all right." Alas, Rufus got tired very soon of "runnin' a relijus private cahr," and withdrew where there was a public that knew generosity.

The Bishop of Wichita was actually the first Chaplain of the first Chapel Car, though he gave the title to Father T. A. McKernon, who ably assisted, and carried on the work splendidly. Father McKernon is a poet as well as a preacher. He paid his tribute to the Car in glowing verse which I shall give later on. Under his direction missions were preached in many towns and villages in Kansas. The method of one is the method of all. There is a morning Mass and sermon, an afternoon instruction for the children, an evening sermon and benediction. This is the daily program for a week. Chapel Cars usually seek out towns in which there are no Catholic churches, often wherein there are few Catholics. But the Cars need little advertising, for the news of their arrival passes from mouth to mouth within twenty-four hours. Seldom is a congregation lacking. The good done by the Chapel Cars is incalculable. One Chaplain, the late Father McDonald of the Redemptorist Order, used to kiss his Car after a mission, in sign of his admiration of its pulling power for souls.

The "St. Anthony" saw service all over the West before a companion was built in the "St. Peter." But the "St. Peter" was not a congenial companion to the old Car. It was too modern. When the two Cars met in Idaho it was plain that the "St. Anthony" was antiquated and outclassed. The "St.

Peter" is of steel construction, and of the very latest model and equipment. It is much more spacious than the "St. Anthony," which, after all, is only a converted Wagner sleeper. George, hating to leave his first love, yet had to transfer his flag to the new one; and the "St. Anthony," unable to travel with modern steel coaches, had to go to the side lines and its special work, but a work none the less useful to souls.

How the "St. Peter" came to be is a story that introduces one of the most interesting men who entered within the circle of Extension, the late Peter Kuntz, Senior, of Dayton, Ohio. I came to know Peter Kuntz through a lecture I gave in Dayton on the invitation of Monsignor William Hickey, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. The lecture was to be on "Joan of Arc," and of course did not touch the subject of Church Extension at all. Monsignor Hickey, however, gave me permission to preface the lecture by a twenty minute talk on the Home Missions. He did that, he said, because he felt sure that a certain Mr. Kuntz would be in the audience, and Mr. Kuntz was a man worth interesting in the cause. I asked Monsignor Hickey how I would know if Mr. Kuntz was present. "You'll know all right," was the only answer I could get out of the smiling pastor.

While I was being introduced to a packed house I glanced around. My eye lit on a small, oldish gentleman sitting in a box to my left. He wore funny side whiskers, very long, and a skull cap. One glance sufficed. I knew that Mr. Kuntz was present, and launched out with a bit of the Story of Extension. The audience thought that I was talking for the benefit of all; but, truth to tell, I was talking only to Peter Kuntz. When I glanced at him, as I did now and then, I rather fancied that his twinkling eye was trying to tell me that Peter Kuntz was "wise to me"; and Peter Kuntz was.

Next morning at breakfast the pastor again brought up

the subject of Mr. Kuntz. While he was speaking a telephone call came for me. "This is Peter Kuntz, Junior, speaking. My father wishes to know when you are leaving town."

Now, I had intended leaving in an hour but changed my mind in a second. "I shall leave for Chicago to-night," I answered.

"Father would like to know if he may call this morning?" said the voice over the wire.

"Tell him no. I will call on him at ten o'clock, if the hour is convenient."

It was, and at ten o'clock to the minute I stood in the corridor of the Commercial Building that housed the Peter Kuntz Lumber Company's offices.

There were four doors opening out of the hall. One was lettered with the name of a firm that was not the one I sought. On one I read: "No Admittance"; on another "No Admittance"; and on the fourth "Positively No Admittance." Puzzled, I opened the first door. "Do you know where I can find the office of Mr. Peter Kuntz?" I asked. A man at a desk looked up, smiled and said: "Just turn the knob of the door marked 'Positively No Admittance,' and there you are." I did, and found that the advice was good. I saw Mr. Kuntz. He asked a few questions and then, abruptly, told me he was going to build a second Chapel Car. I had nothing to do with persuading him to make the promise. He had seen the "St. Anthony." He knew all about its work. He appeared to know as much about it as I did myself.

We dedicated Mr. Kuntz's Car, the "St. Peter," in Dayton. He would not come to the dedication, but he was proud of that Car. Mr. Kuntz would never do what everybody expected him to do. That was one way he had of getting fun out of life. When the "St. Peter" had been working some

months, Mr. Kuntz dropped into the Chicago office. "How is the 'St. Peter' doing?" he asked.

"Splendidly," I replied. "Do you want me to show you some of the Chaplain's reports?"

"Never mind," he said, as he started for the door. "I'll build you another."

That was the Kuntz way. "The other" we called the "St. Paul." It works in the South while the "St. Peter" keeps to the West.

Peter Kuntz was always looked upon as an eccentric; perhaps he was, but his eccentricity was a bluff. He wanted people to think him a bit queer, so as to have them always guessing. No one ever knew what he would do. If he thought they did he wouldn't do it. He dressed like a poor man, but he had three automobiles. He lived in a rented house, but could easily have bought ten city blocks. He was crusty, and could say "No" to anyone; but year after year he took hundreds of poor children out into the country and gave them a gala time at his expense. He told me one day, when I accidentally met him in San Antonio, and urged him to help out the Bishop there in caring for his orphans, that he wouldn't give another cent to anything that I suggested; but I learned later that he had called on the Bishop the very next day, and not only built the Orphan Asylum, but even helped endow it. He gave in his own way, and at his own time. He was really the greatest "bluff" I ever met, for he systematically went about disguising the fact that he had the softest and most loving old heart in the world; trying to make people think him a crank and a skinflint, making enemies who liked him, and friends who wondered why they thought so well of him as to be his friends. He always refused with his lips, and consented in his heart. He was a wonderful father and husband, a Catholic who practiced his religion, who feared no man and no devil, but who certainly feared God.

When Peter Kuntz died I felt sad, not for what his death might have lost the Society, but for the joy I had myself lost in his occasional visits. A friend was with me when the news came. He had heard of Peter Kuntz, though not favorably. I gently told him the story of the real Peter. "Impossible," he said. "He had no heart." Then I thought of something, an event that had happened at the dedication of the "St. Paul" in New Orleans. Alongside the Car was a platform erected for the ceremonies. An Archbishop had just blessed the Car, and a Bishop was preaching out there on the platform. Thousands of people were listening. I slipped into the Car. Alone on a seat in a little room sat the old man to whom the Church owed that Car and another. He was hiding. When I looked through the door at him, I saw the tears dropping down from his eyes. They had fallen on his queer side whiskers, and the sun made them glisten like diamonds. The tears were to me a revelation of the soul of Peter Kuntz. No heart? He was all heart. I told my friend the story, and then, when he had gone, I took up my pen and wrote: "There is no sight so wearisome to the traveler as that of a long, unbroken prairie, or of a trackless, sandy desert; none so dispiriting to the student of mankind as that of a dead-level amongst men. The thing that is 'different' stands out sharply in nature; and the man who is 'different' stands out equally marked amongst his fellows. In fiction, at least, our literature would amount to little if we always came to the dead-level. While God wants all of us to be saints, and endeavor to reach perfection, perfection itself, as far as we are concerned, is anything but a dead-level. Not even in sanctity is there any particular monotony attainable. A good man, who was also 'different,' died last month in Dayton, Ohio, at the age of 79 years. His name was Peter Kuntz. He was a lumberman in the business world, and a very great lumberman at that; but also was he a religious man,

a charitable man, with a character all his own, in business, church and social life. His charities were big, but unostentatious. In anything that concerned himself his desires were few; but outside of himself he planned and did great things. His clothes never fitted him, and it seemed as if he never wanted them to; but his heart was a good fit in his great sympathetic breast. There was nothing pretentious about him; but in his unpretentious way he did very pretentious things. He liked to be thought old-fashioned; but few of the ultra-modern business men with whom he came in contact, were conceited enough to think that the old-fashioned ways of Peter Kuntz were not much more effective than their over-much vaunted modern ones. He was a home man who loved his family and delighted in the size of it. He presided at his table like a patriarch of old, and, like the patriarchs of old, was loved by his children and his children's children. People who did not know him thought him rough and unkind; but no one admitted to his house had ever any such idea as that about him. He systematically worked out a plan of giving away a certain portion of his earnings. It was a business-like plan that safeguarded very effectively not only the giver, but also the receiver. He gave the same attention to his charities that he gave to his business. He was strict and exacting in both. He could not be stampeded into a charity any more than he could be stampeded into a business deal. It was impossible to win him by loud talk, but it was always possible to win him by a silent showing of the goods. He had his own way of investigating, and it was very thorough. His plain, blunt way of saying things could not help but offend at times; but one had to know him to understand that he considered his plainness and his bluntness an honesty that ought to be appreciated; for Peter Kuntz always loved honesty. He was a benefactor of The Catholic Church Extension Society in his own way and on his own terms; but

none the less a benefactor. After his first investigation of us, he dropped into the office now and then. When we came to know him, we knew also that his benefactions were not only for the good of the cause, but also a distinct compliment to the work and its management. A second gift by such a man meant more than the favorable report of Certified Public Accountants. Very many people are going to be sorry that Peter Kuntz is dead. His family will, of course, mourn for him sincerely, but the many people who knew him in a business way, the few who knew him in a social way, and the still fewer who knew him in a small but intimate circle, will sorrow because a different man has gone from them, and there is too much of the 'dead-level' left in this modern world."

During the Great War it was noticed that as Editor of Extension Magazine I used to draw very sharp distinction between the Germany with which we were at odds, and American citizens of German birth or extraction. Against the latter no verbal sword was ever raised, but that sword was more than once lifted in defense. "Why?" asked some, who thought that this policy might have the effect of throwing a doubt on a patriotism that ought to be above suspicion.

Why?

Peter Kuntz, and more of his kind, who helped teach me to look below the surface if I wanted to find gold, Peter Kuntz was the "why."

"GEORGE—HIS OTHER NAME IS HENNESSEY—IS THE SENIOR ASSISTANT OF THE SOCIETY IN YEARS OF SERVICE."

THE LATE PETER KUNTZ, SR., OF DAYTON, OHIO
DONOR OF THE CHAPEL CARS "ST. PETER" AND "ST. PAUL"

"FATHER McKERNON, WHO IS A POET AS WELL AS A PREACHER, PAID HIS TRIBUTE TO THE CAR IN GLOWING VERSE."

"THE LATE FATHER McDONALD USED TO KISS HIS CAR AFTER A MISSION IN SIGN OF HIS DEVOTION TO ITS PULLING POWER FOR SOULS."

MR. KUNTZ'S CHAPEL CAR, THE "ST. PETER," AT CLACKAMAS, OREGON, DURING THE WAR

MOTOR CHAPEL "ST. PETER" IN ACTION. THE SMALL PHOTO SHOWS A DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORIGINAL MOTOR CHAPEL, THE CAR BEING DETACHABLE AND AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE MISSIONARY WHEN A HALT IS MADE.

Chapter the Ninth

In Which More Is Said About Chapel Cars

THE most wonderful thing about the Chapel Cars is their "pulling power." They discover their own congregations.

When a Chapel Car comes to town everyone soon knows about it, and Catholics begin to spring up all around it. People who had never before been known as Catholics suddenly show interest in the Church, and come to the services. The Chapel Car has a subtle appeal to the pride of even a fallen-away member of the Great Family. Such timid ones come to feel a sort of proprietory right to the long neglected religion of their fathers. The beauty and up-to-dateness of the Chapel Car give them a sense of sharing in its glory; and they begin to boast, amongst their surprised neighbors, of the Church they had never before claimed as their own.

George tells of an Oregon town that had been scheduled for a mission by mistake. When he informed the pastor of the district that the Car was coming to that town for a week, he was promptly told that it would be quite useless, since there were no Catholics anywhere about. But the schedule of stops had been filed with the railroad, and George could not well change his plans. If there was no congregation to be found for the Car in that place, he would simply rest there for a week. So the Car went in, but there was no week of rest. Eighteen families reported before the week was over, and arrangements were made for the erection of a church.

Interesting, and oftentimes amusing, are some of the experiences with the "Ought-to-Be's." For example: An old farmer sits in the rear seat of the Car till the service is over.

Then he lingers, looking around. George notes at once and approaches. "What do you think of it?" he ventures.

"Pretty good. The old Church is sure gittin' a move on, ain't she?"

"Yes, moving on wheels now. Ever been in a Catholic Church before?"

"Wall, yes, when I was a kid."

"Baptized in one, eh?"

"Ump, ump; back in York State."

"How long have you been away?"

"From church? Oh, its nigh onta twenty year. No church around here, y'know."

"Married?"

"Sure. Wife's a Baptist."

"Kids?"

"Five little shavers."

"Baptists?"

"No, nothin'. Wife don't go to church no more'n me."

"Why not fix it up?"

"Kin I?"

"Sure. Come in and see the priest."

"Gee, no. I'm. . . ."

"He's all right. Come on in."

It takes more talk to do it, but at last in he goes; and comes out happy.

Next day the wife comes. She is glad. "I allus wanted Pete to go to his church," she remarks. "I allus did. He's a good man, is Pete, but neglectful like of his religion. So'm I."

Before the Car leaves there are five baptisms; sometimes six. It is the "pulling power" of God's grace through the Church on Wheels.

Father O'Brien—by the way, you have not yet been intro-

duced to Father O'Brien, but I shall make up for that soon—Father O'Brien told me this story:

The Car was on exhibition in Rochester, N. Y. An old fallen-away Irishman came to see it on a Saturday afternoon. That night he became very thoughtful when his evening paper was read. He dropped it on his knees and pondered. His daughter wondered at his unusual, but impressive silence.

"Mary," he said at last, "what Mass are ye goin' to in the morning?"

"I intend going to the eight o'clock Mass at the Cathedral, father. You are not coming with me, are you?" There was a world of hope in Mary's heart that her neglectful father would say "Yes." He did.

"Yes, Mary." The words came slowly and deliberately. "I'm goin wid you to-morrow. I haven't troubled a church for twenty-five years; but when they drag wan up under me nose, it's time I heeded."

Even when off-duty the Chapel Cars have their "pulling power."

But it sometimes happens that the Cars find no Catholics at all. In an Idaho town, when the late Father Doyle of the Paulists was out for a special series of missions, only two "suspects" were found. They were named respectively Quigley and Kelley. But these namesakes of the late Chancellor and the not yet late President happened to be Mormons. Father Doyle had quite an experience in a neighboring town. When the car arrived the Chaplain found that this community also was Mormon. Nothing daunted, he hunted up the Mormon bishop, and suggested giving a lecture on the Catholic Church in the Town Hall. The bishop thought the idea a good one, but said there was no hall large enough. "If you wish, however," he added, "I could let you have our Temple." Father Doyle accepted, and the word was sent about that a

Catholic priest would lecture the next evening on the doctrines of his Church, in the Mormon Temple.

Back to Father Doyle came the bishop with a new suggestion. "You ought to have singing, sir. If you will give me one of your hymn-books, our choir will be ready to sing your own hymns for you." He got the hymn-books.

Next evening the bishop was on hand at the Temple. This time he was worrying about a presiding officer for the lecture—and volunteered for the job. So Father Doyle lectured on the Catholic Church to a Mormon audience in a Mormon temple, presided over by a Mormon bishop, sustained by a Mormon choir singing Catholic hymns. When the lecture was over the bishop thanked Father Doyle in the name of the Mormon community; and the Chapel Car went on, followed by the regrets of all, including the bishop.

Now let me keep my promise and introduce Father O'Brien. Like George, this "live wire" of the Society is a natural Cardinal; for his red head-covering was supplied by nature. He talks all the time while awake, and, it must be admitted, he talks well. His hobbies are talking and stereopticons. He came to the Society a few months after we moved to Chicago. He will not leave it—though he has had opportunities—for he is wedded to the cause. His present rank is that of a Vice-President, and his duties are those of General Secretary—and others; principally the others. He loves the Chapel Car work, and manages every now and then to be sent out for a turn at the Missions. He is a successful missionary. I think his success is less because of his eloquence—though he is a splendid speaker—than because of his love for children. Father O'Brien knows the kiddies as well as George, and they take to him. He started a little branch of the Society for children, under the name of The Child Apostles; to which we have added a branch for the mothers and sisters called The

PHOTO: MELVIN H. SYKES

THE REV. WILLIAM D. O'BRIEN, LL. D.
VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL SECRETARY

Order of Martha. When there is a bit of humor in the missionary appeals it is quite probable that Father O'Brien is responsible for it. One of the President's chief troubles with Father O'Brien is to keep his humor down in order to permit a little playing on the heartstrings: for experience shows them to be usually attached to the purse-strings. Only occasionally can we loosen the latter without first untying the former.

Now you know Father O'Brien. If you ever meet him again in this book he will be no stranger to you. So far as *he* is concerned no one was ever a stranger to him. Which reminds me of a story. There is an Archbishop down in Merida, Mexico, who looked quite too young for such a high place. When his name came up for consideration there was some question about the advisability of naming one so youthful. "Do you not think," wrote a Cardinal in Rome to the Archbishop of Mexico, "that Monsignor Tritschler is too young?" "Monsignor Tritschler?" answered the Mexican dignitary, "Monsignor Tritschler was *never young.*" Father O'Brien? Why Father O'Brien was never, under any circumstances whatsoever, a stranger to anyone, anywhere.

Tributes to the Chapel Cars come in prose and verse. Here is one in prose from Archbishop Christie, of Oregon:

"In various ways," writes His Grace, "your noble organization has placed me under a debt of gratitude, but there is nothing that you have done for me that I appreciate so much as the sending of the Chapel Car 'St Anthony' into the isolated missions of this archdiocese. May God bless the noble man who gave this Chapel Car to your Society. Wherever it has gone in this region our Catholic people have visited it with respect and benefit to themselves. Very many of the latter were never before in a Catholic church of any kind. Many of these have gratefully accepted the Catholic literature which the Chapel Car so generously distributes, and no doubt many conversions

will follow. Numbers of fallen-away Catholics have been found, and have returned to the practice of their religion. The Chapel Car is a great object-lesson to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. By its very presence in places where there are no Catholic churches, it proves to be an inspiration to the people to get their own permanent churches. . . . Persons who have never done pioneer missionary work have absolutely no conception of what it means to go to a town where there is no church, and there, against great odds, make a start—say Mass in places which are unsuitable, and board and lodge in quarters that are at times, to put it mildly, simply miserable. In marked contrast to all this is the Chapel Car, wherein everything is decently and even beautifully arranged for the worthy oblation of the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and for the administration of the Sacraments. How anyone who has an honest desire to see the light of our glorious Faith spread amongst the people in lonely places can find any valid objection to the Chapel Car is entirely beyond my comprehension. I have seen for myself what the Chapel Car is doing, and I am unalterably convinced that it is the most effective means yet devised for bringing the blessings of our Holy Religion to places where there are no churches. It serves a twofold and most worthy purpose: it provides a perfectly decent place for divine worship, and it provides decent board and lodging for the missionaries who go with it."

The Archbishop's tribute seems to suggest that there were some who lacked enthusiasm for the Chapel Cars. There were: even among the "Fathers in Israel." No less a personage than Monsignor Falconio, afterwards Cardinal, could not abide the thought of them. He had never seen one in action. They appealed to him as modern innovations in the missionary field of the Church. He himself used to be a missionary in Newfoundland. His experiences with "his pack on his back," in

sections then without railroads, left a very definite picture of missionary life on his mind into which no such bit of the modern as a Chapel Car dared intrude. As I never visited Washington without calling at the Apostolic Delegation to pay my respects, some of my visits to the Capital were a little distressing. His Excellency was always cordial until he had brought the talk round to his *bête noire*. After that there was no peace, for I couldn't destroy the cars and wouldn't if I could; and His Excellency would never rest until they were "all burned up." But Monsignor Falconio had a change of heart, too. The testimonies were too strong for him and he had to give way, which he did more or less graciously. God rest him! He was a good man, and a diplomatic one, even though his diplomacy failed to reconcile him to new methods in old fields. He helped us much in the beginning, for the idea of Church Extension appealed greatly to his missionary heart. He died in Rome, a Cardinal. When I visited him in the Eternal City I was ushered into a room that had at least half a dozen American flags around it. But I failed to notice any pictures of American Chapel Cars.

Quite different was the attitude of the then Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation, Monsignor Cerretti. He believed in Chapel Cars, and in every other means of reaching the lost sheep. His idea was to reach wanderers, even if one had to ride after them in an air-ship. Then he had a marvelous understanding of the American character, and a sympathy for things American that never failed, even though he left us later for Australia. After a short time as Apostolic Delegate there, he was recalled to Rome and was made Secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He has been back in Europe for some years, but his American ways and sympathies still cling as closely as ever. And he likes the Chapel Cars. He is at the present time Nuncio to France.

Pope Pius X was always a devoted admirer of "these modern missionary innovations," but he was more interested in the Motor Chapels than in the Chapel Cars. We sent him pictures of both, which were shown to him by Cardinal Merry del Val. The Holy Father examined them with delight, inquiring minutely about this or that detail. He put them aside with a sigh for something of the kind in Italy. "We ought to think about these chapels," he said, " for the *Campagna.*" His Holiness was referring to the great level plain that stretches all around Rome, and which, its center on the Seven Hills filled with churches, yet painfully lacks temples for its peasants and shepherds. The Motor Chapels certainly could do good work on this plain. Perhaps some reader may have the inspiration to put an American Motor Chapel in the possession of the present Holy Father, to send "the tidings of great joy" out amongst the shepherds of the Roman *Campagna*, who must be followed from place to place as their flocks wander. Indeed there is scarcely a spot in all the world where Motor Chapels or Chapel Cars could not be used with profit. They "compel men to come in." Was that not what the Master commanded His servants to do? When we all get the missionary idea well into us, there will be no lack of means to reach men, with every sort of gentle compulsion.

It would be a wonder, indeed, had the Chapel Cars failed to produce tributes in verse, as well as in prose. Bishop Hennessy's first priestly companion on the "St. Anthony," who took up the work alone later on, was the already mentioned Father McKernon. He happened to be a poet as well as a missionary. When we knew that he was with the "St. Anthony" we expected daily to hear his song, for the poet must sing when his soul is stirred. We knew that the Chapel Car would stir it; and it did. Our poet Chaplain laid this fine

tribute on the altar of the old "St. Anthony" before it left the diocese of Wichita:

Forerunner of the dawn of Faith, pent 'tween two bands of steel,
O, Chapel Car "St. Anthony," we hear thy flying wheel
As o'er the roaring stream below, or through the fields of gold,
Drawn by the prisoned steam ahead, thou seek'st the wandering fold.
It is the song the angels sang in Bethlehem long ago,
The *Gloria* to God on High, and peace to men below.
It swells into a pæan of joy, and then it seems the croon
Of shepherd's pipes upon the plain beneath the golden moon;
Now calling to the straying lamb, now stilling all its fears:
Ah! joyfully its music steals upon the listener's ears.

Where'er thy flying wheel delays, and hearts not stone abide,
Man looks on man with newer love and on his Church with pride.
And when the midnight hour descends, and thou art on thy way,
A benediction lingers still, the echo of thy lay.

God speed thee, harbinger of Peace: spread far the tidings sweet.
The Mustard Seed fling to the winds whose wings are not more fleet.
Hail! flying messenger of God; haste to the scattered sheep
Who yet upon the spreading plains seek still their Faith to keep.

During the great Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, the "St. Anthony" was placed on a side-track at the Grand Trunk Station in that city. There it was visited by Cardinal Vannutelli and some fifty archbishops and bishops. Responding to a demand from many Canadians, and through the courtesy of the Canadian railroads, the Car was sent as far East as New Brunswick, stopping here and there so that thousands along the way might inspect it. It was a veritable wonder, and did a great deal to arouse interest in the missions. In fact, the Chapel Cars are our very best advertisers. They never fail to preach the mission cause most effectively. It is a question if we could not do far more for religion through the visits

of Chapel Cars to the East than we do through the actual use of them in the West. Each time they go out campaigning, funds spring up for the Society on every hand. In Canada, the profit of the "St. Anthony's" tour was felt by the newly organized Church Extension Society there, about which I will speak in another chapter. One of the workers for the Canadian Society happened to be a poet, like our Chaplain in Kansas, the famous "Slieve-na-mon," Father J. B. Dollard. He, too, contributed his hymn of praise, which he was kind enough to dedicate to me:

Of old, Christ walked the wilderness alone,
Hearing afar the plaint of the lost sheep;
He crossed the torrent and the rocky steep,
In pain and sorrow, searching for His own!

And now, in later day, this western zone
Sees Him still following where sinners weep:
Here, in this modern ark, He tryst doth keep
With yearning hearts; His mercy yet is shown!

Swiftly He travels o'er the weary waste,
Till prairie wild and burning desert blend
With rushing river and with mountain scar:
And, as of yore, in Etham He is traced:
For in the day His pillar-clouds ascend,
And in the night His beacon flames afar.

Chapter the Tenth

Which Concerns Itself Chiefly About the Ways of Providence

WHO has not read, or heard someone else read, Thomas Campbell's famous poem *Hohenlinden?* And who has not been told the story that always accompanies the reading of the tuneful verses? My readers may be inclined to tolerate it if I quote just one verse, so as to drag in the story as an introduction to this chapter.

> "On Linden where the sun was low
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
> And dark as winter was the flow
> Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

Mr. Campbell read that verse and the others, which nearly all ended with "Iser, rolling rapidly," to a convivial friend one night. I presume the conviviality because of the subsequent happenings. It was late when his friend left to descend to the street. He had scarcely closed the door of Campbell's room when he was heard falling down stairs. The poet opened the door and called "What's that?" From two-thirds the way down came his late visitor's voice: "'Tis I Sir, rolling rapidly." That is how a facetious professor told the story to me in school, and the poem stuck in memory by the powerful aid of the narrative.

Two things I want to hang on that story. The first, that by this time in its history The Church Extension Society was rolling rapidly, but not downward. Friends were springing up everywhere and seemingly trivial and unforeseen events were bringing them to our aid. Like Mr. Campbell's visitor,

gaining momentum on his way downstairs, we were gaining momentum, if such a thing were possible, while rolling upstairs. There was an unknown, and yet not an unsuspected, force behind. Every day's mail brought a new surprise. I remember the first hundred-dollar bill that arrived. I even remember that it came from Father Schaefer, of Adrian, Michigan. I was so proud of that hundred-dollar bill that I actually went down to the Drug Store club to exhibit it. Father Schaefer had merely answered an appeal addressed to him through the mail, and sent money instead of a cheque.

But all donations did not come that way. One appeal was printed in a large edition and was sent to some pastors who promised to distribute it to their congregations. Away out in California a good pastor placed a bundle of this particular bit of literature in the vestibule of his church, and soon forgot that it was there. The people who cleaned the church did not. But alas! and also O joy! they threw the whole bundle under a stairway. It happened, however, that later on one of the congregation came to visit the church to pray when there was no one else about. Leaving, he saw the bundle of appeals under the stairway, and took a "sample" home with him to read. The result was one donation of $15,000, another of $5,000; and perhaps the end is not yet.

The old Chapel Car once arrived in the nick of time and landed a donation of $100,000. It's a long story, but rather worth while. A clerk in our office came to me one busy day with a clipping from a Catholic paper telling of a gift made to some school directed by Sisters, from a lady of the Far West. I read it, but it aroused no particular hope in me. "I do not think that there is any use writing to this lady," I said. "She is interested in schools for girls, and not in missions." "Don't you think we might at least try?" asked the clerk. "All right, all right," I answered, "it won't hurt. Write her that letter

about founderships." Two weeks later the lady sent her check for $5,000. The clerk smiled knowingly when it came, and I pretended to be thinking of something else. But the incident had a very humbling effect on the "Boss."

We had a priest with us at that time, Father Roe, who was happiest when traveling. So we let him travel to see the lady to thank her for the gift. Very much excited he wrote home, urging me to come West to see her. "She is deeply interested," he said, "and she will do more, but I cannot land the donation." Father Ledvina was going West later on. I commissioned him to call and get that donation. He came back without it. "It is there," he reported, "but no one can get it but the 'Boss' himself." The "Boss" started West just at the time the old Chapel Car was about to leave for the Pacific Coast. I went in the Car, and left it on exhibition in a large city about sixty miles from my destination. I found that my assistants were right. The donation was there, but the difficulty was to bring it back. I could not get close enough to it. As I was leaving her the lady asked about the Chapel Car, and said that she hoped to be well enough to go to the City to see it. I begged her to do so. But on my way to the train a good thought flashed into my mind. I sent a telegram to George to bring the Chapel Car down. I figured out the hour of arrival, and met the Car at the station. When George saw me he was almost profane. "Are you crazy, Boss?" he asked. "Do you know what this trip cost?"

"Never mind the cost, George," I answered. "You go and buy flowers for the altar. Get the porter to clean the Car. Decorate it and be ready to receive a visitor.

"*One* visitor!" said George, disgustedly. "Did you bring this Car sixty miles to show it to one person, when I was having hundreds come every hour up North?" George was boiling over with indignation. I couldn't very well say anything but

"Go and do what I tell you." In fact I was beginning to think that I really was what George had so ungently hinted.

I brought the visitor to the Car. An hour later I was chatting pleasantly about it in her house. Then I went to the station with an agreement for a donation of one hundred thousand dollars in my pocket. Father Roe failed; Father Ledvina failed; I failed; but the "St. Anthony" delivered the goods. Later on, the same lady presented the Society with the two Motor Chapels, after we had gently asked her to withdraw an offer for another Chapel Car. We could not then afford to put another of the large Cars on the road. Her name? No you don't! I am not keeping the postmaster of her home town busy. But I shall go so far as to credit California with the largest donation we received up to the hour of this writing.

I had almost forgotten the second thing I wanted to hang on the "I Sir, rolling rapidly" story. It is to comment on the fact that, in our upward rolling, we were imitating the snowball that rolls downward and gathers size with momentum, and momentum with size. We began to see with our own eyes how success brings success; and to learn from experience the truth expressed by one of our lay directors in the old, but wise, form: "Thim that has, gits." People began to take interest because they no longer feared that the Society was only an experiment. A new organization that could land one gift of a hundred thousand dollars was no experiment. The Western lady's generosity was life-giving, without even the remotest thought on her part that she was doing anything beyond the spending power of her own donation. She gave us a push ahead worth much more than the wealth she had so gladly contributed. Then she helped us begin to *think big*. And right here let me say that success in any line of endeavor depends on that to a greater degree than most folks imagine. The thought fixes the goal. If you think in ones, the result

will be counted in ones. Think in tens, and tens will come. Think in thousands, and behold there will be thousands. Bosh? Maybe; but it was not bosh in this case. Mr. Petry's wisdom was verified. The policy of "best foot forward" and "smile if it kills you" was being vindicated every day.

I well remember once when I doubted and was rebuked. A certain old gentleman who had shown great interest in the work was expected at the office. I won't mention his name now, for it has already been mentioned. He was reported very careful about his spendings; so much so that I never received him in my office, which, by this time, had received the donation of carved oak walls that used to keep explanations ready on my lips, for fear visitors would think I had actually been extravagant enough to buy them. "This room," I would say, "is a gift of Mr. Boyd, President of the American Seating Company"—which was the truth. But I did not trust to my explanation in the case of the old gentleman aforesaid. I always received him in another room. But this day he was shown into my room by mistake, and was examining the walls and Mr. Boyd's fine oak table before I could get in a word. "Fine stuff," he remarked critically. "I know wood, and this is choice oak. Where did you get it, and who did this hand-carving?" "We did not buy it, you may be sure," I said; "it is a donation and—" "Well, what of it?" remarked the visitor. "Whether you got it for nothing or not, it is good work and fine wood, and I like to see it in your office. There is some class about this place, thank Heaven." The old gentleman came down to business, and his business was of the pleasantest possible nature. It was pleasant to the amount of some thirty thousand dollars.

Apropos of this, I remember talking one day with a clerical visitor while I was glancing through a stack of papers that had been accumulating on my desk. Two little missionary

publications came out on the same pull. "What are they?" asked the visitor. I told him. "Yes," he said, "I know the ——; but the other I had not seen." "You will soon see it," I assured him, "and you will read it, too. The Society that publishes it has an appreciation of the fact that folks have to be charmed into hearing about good things nowadays. Look at the way this little paper is gotten up. It is quite unique. Just read bits of the Editor's appeals. He lures you on to read the whole story. The size, the form, the type, the illustrations, the literary style of this paper were all thought out and planned ahead. The man who did it will carry his good taste into all his work. You will see it later in the results of his present appeals. And a blessing it is that in the long run his method is as cheap as, and cheaper than, a poor one. The work this publication was born to foster will grow. In a few years it will far surpass the work that the other paper has been painfully, but cheaply, trying to build up for three or four decades. Watch and see."

Was I a good prophet? Seek the answer in the success of the American Catholic Foreign Missionary Society, and its promoter, Father James A. Walsh. He did it all by the aid of a paper very modest in size, but very, very good to look at, and very, very welcome when the shades are down, the reading-lamp lighted, the arms of the big chair friendly, and the heart expanded with the content of a good day's work well done.

The other? Never mind about the other. It is not one, but many. Perhaps some editors may read this and do a bit of thinking that will prove good for their cause, and profitable to the souls that depend upon them. I am only trying to confirm the one and enlighten the others.

All this leads me to talk more about obstacles. Obstacles are strength developers; and without strength there is no

MINNESOTA

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

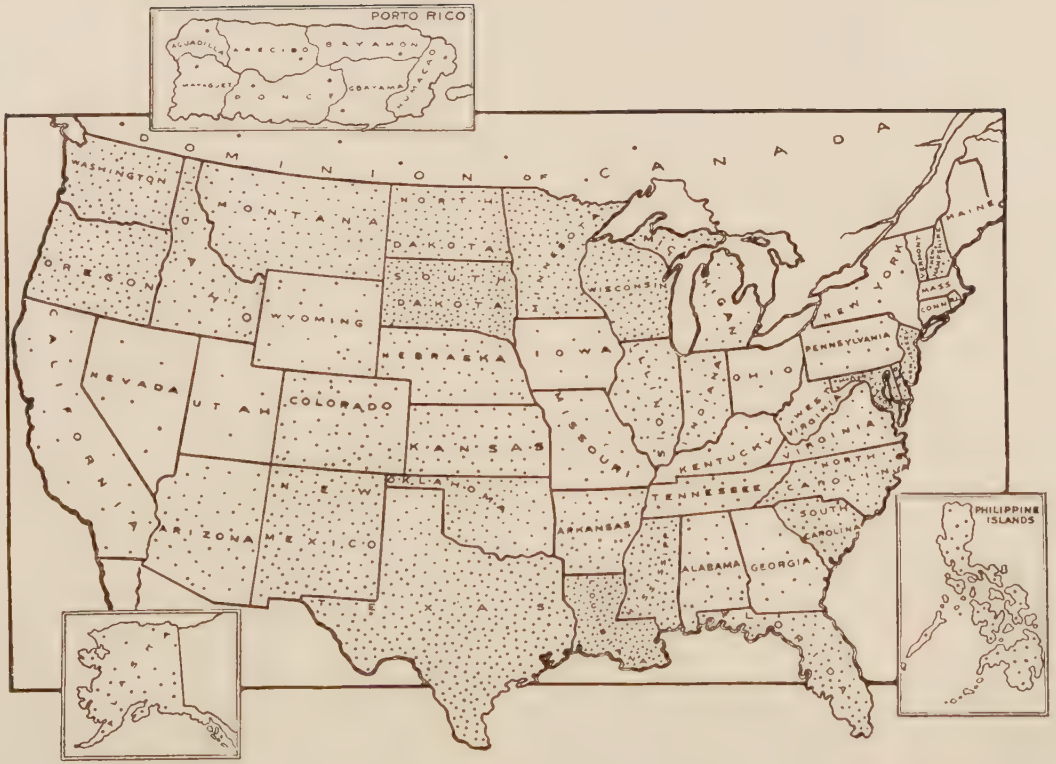
LOUISIANA

IDAHO

COLORADO

MONTANA

A FEW TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE 2,072 CHURCH BUILDINGS FOR THE ERECTION OF WHICH THE EXTENSION SOCIETY HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE.



A MAP WHICH SHOWS THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF EXTENSION'S WORK. EACH DOT REPRESENTS A CHURCH, SCHOOL OR PRIEST'S HOUSE ERECTED WITH EXTENSION'S AID. THIS IS THE REMARKABLE WORK OF ONLY SIXTEEN YEARS.

growth. No one likes obstacles, but the promoters of every successful movement should be thankful for having encountered them. Enemies are in the same class as obstacles, especially to a work of religion and charity. The Society owes more to obstacles and to its persistent so-called enemies than even to its friends and their encouragement. In fact, it is doubtful if the Society would have had so many friends and so much encouragement if it had not been for enemies and obstacles. A saintly old prelate once said to the founder of a religious house that was meeting more than its share of trials: "Now I know that yours is a work of God. Everybody is fighting it." The judgment of the good old prelate was confirmed later on by the great success of the institute.

Church Extension was, in the beginning, a real sign of contradiction. Few opposed the idea behind it, but many were suspicious of the air of modernity about its appeals and literature, about its plan of organization, and its methods of carrying on business. These slightly shocked some who were used to older and quieter effects. Then, too, there was a doubt about the possibility of good things coming out of an obscure Michigan town, even though the good things were done up in very New Yorkesque wrappings. Eastern critics could only with difficulty get over the idea that the West was not expected to initiate. But Extension's first appeals were directed to the spirit of self-help in the West itself. The Society really had begun the education of the Catholic East to a knowledge of its own greatness; for the Catholic West is the child of the Catholic East. At an installation banquet to Archbishop Mundelein, given by our Board, I quoted from a poem by Mr. Douglas Mallock, called "The West." Every Eastern visitor who heard the quotation confessed to a thrill. My point will be made more easily now if I give the whole poem:

Men look to the East for the dawning things, for the
light of a rising sun;
But they look to the West, to the crimson West, for
the things that are done, are done.
The Eastward sun is a new-made hope from the dark
of the night distilled;
But the Westward sun is a sunset sun; is the sun of a
hope fulfilled!

So out of the East they have always come, the cradle
that saw the birth
Of all the heart-warm hopes of man and all of the hopes
of earth—
For out of the East arose a Christ, and out of the East
has gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream that ever a
prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go with the dream-child
of the East,
And find the hopes that they hoped of old are a hun-
dredfold increased.
For here in the East we dream our dreams of things we
hope to do,
And here in the West, the crimson West, the dreams
of the East come true.

In the light of this no Eastern Catholic can look upon Church Extension as a Western work. It is an Eastern seedling, transplanted to Western soil, growing to the glory of East and West. It took years for the East to see this, for the idea was new; but it has been seen.

A criticism that hurt most of all was the charge of narrowness and selfishness. It hurt because the critics did not understand. They thought that, because we aimed only at helping Home Missions, we preached, unintentionally perhaps, neglect of our obligation to distant lands and peoples. In the chapter

devoted to Archbishop Quigley that charge is refuted. We never advocated narrowness. What we thought we saw was a giant, called America, looming up among the churches of the world; but only a half-armed and half-armored giant, who, when he felt his power, would regret that he was not equipped to use all of it. He was strong on his right hand, and unprotected on his left; but he would need both arms for the combat. We aimed at putting the armor on both "the right hand and the left," that "in season and out of season" he could do battle for Truth. We felt that, even in our day, the giant would be called upon to do this battle. Does anyone doubt now that the call has come? We never lost sight of the Foreign Mission obligation. We constantly called attention to it. We preached its holy cause. We felt that we were aiding it with every church, chapel and school we built; for these, we believed, were granaries in which the spiritual wheat would be stored to feed a world hungry for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Church Extension was never promoted as an end, but always as a necessary means to an end, which was the development of the missionary spirit in our people.

To get results we tried to do business in a business way. We knew that every ordinary entrance to the garden wherein the supplies grow was closed to us. A new society could not hope to secure diocesan organization, so the plan of gathering in small monthly offerings would not do. We tried the plan of taking up collections in parishes. It was the most costly one we could have adopted, and it offered no certainty for the future. Nothing was left but to stand outside the wall of the garden and throw our message over to the workers within, hoping some of them at least would return a few green things. That is what we did. We even climbed and dropped over the wall ourselves at night when nobody was looking. That sort of work is hard on clothes. We just figured out what we had

to do, the best way to do it, and took the easiest means to reach the goal.

In spite of the fact that criticism was an undoubted help to the movement, yet I would not care, as an individual, and after years of suffering from fault-finding, to be myself a fault-finder of any work or worker for the advancement of Christ's Church on earth. The best that can be said for the average fault-finder is that good comes out of his efforts in spite of him. The business of fault-finding is too risky spiritually to be adopted as a policy. It makes for bitter partisanship, and bitter partisanship makes for blindness. Sneers are supposed to cost nothing, but they often cost poor missions the money that would have given them a church and a pastor. The hard word lives years after it has been forgotten and forgiven; lives, not in the minds of its victims, but in converts never made, in sermons never preached, in Masses never heard, in Communions never received.

Yet, in spite of troubles and their consequences on our spirits, the work progressed. Little churches and chapels began to dot the valleys and the hill-sides of the West and South, all made possible by the generosity of those who heard the message. From one chapel a month we went to one a week; then to two and three a week; and now there are four; while for periods of months we have had a chapel every day. A glance at the annual receipts will show the progress:

1905	$ 1,934.00
1906	34,080.79
1907	41,338.93
1908	75,481.64
1909	121,809.16
1910	176,395.20
1911	307,967.15
1912	268,984.13

1913	282,879.87
1914	265,531.08
1915	335,899.58
1916	343,921.30
1917	384,316.97
1918	465,360.53
1919	530,701.62

All the while the work of spreading Catholic literature, of distributing church goods for poor missions, of the Chapel and Motor Cars, went on. Over five thousand vestments, chalices, ciboria and other religious articles are distributed every year.

What was the cause of the Society's success? Under God and His response in grace to the prayers of many, it came through persistency and publicity. The workers were never discouraged and never once relaxed their efforts. We had made up our minds to try, and to keep on trying until we knew success or failure. We made nuisances of ourselves and admitted it. Out one door, we were in another. The mails were kept on duty, and we learned the great value of the postage stamp. When we had a friend we tried to keep him with us. The rule of the office was to answer every letter, answer it promptly, and answer it with courtesy; to remember that "the soft answer turneth away wrath," and that honey is always more attractive than vinegar; never to forget that we had the advantage of working in a winning cause, and that nothing but our own mistakes could defeat us; that a thin skin is easily pierced, and what is easily pierced bleeds at a pin-prick; that blood-letting is weakness and death. So we kept to the task and toughened our skins.

All persistency has to be directed by a well-thought-out plan. We tried to get that plan; and the interested laymen supplied it. We followed it as well as we could. It was advertising. By that I do not mean buying space in

newspapers, though we did that too. I mean that we begged space when we could get it, prepared articles that the Catholic papers would print, even learned the art of camouflage long before the great war. Of course we never really deceived the editors. Long training has taught editors how to smell out the real object of any article that is offered them for nothing; but Catholic editors are a charitable lot, and they knew they were helping a good cause. How much they helped is what they do not know to this day. How glad I am to pay a justly merited tribute to them again, as I never failed to do before when the occasion offered!

Experience has made me feel that we of the clergy have neglected a great opportunity by not using the help of persistent publicity more than we do, especially in this America, which is a nation of advertisers. We have never paid enough attention even to our own press, and much less to the opportunities offered us by the secular press, and by the mails. I was a pastor during the first year of Church Extension. The smallness of my Christmas and Easter offerings used to distress and puzzle me. One day I resolved to try the Society method on my church collections. Instead of talking money from the pulpit I talked it through the mails. The result was magical, and the people were pleased. They showed it in their response. With a congregation of farmers the very best results can be had in this way. Farmers love to receive mail matter. Anything a pastor sends to a home in the lonesome country district is sure to be read over and over. After my first success with parish publicity I followed up the idea and applied it to things other than the financial. I believe we priests could make up a great deal of lost instruction for our rural people if we had a series of well written and well worded, short and crisp letters prepared and sent to each family by mail once each month. Even have I now a mind to prove the value of the advice by

testing such letters on a few rural congregations. In a chatty way these letters might be made to cover the entire catechism; and even busy people could be interested enough to read them. The idea is worth trying. Please God, it may be tried even before this book is off the press. Since this chapter appeared in the serial publication of this book, the idea has been tried with success. Monsignor Day of Helena, Montana, has written a correspondence course of catechism which, under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Council, has been used as an experiment by the Rev. Dr. O'Hara, of Eugene, Oregon. The experiment has been a great success. Church Extension hopes to enlarge on it.

One thing is certain: The Society owes a heavy debt of gratitude to the printer.

Chapter the Eleventh

Which Takes Its Readers to the Eternal City

WHEN the Church, at the very outset of her missionary career, faced the necessity of deciding her first great question of policy, St. Paul and St. Barnabas went to Jerusalem to lay before the Apostles the controversy over the application to Gentile converts of the tenets of the Mosaic Law. The story of the resultant Council of Jerusalem is modern as well as ancient, for it outlines the process by which, in all ages of the Church, she has taken her greatest steps. At that early date one sees the natural turning of eyes and hearts to the leader. Peter was the first to speak, and Peter's words were accepted as a basis for the settlement of the question. Since that first Council the method of the early Church has been followed, not only for the great questions, but often even in the smallest matters of policy. It was, then, fully in accord with wise and well-founded tradition that the new movement for American Missions should be referred for judgment to Peter's successor, to the Vicar of Christ; for Peter to-day is in Rome, the Jerusalem of the New Dispensation.

I have already mentioned how anxious Archbishop Quigley had been to secure the approval of the Holy See for the Society to which he was a kind foster father. So the first petition for approval was carried to Rome by him. It was the Archbishop himself who acquainted Pius X with the existence of the work, and who outlined to His Holiness the aims of its founders and promoters. As the Archbishop could not well remain in Rome long enough to receive the decision of the Holy See, the matter was left in the hands of his friend, Monsignor Bonzano, then the Rector of the College of the Propaganda, who

drew up the petition for approval and received the expected answer. This was Monsignor Bonzano's first good work for America, to which he came later as Delegate Apostolic, to act for America, and in America, a new and greater role. Here is the blessing of Pius X on the work of Church Extension:

To our Venerable Brother, James Edward, Archbishop of Chicago: Health and the Apostolic Benediction:

"The statement which you brought to us on your recent visit to Rome concerning The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America, whose administrator is so ably assisted by your counsels, has been read by us with the greatest pleasure. You asked us to approve this Society by our authority, and to enrich it with pontifical indulgence. This work, which you have so earnestly undertaken, is one than which there is none more worthy of men eager to promote the Divine glory. We also see that the work is most opportune, in a country where, owing to the multitudes of immigrants of various nationalities, a great and extending field lies open for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God; and the more so as the endeavors of associations hostile to the Catholic name are so active, and so effective, and so widespread. This hostile influence, unless coped with unceasingly and prudently, will do no little harm, especially among the simple folks of rural districts, to the happy growth of the Church in America which we have grounds to look for. To this end your efforts, with the help of Divine Providence, are directed. For you not only seek to win to Christ those who, through error or ignorance, stray farther and farther from Him, but at the same time you also devote, and justly, too, your chief care to all those of the Catholic fold who, deprived of the ministry of priests and encompassed by the snares of enemies, run the risk of losing their Faith. We are much pleased with the method

and means you seek to employ for the furtherance of your Society and for the acquisition of new members and helpers. These are faithfully to depend on the will of the bishops in their respective dioceses, and to stir up in the souls of all good men that same zeal of apostleship which animates your own endeavors.

"Indeed, we marvel not that you enjoy the approval of your Venerable Brethren, some of whom we see on the Board of Governors of the Society. What is marvelous is the readiness and liberality with which your wishes are seconded by the good-will and contributions of the faithful. To such an extent and in so short a time has your undertaking succeeded by the Divine favor, that it could not have enjoyed greater favor and success. From this auspicious beginning it is not difficult to conjecture what progress is in store for it.

"We have good reason, therefore, to commend your salutary industry and to heartily congratulate you on the progress of your labors. Moreover, we have determined to grant you, as you request, the support of our authority, in order that the work happily begun may be prosecuted with greater alacrity, and that many of the faithful may be induced to co-operate therein.

"Wherefore, by these presents, we approve and ratify your Society and grant the subjoined indulgences:

"1.—St. Philip Neri shall be the Heavenly Patron of the Society.

"2.—A plenary indulgence, to each member, on the day of admission, on the Feasts of St. Philip Neri, St. Francis of Sales, St. Rose of Lima, the Holy Apostles, and at the hour of death.

"3.—To every member of the Society, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for every good work done in the interests of the Society.

"4.—An indulgence of three hundred days to all the members, as often as they piously recite the formula: 'St. Philip, pray for us.'

"5.—The above indulgences, plenary and partial, may be applied to the souls in Purgatory.

"6.—Priests who are moderators or directors of the Society may enjoy a privileged altar three times a week; founders and life members six times a week.

"These privileges by us conceded, we wish to be perpetual, all things to the contrary notwithstanding. Although the assistance of Divine grace cannot be wanting to those who, like yourself, thus labor for religion and the good of souls, nevertheless, we earnestly pray that the graces of God may flow down upon you in greatest abundance. As an earnest of these and as a token of our special good-will to you, Venerable Brother, and to the rest of our Venerable Brethren and beloved sons, who, together with you, direct the Society, and likewise to all those who are or shall become members or promoters of this Society, we most lovingly impart our Apostolic Benediction.

"Given at Rome, St. Peter's, the seventh day of June, the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the year 1907, the fourth of our Pontificate.

"PIUS PP X."

The Abbé Patrice Flynn, born an Irishman on French soil, speaking in Notre Dame of Paris after the Great War, and quoting from some poet-orator, said: "Every man has two countries, his own and France." I have no quarrel with the Abbé, but would change the wording and say: "Every Catholic has two homes, his own and Rome." I learned that when, later on, worn out and close upon a physical breakdown, I went to Rome and became well again; for I was at

home, and there found rest. No scenes in the Eternal City were strange to me. I had long known them, though they had never up to that hour blessed my eyes. Before I entered the City I felt the thrill of the homecoming; and long before I saw the dome of St. Peter's I knew its message. Streets that I had never seen were strangely familiar. Churches and palaces I had never thought to visit seemed to have a welcome for me. Only later did I realize that others felt as I did. It is part of the Roman charm, a small bit of the universal appeal of the Eternal City.

Almost as soon as I had found my way to the tomb of the Apostles I sought out St. Philip, where he lay at rest in the wonderful Chiesa Nuova. I had many things to thank St. Philip for; and therefore I went to say Mass in his room, the room out of which his pure, good soul passed to the God he had served so well and so faithfully. Never had I said a Mass like that one. It was as if St. Philip were glad to see me. I like to think so at least. When the Mass was over and the server gone, I was left alone in the midst of memories of Philip. His cross was on the wall, the very cross he held to his breast when dying. I made my thanksgiving before it, and thanked God, not only for all His blessings to the Society, but especially for having given us Philip. Never do I go to Rome without a special visit to Philip. His apostolic heart, his love for the Holy See, his devotion to the cause of souls, his delightful humanity, his deep spirituality, his happy disposition, even his humor, all draw me to him. Why is not Philip better known in America? He is the Patron Saint of Rome; but since Rome is ours is he not also the Patron Saint of all who love Rome? Who that is a Catholic does not?

No such emotions were mine when I saw the Pope for the first time, a fact that kept me in wonderment at myself while I waited in the *anticamera* for my call. This was an

hour I had long desired, and long waited for. Many times I felt that Rome was to be a Carcassone for me. I used to repeat that last line of the famous poem to myself every time the longing to see Rome would come upon me in my little country parish:

"Alas! I never shall see Carcassone."

Now I was in my Carcassone, even in the heart of it; yes, in its heart of hearts, which is the core of the heart of the world. And I was not thrilled. Here I was, chatting with my chance companions, as if the great desire was never to be realized, while in a few moments the dream of a lifetime was about to come true. Between questions and answers I let my mind wander back to see just how far it could go toward childhood before I met a Pope on the way. I could go only as far as the sight of a great catafalque erected in the old Cathedral in Charlottetown, a catafalque of sombre black bordered with white, candles innumerable burning about it day and night, and surmounted by a great round thing that Mother told me was a tiara—what a hard time I had with that word! The black and white and the candles told me that someone was dead, someone of importance, for I had never seen such a great catafalque in the Cathedral before. Somehow I did not ask any more questions of Mother. I suppose that the "tiara" word was occupying my thoughts. That evening a Protestant boy I knew asked: "Do you know who is dead?" I did not know. "You ought to," he said. "It is the Pope of Rome. Father says that he will be the last Pope of Rome." Then something of the fighter rose up in me. What business had this boy saying that there would ever be a *last* Pope of Rome till there was no longer a Rome or a world? I had but a very vague knowledge then of my catechism, but I knew it well enough to tell my Protestant chum that his father was wrong. There would be Popes in

Rome when father and son were long centuries in ashes. This I knew, that a Pope might die, but that the Pope would live. I was thinking of the great catafalque in the Cathedral erected for the Requiem Mass of Pius IX when my name was called, and I knelt before a Pope who vindicated my boyish conviction that Pius IX would not be the last Pope. I kissed the Fisherman's Ring on the hand of Pius X.

When I looked up at the smiling, kindly face of Pius X I was reminded of the pictures I had seen of Pius IX, the Pope of my childhood. Yet I had no thrill of awe. There was a priest I had known when a boy, and for whose memory I had the most profound affection. He was the Pastor of the old Cathedral, Father Alexander McGillivray. I loved him in a selfish sort of way, because he paid attention to me. He never passed me on the street without stopping for a few words of counsel or banter. When he died, I felt for the first time, as I have often felt since, that I had lost a friend; and, because he was the first friend I lost, I have a vivid memory of the sorrow that came into my heart. Behold now, here I was with the Pope, but yet here was no Pope at all, but only Father McGillivray in a white cassock, wearing a gold chain and cross, and with a ring on his finger. "What did the Pope look like?" someone asked me when I got home. "Just like a good parish priest in a white cassock," was the best answer I could find; and it was the answer that expressed my first impression of Pius X. Subsequent audiences with "Our Saint," as the Romans call him now, only deepened the impression.

It was one of these audiences that gave me my most lasting memory of Pope Pius X. I had returned to Rome to secure an Apostolic Brief for the Society, with approval of our Constitutions. The petition had preceded me by some months, but when I arrived the Cardinal Secretary of State

had no knowledge of it. The Canadian Extension Society had been founded, and their petition, timed with ours, was already on file. I searched everywhere, but could get no trace of the missing document. At last a friend told me that he had heard it was before the Congregation of the Council. I went there and found it—in the wrong place.

The American way of rectifying the error would have had the advantage of being very direct and very rapid, namely, to explain the mistake and take the document to the proper place. But business is not done that way in Rome. The document had been sent to the Congregation of the Council by the then Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Monsignor Falconio. Three persons only could authorize its removal: the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation, Monsignor Falconio the authority that filed it, and the Pope himself. The first flatly refused till a full examination of the case could be made and authorization given by the members of the Congregation. That would take a very long time; someone said, considering the congestion of the Congregation's business, about two years. The second authority was in America, and a cablegram could scarcely explain the circumstances delicately, while a letter meant a long delay in Rome for me. None of my advisers had the temerity to suggest that I should ask the Pope to act over the heads of a Congregation and an Apostolic Delegate. In fact, no one told me for quite a few weeks that the Pope himself might be appealed to at all.

In the Piazza Minerva, one afternoon during the *siesta* hour, I met another man besides myself who took no sleep in the daytime, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, Archbishop Agius. We had met before and had become very great friends. I told him of my perplexity. Laughingly he said: "You are an American, and everything is forgiven an American. Why not appeal to the Pope?"

"I would, Your Excellency," I answered, "if I dared. But you know that audiences with the Pope are not business audiences so far as I am concerned."

"But why should they not be business audiences if you have business to talk over?"

"I have; but will he talk about it?"

"He will. Look here: I have a farewell audience in a few days, on May 1st, in the evening. I shall take you with me. If you have the courage you may bring up the subject. Pius X has a way of his own in getting down to the heart of things, and then acting. Do you want to try it?"

On the evening of May 1, 1910, I walked through a drenching rain to the Vatican, for there was a general strike going on and consequently no carriages on the streets. Monsignor Agius was awaiting me, as wet as myself. Mr. Petry, in his uniform as a Knight of St. Gregory, was on hand, for he had come to Rome a few days before. Only three special audiences were appointed for that evening. One was in progress when we arrived. Ours was to be the next. Monsignor Agius went in first, and then called Mr. Petry and myself. I told my sad story to "the parish priest in the white cassock," while his face lit up with an amused smile. The humor of the situation cheered him. An American tied up in the meshes of Roman red tape! It was good. He laughed and joked about it, before he offered to help. But the humor of the situation was my salvation. The Pope was on my side. "Tomorrow," he said, "I shall send a messenger to the Congregation of the Council with an order to transfer your *dossier* to the Secretary of State. What is this petition?"

I told the Holy Father that it was a request to approve of our Constitutions by an Apostolic Brief.

"All your Constitutions?"

"Yes, Holy Father."

"That," he said earnestly, "would be a mistake. Yours is a young, rapidly developing country. What is good policy to-day may be improved on to-morrow. Your Society may want to change its Constitutions as your work advances, and you have a new outlook from the new conditions. If I grant what you desire you would have to petition for the changes, and, perhaps, go through all this trouble again. I counsel you to select the special things you really want, and we shall give you a Brief of approval for them."

The Holy Father had sized up the situation splendidly, for the Constitutions were only submitted in order to include four special and much desired favors. I named them.

"They are granted," said the Pope—and that was all.

Yet it was not all. He went over to a cabinet at the end of the room and came back with some small boxes. Five of these he gave to Monsignor Agius to take to five newly-selected bishops for the Philippine Islands. One he handed to me. "A recognition of your work from the Pope," he said. He gave another to Mr. Petry. "You were the donor of the splendid Chapel Car. This is to thank you."

Next day I called on Cardinal Merry del Val, the Secretary of State, but he had the news before me, for he had seen the Holy Father that very morning. The Cardinal congratulated me on my achievement. Then a suspicion entered my mind. The thing had gone through altogether too easily. "Your Eminence," I said, "had you not talked to the Holy Father before me?"

His Eminence smiled. "Well, perhaps I did say something to him." So I knew how the thing had been done. And, by the way, it was only necessary to look at His Eminence to realize that he was the right man to go to for sympathy in a work of this kind. They told me in Rome that he was a Spaniard. In England I was assured that he was English. A

Spaniard, boasting of the Spanish blood in the veins of the Cardinal, yet confessed that, to all intents and purposes, he was an Italian. If one did not know what Cardinal Merry del Val really was, after hearing him talk the languages of Spain, Italy, France, England and Germany, one might conclude that he belonged to any one of these countries. I can only testify as to his English and French. They are perfect. His English is a delight. But it remained for Father James, the priest who baptized me half a century ago, to find out just what Cardinal Merry del Val thought about his own nationality. "I am a fellow *country*man and a fellow *county*-man of Your Eminence," he said meaningly to the Cardinal.

"Ah," said His Eminence, with a new interest in his voice. "So you are from the County of Waterford in Ireland."

The Cardinal had made a good guess, and had settled the question as to his nationality, at least to the lifelong satisfaction of Father James who, after that, would hear no discussion on the subject. "He's Irish," he averred. "He's Irish, and a Waterford man. That accounts for every good thing about him."

There are many good things to be laid at Waterford's door, if Father James was right. Cardinal Merry del Val grasped the idea of Church Extension at once, and became the Society's sincere friend. We owe the former Secretary of State the tribute of our most respectful gratitude as well as our admiration. He seemed to know American conditions and needs as if he were himself an American. Yet he visited America but once, and then for a very short time. But, if he did not really know America, he knew Americans, and always made them welcome.

I had been waiting so long in Rome that I was most anxious to get home. But it takes time to issue an Apostolic Brief, which is usually not brief at all. Again I went to

Cardinal Merry del Val and asked if he could not hurry it. He smiled and assured me that there was plenty of time, and that the Brief would follow me to America. But I had come to Rome to get it, and I told His Eminence that I did not propose to go back until I had the document in my hand. I gave him the date of my sailing, and asked as a special favor that the Brief be forwarded to me in Paris. The Cardinal thereupon introduced me to the men who were charged with its preparation: Monsignor Sante Tampieri, who was to write it, and Monsignor Frederic Tedeschini, Secretary of Briefs, who would actually issue it. I had never met either of these prelates, but I made up my mind that I would now get acquainted. My first call was made on Monsignor Tampieri. He had not yet been informed that he was to prepare the Brief, but when I told him that the Cardinal had sent me he began to ask questions about the Society, which resulted in his becoming deeply interested; and he has remained deeply interested ever since. In fact, with a good deal of justice, he looks upon himself as one of the early promoters of the work. He saw that I was anxious about the wording of the Brief, and came to my rescue with a practical suggestion. "Why not," he said, "write out all the things that you want covered, and give them to me? It will make the work of preparation much easier for me, and you will be then more likely to have the Brief worded as you desire." This was just the thing I was playing for. He was surprised at the promptness with which the notes were made ready, and laughingly made remarks about "Yankee impatience." But I was trying to get home.

My next visit was to Monsignor Tedeschini. I shall not soon forget him. His office at that time seemed to be on the very tip-top of the Vatican Palace. I did not know that there was an elevator—if one has a right to call that venerable lift

by any such name. Speaking of that lift, I remember one day in Rome a discussion, in which a Canadian friend of mine took part, regarding the Galileo incident. In the discussion the famous saying attributed to Galileo was brought out: *E pur si muove*—nevertheless it does move." Next morning the Canadian got into the famous lift in the Vatican, which started its very leisurely climb, inch by inch, to the top of the Palace. The Canadian sat patiently for two floors, and then remarked aloud, to the astonishment of the man running the elevator: "*E pur si muove.*"

On the day I visited Monsignor Tedeschini I did not know of the lift, and therefore reached his apartment much more quickly, but worn out with the climb up the terrible stairs. I sent in my card, but was horrified when the thought burst upon me that I had come without cassock, and was in "citizen's" clothes. I hated to go down those stairs, run back to the hotel to put on the cassock, and climb back up again. Besides my card had already been presented. I resolved to apologize and brave it out. Of course I supposed Monsignor Tedeschini to be a very grave and serious old gentleman who would look with disapproval on a breach of etiquette. Monsignor Tedeschini proved to be nothing of the kind. Instead of an old gentleman with a frown, I found a young gentleman with a smile, and he was courtesy itself. I promptly apologized for my clothes, and he promptly congratulated me on their appearance, and assured me that he was often inclined to envy the freedom of a pair of legs that could go out on long walks without being hampered by skirts. I suppose His Excellency was only kind, and trying to set me at my ease. If that was the case he succeeded. I told him what I had come for, but he had already been posted by the Cardinal, and after a few jokes about American impatience, he told me that I would get the Brief before I left. I did. I got it in Paris two or three

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days before my boat sailed. It was later that I learned how the genial Secretary of Briefs was obliged to remain up, with one of his assistants, in the "wee sma' hours," so that it could be passed by His Holiness in the morning.

But difficulties seemed never absent. The Brief was sent by registered letter to me in Paris. The French postal officials evidently thought, when they saw the Vatican stamps, that it was a document worth examining. Before delivering it they wanted me to identify myself with the aid of a passport, which nobody ever carried before the war. Because I had no passport they held it until I was in danger of losing my boat. When at last I got it, the envelope had been opened. The postal officials explained that it was because of a certain machine going wrong; but the machine was a human one, and the motive was curiosity about Vatican documents. I hope the reading of that Brief did the officials as much good as it did me, but I have some doubts on that score.

It would be hard to appreciate sufficiently the great kindness that I have always experienced in Rome for the work of Extension. Its cause has always received not only cordial approval, but every blessing. There are fees attached to the issuance of Apostolic Briefs, and these fees are not light. But there never was a fee attached to anything done for Extension. In fact I had the strange experience of going to Rome and coming back with my pockets full. On one visit I was the guest of Monsignor Tiberghien, now the titular Archbishop of Nicea. He was deeply interested in the work. One evening he plied me with questions about the Society; and the next morning, as I was shaving, he walked into my room and handed me an envelope with the remark, "Here is a little something for your *belle oeuvre.*" I did not look into the envelope, because I thought it was a little souvenir that he had found suitable for the office, or perhaps a picture of some

kind. He knew I was fond of old prints. When I opened the envelope later I found that it contained some new prints in the shape of five thousand franc notes. I was going to the North American College that morning. When I arrived I said to Archbishop Kennedy, the Rector, "What would you think if I told you I just had a donation of 5,000 francs for the Society?" He answered: "I would think that you had met some rich American at the hotel." "But," I persisted, "what would you say if I told you that the donation came from a Roman prelate?" "Inasmuch as Roman prelates have nothing to give, I would say that you had been dreaming last night." I spread the five one-thousand franc notes—then the equivalent of a thousand dollars—in front of him, and said: "I got these from a Canon of St. John Lateran." He examined the notes with curiosity and said: "There is only one Canon of St. John Lateran who could afford it. I know who gave them to you. But if you are plying your trade in Rome, I advise you to get out before someone sets the dogs on you!" However, no one set the dogs on me, and later I got another 5,000 francs from the same Canon, who now, by the way, is our Procurator General in Rome, and whose interest led him to come to Chicago for a closer examination of the work, and afterward to attend one of the missionary congresses. It was quite in the order of things that he later became an Archbishop, for he merited the honor.

Chapter the Twelfth

Which Is About Children, Their Mothers, and Other Important People

IN THE early days of the Society a donation came from someone in Chicago who signed his name W. D. O'Brien.

The donation was not a large one, but it looked large to us at that time. It was ten dollars. When the Society moved to Chicago, W. D. O'Brien walked into the office to welcome us. We recalled the donation and found that our friend was a Chicago priest. A few weeks later Archbishop Quigley volunteered to give us a priest to assist, but he would not choose the new official himself. He wanted the President of the Society to suggest someone. Since I was not very well acquainted I put the question up to Bishop Muldoon, then Auxiliary-Bishop of Chicago. He suggested the Rev. W. D. O'Brien, who was notified, and promptly accepted. Since that day Father O'Brien has been with us, occupying various positions, the first of which was that of Diocesan Director for Chicago.

Father O'Brien began his work in Chicago full of hope. He started out one morning to conquer, but came back to the office pretty well conquered. His first visit had been to what he called "the hardest clerical nut to crack," and he had failed, dismally failed, to "crack" it. He learned what others had to learn in the same way; that the business of The Catholic Church Extension Society in the early days was to cut a path through the woods. Father O'Brien thought that the path had been cut. When he looked at his blistered soul after his first attempt, he knew that it had not. Chicago was not prepared for organized work. The next few years would

have to be consecrated to work for the conversion of the leaders to the missionary idea. The situation, however, was quite natural, for Chicago was a young diocese, still in the building stage, as the whole Church in the United States had been not so many years before. To suggest to a hard-working pastor who knew the misery of debts that he should think of any troubles but his own was no pleasant task; and it has always been difficult for the young to preach to the old. Father O'Brien was discouraged, but easily consoled. His associates knew that, while everything had to be tried, every trial could not be successful.

It was the discouraged Chicago Director, flung back from his first attempt, but also flung back upon himself, who established the little auxiliary society called the Child Apostles, and who founded and edited their organ, published under the name of "The Child Apostle," for years. It had a predecessor in a little paper published by the Rev. R. F. Flynn, a member of the Board, which gave it a start; but Father O'Brien was the first "Child Apostle." Father O'Brien did not expect to do big things financially. He figured like this: A penny to a child is like a dollar to a grown-up. The sacrifice of a penny is even greater to a child than the sacrifice of a dollar to the child's parents. It is sacrifice that makes a gift worth while and, when people are trained from childhood to make a sacrifice for God, they become better Christians later in life. Father O'Brien knew that it would cost the Society more in actual money to run a department for children than its receipts would justify, but he felt that, later on, the bread thus cast upon the waters would return to us. I believed as Father O'Brien did. The Board of Governors agreed with both of us, and the Child Apostle movement was launched on the penny instead of the dollar standard.

It was really marvelous to see how completely Father

O'Brien's ideas were vindicated. He began to take on the airs of a successful business man. There was a great difference between the Father O'Brien who came to report as the extinguished Diocesan Director of Chicago, and the very distinguished Director of the Child Apostles. For a little while, of course, the pennies came slowly; but the Director was scheming out methods of reaching the children all the time, knowing that he was making future missionaries out of them. He cared very little for what they gave except as it indicated success in interesting them in the cause of missions. It was a miracle that Father O'Brien succeeded in building up a circulation of 30,000 copies per month for his little paper. When the war came on, however, the cost of printing, postage and material went to prohibitive prices, and the paper had to be discontinued by transferring its appeals to Extension Magazine, making its work a department. In eight years the children contributed a half-million pennies. The little ones were responsible for the building of churches at Estancia, New Mexico; Tullulah, Louisiana; Duval, Washington; Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska; Brisbane, North Dakota; Hammond, Oregon; Colorado, Texas; Wolf Point, Montana; and Milford, Utah. They contributed twenty-five thousand pennies a year for four years to Mission schools in Texas and the Philippine Islands, and to-day they have a number of small funds to which they are adding every month, and each of which represents a church they are planning to build. How this money came in is Father O'Brien's secret, but part of it he lets us know. For example, he asks his "kids" now and then to give a penny for each year of their lives; and it is very sure, after the first donation of from five to twelve cents is made, each added year means an added penny.

The basis for admission to the Child Apostles is a desire to help the cause, and a small initial membership fee of twenty-

five pennies. To the grown-up who reads this book it will seem as if the conditions are rather easy; but one must not forget what I said about a penny from a child meaning as much as the donation of a dollar from an adult.

Getting pennies from the children taught Father O'Brien how to extract dollars from their parents. Any of the delegates who, in the last ten years, attended the National Conventions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and their Ladies' Auxiliary, the Catholic Foresters, both men and women, the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association and others, can testify to his ability in that line.

Another priest came to us, the Rev. Edward L. Roe. God did not leave him with us very long, but He left him long enough to give Father Roe a treasure of prayers for himself when, at the very height of his usefulness, he was called away by death. His particular work was to establish and direct a Women's Auxiliary, which, after a short time of sailing under the awkward name of the Women's Auxiliary of The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America, was called The Order of Martha. Father Roe was attracted by the story of Mary and Martha. He knew that most of the Marys found their way into convents, and sat always at the feet of the Lord. He had an idea that the Marthas were just as anxious to sit at the Lord's feet, in many cases, as the Marys, only they felt that they did not have time. Father Roe was sure that it was a mistake for the Marthas to think that they did not have time; for, in reality, their labors were good when properly directed, and their spare hours could be used for Our Lord. One of the first of the Marthas who, later on, became Secretary, was Miss Mary Synon, now the famous Mary Synon who writes such wonderful short stories for the secular magazines that are lucky enough to get her attention, and who has never forgotten that

her first story was published in Extension. Miss Synon was so enthusiastic for Martha that she wrote a poem about her:

Mary was praying in the inner room
For the Guest Who should come with the rush of wings.
She lifted her soul through the pressing gloom,
But I was busy with many things:

With wheat in the milling,
And stock to be fed,
And oil for distilling,
And making of bread,
And water to carry
Within earthen casks;
I'd no time to tarry
Away from my tasks.
There was reaping and gleaning
Far out in the sun,
And sweeping and cleaning
Indoors to be done,
And garments for mending
Set high in the pile;
And work never-ending
I'd pushed off awhile,
With no time for shirking
The task at the gate,
I kept at the working
That made up my fate.

Mary was dreaming the vision serene
To the song ecstatic the meadow lark sings,
Her soul went roaming through fields of green,
While I was busy with many things.

He came down the highway and entered the door,
Smiling at me in the moment's pause.
I thought that perhaps I had seen Him before,
But how should I know Him for Whom He was?

The sunlight fell on the ripened grain,
And I felt the blessing of summer days,
And I sang at my work till He passed me again,
Going back to His own on the trodden ways.

He smiled as He told me that Mary had choice
Of life, and had chosen the better part.
I shrugged at the words, but the sound of His voice
And the sight of His smile lingers yet in my heart.

I watched Him go down the long road in the sun,
While I sang in the cheer that His coming had cast.
For somehow I knew that my work had been done
A little better because He had passed.

Mary was praying in the dusk of the day,
When I went to her chamber I heard her exclaim,
"Where were you, Martha, when He passed this way?
Did you not know the Lord God when He came?"

And I had not known him. Slowly I grew
Sorrowful there in the shadows so grim.
It was too late for calling. But I think He knew
That in working for others I'm working for Him.

When Father Roe died, July 21, 1914, The Order of Martha was without a Director, and, just about that time, Father O'Brien complained that he did not have enough work to do. I promptly unloaded The Order of Martha on his shoulders. I thought that the one who had succeeded in interesting the children would not find it difficult to reach the hearts of those who love children most. There is an old saying that if you want to have anything done promptly and well, get a busy man to do it. Father O'Brien was a busy man, and the old bit of wisdom was once more vindicated in him. The Order of Martha now consists of more than three hundred Households. We do not call the groups by the old

names of circles or branches. We prefer something new. Some of the Households are small, consisting of only four or five members, while others run into the hundreds. The members of the Households pay fifty cents a year, or more—usually more. In seven years the Households have been responsible for the building of about forty churches, and they have some twenty incomplete funds on hand for as many more The Households meet as often as the members find it convenient, some twice a month, a few only four times a year. The rule is the latter, with as often in between as they please. Any Catholic lady in any city, town or parish may form a Household.

The organ of The Order of Martha was the "Madonna Magazine," which the War unfortunately killed, with "The Child Apostle." It is now a department of Extension. The money on hand at the end of each year is applied to such mission work as Mexican and Philippine schools. The Order of Martha takes a great interest in the supplying of church goods to poor missions. As an example of how it helps in this regard, I mention an exhibit of church goods made by Household No. 199, of Chicago, Ill. This department of their work for one year was represented by: 1 ostensorium; 1 ciborium; 1 chalice; 1 set of altar-cards; 1 crucifix; 1 pair of candlesticks; 1 missal-stand; 2 altar-bread boxes; 1 ablution cup; 1 sanctuary lamp; 1 fingerbowl; 2 cruets; 6 large candlesticks; 1 set of Stations of the Cross; 1 cincture; 1 ciborium veil; 1 Benediction stole and burse; 3 sets of vestments; 1 stole and burse. All these articles were donated to a church at Allen, Montana, which was an Order of Martha church. In Brooklyn, New York, is the Ave Maria Club, a Household of The Order of Martha. Here are the things that its members exhibited as a result of their year's work in supplying church goods: 6 altar cloths; 4 amices; 6 purifica-

tors; 2 palls; 2 pall card covers; 2 Communion cards; 2 Communion card covers; 6 finger towels; 2 sick call sets; 2 cinctures; 2 stoles; 3 collars; 2 shrine cloths; 2 altar-laces; 2 albs; 2 surplices; 2 extra stoles; 4 gold chalices; 2 gold ciboria; 1 silver chalice; 1 brass crucifix; and 6 corporals. Household No. 118, of Rochester, New York, exhibited the following articles: 16 sets of vestments; 11 albs; 80 purificators; 24 amices; 32 small corporals; 33 large corporals; 28 small finger towels; 91 large finger towels; 30 palls; 12 Benediction burses; 10 pyx burses; 8 cinctures; 7 oil-stock covers; 5 ciboria covers; 3 surplices; 1 preaching stole and 1 lace altar front. You will note that The Order of Martha is strong on altar linens. Members of the Households contribute by far the greater share of all the new linens that the Society supplies to the missions.

Among the interesting members of The Order of Martha are Catholic women who belong to Sanctuary Societies in their own parishes, and who sometimes serve as volunteer sacristans. These carefully note the purchase of new vestments made by the pastor, and before he discards the old obtain his permission to send them to the Society. It would astonish anyone to see the great quantities of old vestments that come to us in this way. Large parishes send us boxes full of vestments, which we repair and then dispatch to the smaller places. This Church Goods Department receives and distributes all sorts of odds and ends from finger towels to church-plate, and even articles that we never expected to handle. One of the first donations received was a full set of stained-glass windows discarded by a church in the city, but now the treasured possession of a little church in the country. Some people, moving into another house or apartment, discover that they have one rug too many, and send it to the Society. We promptly ship it to the West or South to ornament a sanc-

tuary. Some ladies who make beautiful sofa pillows, but have no confidence in their ability to make vestments, have sent their work to add a bit of comfort to missionaries when they have a breathing spell at home. Many lace curtains have found their way to poor rectories which would never have had a curtain at all but for the thoughtfulness of the donors. Dishes, of course, immediately find a place. Coat-hangers have not been discarded. Military woolen helmets have been proven useful in cold weather for long sick calls. Socks, especially warm ones, bring blessings on the heads of the knitters; also warm sweaters and gloves. Underwear is a treasure to the missionary who has scarcely money enough to buy his shoes. Church bells and altars, shipped directly to addresses given by the Society, are Godsends. We never can get enough old pews. Baptismal fonts are more than welcome. The only things that puzzled us to find use for were gold beads, vanity bags, and lace yokes for ladies' garments. We actually received all of these: but nuns do not wear lace; gold beads are ornaments made for Marthas in the world; and no missionary has yet been found who had a place for vanity bags, since they are not addicted to the habit of powdering their noses: though in winter many of the said noses must be red enough to demand a little kindly attention. Some fifty thousand articles pass through the Church Goods Department each year, which you will admit is quite a record.

One crying need that the Society has tried to fill, but as yet not very effectively, is that of providing plans for small churches. It is surprising how a clever architect can utilize a small allowance of money to good effect. We have done a little in this line, however; and any missionary who desires to build even a poor church with some show of beauty, may have his plans and specifications furnished by the Society free

of cost. Later on, we are going to invite architects to donate plans for churches costing from $2,000 up to $10,000. By such means we shall be able to supply them free to pastors who otherwise could only afford the services of the town carpenter.

The activities of the Church Goods Department have sometimes attempted to rival the activities of automobile agents. We are very partial to gifts of second-hand automobiles, because a little "flivver" often spreads a pastor out over a parish that he could not reach on the train or with a horse and buggy. A "flivver" doubles the usefulness of a pastor. "Flivvers" save the necessity of putting two priests where one plus a "flivver" will do the work. Henry Ford aimed at being a benediction to the family with a small income and a desire for fresh air. He never knew that he would be also a benediction to many a poor pastor with missions to look after, who had all the fresh air he wanted, but an income that looked like a vanishing-point. Mr. Ford was not trying to lay up treasures in heaven for himself when he invented the "flivver"; his treasures, therefore, are chiefly of this earth. But men who do good things in this world often unknowingly do better things; so perhaps Mr. Ford may find, when there are no longer days and years to be considered but only eternity, that a few rewards for his good deeds may be carried to him in a spiritualized "Tin Lizzy," whose lamps glow with a light that the world never appreciated much, because it is the light of charity, and whose polish is fine enough to reflect some of the good-will he had which the world never could appreciate. Mr. Ford has never presented us with any automobiles, and has never taken any interest in Church Extension—in fact, I do not think he ever heard of it—but, just the same, he has helped without knowing.

It would not be fair to close this chapter without again indicating that Father O'Brien is still with us. More than fif-

PHOTO: BACHRACH

"ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE MARTHAS WAS MISS MARY SYNON, NOW THE FAMOUS MARY SYNON WHO WRITES SUCH WONDERFUL SHORT STORIES."

CHURCH GOODS ROOM—HALF-A-MILLION ARTICLES HAVE BEEN SENT OUT TO POOR MISSIONS FROM OUR CHURCH GOODS DEPT.

CALENDAR DEPARTMENT—OVER 200,000 CALENDARS WERE SOLD IN A SINGLE YEAR.

teen years of service in Church Extension has changed him from an enthusiastic young priest to a still more enthusiastic but very dignified padre of middle-age. He has changed only by becoming a little graver, but never grave enough to forget that the children were once his special care. There is still the ruddy halo about his head, and I hope there is an invisible one too. True, the visible halo is not as bright as it was fifteen years ago, for as there is less hair the red colour does not show so much. When he again complained recently that he had not enough work to do, he was made General Secretary. That has probably cured his ailment for the time being. It will be easy for those who read the Magazine to recognize the traits of Father O'Brien in the three departments that he conducts, not the least of which, in point of interest, is "Between Friends: A Missionary Chat by the Vice-President."

Other priests have assisted the Society for short periods. We had a Father Murphy, from Texas, an ardent temperance advocate, particularly strong on Prohibition, but a man who had done splendid missionary work in Texas. Father Murphy was with us for a few months in the old days at the very beginning, but the call of the missions was too strong and he preferred to return to Texas, where he is now a pastor. It was through Father Murphy that we began working in Oklahoma. When he had had a border mission he used to run up into what was then "The Territory." The first chapel we built at his suggestion was one of our earliest works of the kind. It was at a little town called Guimon. Later on we had much to do in Oklahoma, and perhaps some of the very best results we obtained were in that territory, which is now one of the greatest and richest states in the Union.

For a while, too, we had Father Alexander Landry, a genial "York State" man of French descent. Father Landry's particular job was calling on priests and extracting all the way

from ten dollars up, for the cause. He liked the work and became an expert on getting "ten and up." But the Army called him, for he was a big, soldierly looking man, and the military life appealed. We were sorry to lose him, for we valued Father Landry as well as "ten and up." It was utterly impossible to upset the imperturbable Landry. It is related that on one occasion he ran into a perfect storm of criticism which centered, as these storms usually do, around the head of the unfortunate and "extravagant" President. Now it would have been perfectly easy for Father Landry to have assured everybody present that their information was inaccurate. But he knew that that meant controversy out of which would come nothing but words. He saw that the "ten and up" would not be forthcoming in that case. So he took a different tack, and let them criticise the President as much as they pleased. When they had gotten through, he told them that, when he left Chicago, his instructions had been to defend no individuals, no matter how just their cause might be. It was to get "ten and up" for the Society. As he had listened quietly to all they had to say, and as all had had a chance to express themselves, there was nothing left for the Field Secretary of such a noble work to do but to take up a collection. The Field Secretary landed every man present.

We had a bishop working for us once, and working for his own diocese at the same time. He was then Bishop O'Reilly, of Baker City. He is now Bishop O'Reilly, of Lincoln, Nebraska. Baker City was at that time the poorest diocese in the United States and Bishop O'Reilly, therefore, one of the poorest bishops. Of course in the beginning we did not have money to help him, but we suggested his going out under the auspices of the Society and helping himself. He helped both himself and the Society at the same time, and one of us was almost constantly with him. He had a marvelous

way of appealing. He had just gotten out of a sick bed, and looked the part of a missionary bishop. He had never been burdened with wealth, so the clothes he wore had an appeal all their own. I never knew a man who took his work to heart so much. When he went out to get money for his poor diocese he thought of absolutely nothing else, except his prayers. Every faculty was keenly alert for the work on hand. Everything about him, and every move he made, had his cause behind it. He made a wonderful collector. His most effective story was about his Cathedral. When he went to Baker City he found nothing but a little parish church in the last stages of decay. He sold it for forty dollars, and then the man who bought it claimed a rebate of ten dollars for taking down the bell. I heard the story a dozen times, and have told it myself about a hundred times. But it never failed to compress a whole missionary sermon into a couple of paragraphs. It is perfectly true that the Bishop got only forty dollars for his first Cathedral, but it is also true that that forty dollars, invested in a trip under the auspices of the Society, was the best forty dollars the Bishop ever got. Bishop O'Reilly's hard campaign was the beginning of comparative prosperity for Baker City. From a few little miserable missions, the diocese has grown up most hopefully. I went out to see the Bishop years after his campaign, and asked him how many churches he really needed over and above what he had already secured. He went over the map with me and pointed out locations for twenty-five. On my return I made an appeal in the Magazine for the twenty-five churches. Not more than a quarter of the edition had been sent to the mails before I got a telegram from two sisters—named Murphy, God bless them!—who lived in Ypsilanti, Michigan, agreeing to give enough money to assure the building of the whole twenty-five. It was a master-stroke for Baker City, and the reward of much toil to Bishop O'Reilly. We

rarely hear of him now, as he no longer asks us for anything. His successor, Bishop McGrath, is building well on the foundations. One of the men destined for the Society was Monsignor Tihen of Wichita, but he postponed his coming to finish his work in Kansas when, presto, just like that, he was captured by St. Peter. He is now the Bishop of Denver.

It is a marvelous thing to note how successful Holy Church is in selecting the kind of man needed for missionary dioceses. It may be possible that sometimes poor human nature places obstacles to the beneficent action of the Holy Ghost for the Church in the matter of episcopal appointments. If that be so it does not happen very often in the desolate places. Our experience in the Society has been largely with the poorer dioceses, and in every case we have found that the men selected have admirably fitted into the work and the hour. Here the remembrance of a very amusing thing comes back to me. When Pope Leo XIII died I was still in Lapeer. The papers were full of conjectures about his possible successor. At last the news of the election of Pius X reached our town, and the editor of one of the papers called me on the phone to communicate the news. I expressed pleasure and thanks. Judge my astonishment when he informed his readers next day that "Father Kelley approved of the selection of the new Pope." Perhaps it is quite as funny for me to be "approving" of the bishops the Society deals with. Nevertheless, what I have said about them is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Chapter the Thirteenth

Which Discusses Missionary Congresses

NO EVENT in the history of the Church Extension movement stands out clearer than the first American Missionary Congress, which opened in Chicago on November 15th, and closed on November 18th, 1908. But hardly second in importance was the Congress held in Boston from October 19th to October 22nd, 1914. These gatherings revealed the ideas behind the whole movement so that no one could well misunderstand.

The first suggestion of a Missionary Congress came from Archbishop Quigley. Even the general plan for it was outlined by him. My own part in the work was simply to fill in the details, and carry the plans to realization. The task was not an easy one. For each Congress the equivalent of a year's labor was required, but it had to be done in two months. During the period of immediate preparation the eight-hour-day was a forgotten thing. Eighteen hours was more likely to constitute an honest day's work. The physical breakdown already mentioned, the one that first drove me to Rome for rest, came immediately after the Chicago Congress closed. The Missionary Congresses were, however, worth what they cost. If they had cost even more, including a life, they would still have been worth it; nor will it be hard to explain the reason for that statement.

We did not call the First American Catholic Missionary Congress with a financial object in view, nor yet to promote the Church Extension movement exclusively. It was planned and carried on to "put Missions on the Catholic map of North America." It was the opening gun of what we foresaw would

yet be the great work of Church Extension: to make every Catholic in America a missionary. We knew that we could not do that in a day, or in a year, or in ten or twenty years; but we knew that it had to be done. We thought we could see the day dawning when the Church in America would be called upon to lead the Catholic world in missionary effort. Just before the Congress the aurora of promise was seen. Pius X decreed that the Church in America should no longer be governed through the missionary department of the Church Universal, but should rather take her place in the ranks of the great, active churches of the world. The Holy Father sensed America's growing power for good. He had already contracted the habit of saying "America will supply." So the First American Catholic Missionary Congress was called as an almost instant response to the decree of the Holy Father, in order that the attention of American Catholics might be drawn to the changed conditions, and that they might prepare for action in accord with them.

To understand the need of emphasizing this, let me, for the want of a better comparison, liken the Church in America to a great business corporation that is devoting much of its energy to building up a morale in its officials and employes. Now one cannot go too far in such an effort, if the object of the corporation, to sell its products, is not weakened by it. There cannot be too much efficiency and too high a morale. But both must be treated only as means to an end. Already many business institutions have found to their cost that the directors who ride the efficiency and morale hobby are often inclined to do so at the expense of the work of marketing goods.

Now the Church in America had already had Congresses. She was well supplied with devotional societies. She had pious unions for priests and people. She had mobilized her praying

forces. Her parishes and schools in the great productive sections were well organized. But Archbishop Quigley saw a weakness in that all these tended to overdevelop one side and neglect the other. The means to the end was rapidly growing bigger than the end itself. It is fine for efficiency and morale to have societies that make people pray more, fast more, go oftener to communion and to Mass. The people need these acts of devotion; but they are only half effective if they do not inspire sacrifice on behalf of others who have not the opportunity to do likewise. God gave life to plants, and more. He gave them the power of propagation. The salvation of one soul is not the full object and aim of a Christian life, but rather the salvation of many through the one. Some devoted souls win others by preaching; some by example. All may win them by sacrifices for the sake of Christ and the spread of His Kingdom. There were *two* great commands, not *one*, voiced by the Master when He said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and then "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Catholic Christian has a double work to do. He has to save himself, and to help save others as well.

In missionary lands the first of these works is necessarily very much emphasized. The second is done chiefly through example by the converts. In lands that are no longer, in the strict sense, missionary, much more is expected. Their faithful must be doubly faithful, must feel the urge, not only to a Christian life, but to all that it implies—the extension of its blessings "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Personal obligations to Christ do not stop for bishop, priest or layman at the borders of dioceses, parishes or homes. There must be propagation. No church, no diocese, no parish, no Catholic is fully after the Divine Model until the personal sacrifice is sent in its name, or in his name, into the highways and hedges, in an effort

to "compel men to come in." What the Master did the servant must do. A developed Church is a Church of the Missions.

This was the thought back of the call for the First American Catholic Missionary Congress—to make the Church in American a fertile Mother of missionaries. We did not, therefore, call it a Church Extension but a Missionary Congress. We invited representatives of every missionary society in the States and Canada to participate. They responded to the call, and success followed. But the success did not appear at once. While there was no apparent and immediate change except in individuals, yet every missionary society felt the thrill of new life. New resources came to their aid. The Congress gave instruction and inspiration. It did something more, for it laid a foundation for a greater movement in the future. Few saw that foundation, since foundations are not seen till one is quite near to them; but the foundation was there just the same, as later years knew, and the building of the structure upon it is now assured.

The Second Congress was held six years later at Boston. It was larger than the first, and even more productive of good. Cardinal O'Connell thoroughly understood its objects, and sympathized with them, for no one could have a greater interest in missions than he. The foundation was thus strengthened in the heart of the great East. Here was the promise of greater things. The Cardinal, the Apostolic Delegate, six archbishops and about sixty bishops lent the approval of their presence to the objects of that great Congress. Day after day the people flocked to its door to hear the message. I have already admitted that the definite aim was accomplished neither at Chicago nor Boston, but the time was not ripe. God was leading the Church in America in His own way to the goal. But the Boston Congress put the cause of missions far ahead, and made the result certain.

These two Congresses were the first great national efforts in America to exalt the spirit of personal sacrifices for the spread of the Gospel of Christ. They did not impair other efforts for efficiency and morale. They did not discount the value of prayer and personal piety. They had no word but a word of encouragement for pious associations as such. But they did point out that the great object was being dimmed to the sight in the far distance. They made Catholic America think, even if, at Chicago especially, this was done by a gentle shock to self-sufficiency, parochialism and pride. Hard truths were told, but not ungently. Hard duties were outlined. Hard sacrifices were asked for. The two Congresses marked the turning of American Catholics to face a world-wide task, even before they realized how great that task might be.

I have said no word about the material success, as expressed in dollars, that followed these two Congresses, though I might well enlarge upon it. That material success was nothing. We had not looked for it; but when it came we were not surprised, for it was a tangible sign of the deep impression that the gatherings had made on all. What we really wanted was the stirring of many hearts to the call of Christ for His neglected children. That was a result above all other incidental results. That result, I firmly believe, we had.

One example: a man stepped to the platform at the end of one of the last sessions of the Chicago Congress. He came to me with his hand outstretched, and spoke his name. I knew him for the President of one of the City's great banks, and expressed my pleasure that he could find time to attend one session. He smilingly said that he had not missed a single one of the sessions. "I came," he said, "out of curiosity to learn what it was all about. I stayed because I found out, and knew that the staying was going to benefit me. I came up here to

tell you how pleased I am, and to offer my help. Will you accept a gift of five thousand dollars for the cause?"

Now I confess that five thousand dollars for the missions is enough to please me at any time; but the perfectly frank and candid avowal of a power in the Congress to change passing curiosity into generous zeal pleased me still more. I felt that the Congress had made one life-long friend for the missions, and it had. Since that day the gentleman has never lost his affection for the work, or his zeal for its advancement. A few years later he became the unsalaried Treasurer of Church Extension. He is still the Treasurer, and still unsalaried. I hope Mr. John A. Lynch will pardon my telling the story of his coming to us, because it is told only to carry a lesson.

The Chicago Congress was, like that of Boston, a real triumph, and I was tempted to be very much puffed up about it. Now a puffed up man is quite the most useless man in the world to any cause. Frogs have a habit of puffing themselves up. So have certain pigeons. But the frogs do not do it when swimming; nor do the pigeons do it when flying. The puffed up condition is essentially a condition of laziness. I must have been a source of mild amusement to my associates during that Congress. Proud? Any peacock would have envied the display I was making of myself.

But the downfall was coming on the wings of the wind. I had anticipated changes, led to that by the great and surprising success of the Congress. I thought the whole world was in accord. So I spoke in full confidence that I could let out the things that were in my heart. Why not? Was not the time ripe for them, with these thousands cheering every statement that fell from the lips of the speakers? So, when my chance came, I launched out and, since either flying or swimming, or both, became a necessity when the echoes had faded away and the criticisms came, there was a deflated enthusiast

in the office of the Society who had learned that it does not pay to talk too soon; that youth should not be dogmatic; that the crowd which applauds with its hands is not half so effective as the individual who criticizes with his pen. I had referred to the seminaries and seminarians as lacking in missionary zeal; to clerical interest in foreign politics while immigrants to the rural sections of America were being left churchless; to Catholic societies that were intent on making us pray without attempting to make us accompany prayer with sacrifice.

The first rumble I heard of the coming thunder storm was from a priest friend who told me that the famous Father Phelan, Editor of the *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, had been in the audience, and had hurried to the train to go back home and "take the hide off" me. I was not afraid of a tilt with the good old Doctor. He could wield a pen with the force of a flail, but I knew his weakness well from long study. He had said the same things that I had over and over again, and the files of the *Watchman* were available. But I did not want to get into a bitter controversy right at that moment, with every nerve stretched to its utmost tension. So I just allowed a mutual friend to send him a hint that I was looking up his back numbers. The old Thunderer was mild enough, but he started the storm just the same. Funny it was, however, that the Doctor was willing to grant that I was right, but a bit raw about telling the truth. I simply decided to keep quiet and let the storm blow over, which it did sooner than anyone expected. Then a great deal of good resulted. Two messages I received made me feel that, after all, perhaps I had really put my finger on a sore spot which now might be healed; as a doctor who touches an inflamed appendix hurts the patient, but diagnoses the disease. One message was a warning from the late Bishop McGoldrick of Duluth, not to take back or apologize for a word I had uttered. "Let it stand," he wrote,

"as a needed rebuke and warning." The other was from my own good Archbishop, conveyed to me about a week after the Congress, and at the height of the storm. "Tell Dr. Kelley not to worry about what anyone says of his address. He correctly interpreted my own opinions. If the critics go too far I shall not hesitate to say so in print." Then I went away and forgot it all.

Dr. Phelan and myself became good friends later on. He actually came to pay me a visit in Chicago. I knew he was coming, but happened to be in another part of the office building when he approached the door of the Society's suite. A moment later I came around the corner of the corridor and saw him standing before our door with his eyes fixed on the lettering on the transom. The name of the Society was painted below on the front door, but on the transom glass were the words "Fire Escape." The Doctor did not know me by sight, but knew that I must be one of the priests of the Society. "Look at that sign," he said. "How can a man know whose office this is?" I pointed to the Society's name on the door.

"I didn't look there," he answered. "That other sign is too conspicuous: it deceives people." Then a twinkle came into his eye. "Maybe not; maybe not," he went on. "Come to think, it's quite an appropriate sign for a Church Society to have. 'Fire Escape,' eh? I wonder if this Kelley isn't a bit of a humorist!" I assured him that I really was, and we shook hands right under the "Fire Escape" sign.

Dr. Phelan was one of the most genial and companionable of men to meet, and one of the most bitter of men in print. He was a Catholic editor of the old school—one of the McMaster type—who believed he had a right to say what he pleased and criticize whom he pleased. Bishop Hennessy used to refer to the *Watchman* office as the American Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. Indeed both Bishops and Regulars had their

flayings from Dr. Phelan. Being the last of his kind, he bore the sins of the others who had passed on and left the doughty old warrior the legacy of their traditions. He carried the style of the pugnacious past into a much more peaceful present, so there was no peace for him, or anyone who offended him. He said what he wanted to say, and said it all. His criticisms were to be feared, but much more his apologies, which were like the back kicks of a vigorous mule. He wrote with power as well as freedom; but he presumed too much on the understanding of his readers. So things that he understood, and theologians understood, were not always taken at their real value. One of his faults as a writer was that he scorned to explain what was plain to him, because he thought that it ought, therefore, to be plain to others. He did not quite see the progress that had been made since his day, and never could understand that some of it lay in the direction of a quieter life and a more submissive spirit. He loved the Church with the love of a soldier son, who thought it best for her sake even to bully his brothers into doing the things that in his judgment were best for her. He left many wounds on the souls of others, by which he is remembered; but he did not keep hatreds in his heart. He was himself the humorist he suspected he had found in me. When told that he was very sick, in danger of death even, and was asked if he would not have a priest come to hear his confession and give him the Last Sacraments, he responded humorously, in spite of his sufferings: "Certainly, certainly. Safety First."

There! I went off on a side track to talk about my dear old enemy. I am not sorry. Dr. Phelan has been too soon forgotten, for, though his pen was often dipped in vitriol, he fought the good fight before many of us young editors of to-day were born. He was the Mentor of our fathers, and the delight of their Sunday afternoons. He helped keep the Faith in

the desolate spiritual wilderness of the prairies. He put courage into many a scattered Irish family of the West, when there was no Soggarth or Chapel to do it. They understood him, for they were fighters, too. I do not think he was the less welcome in Heaven that he reached the Gate with a bloody nose and a black eye.

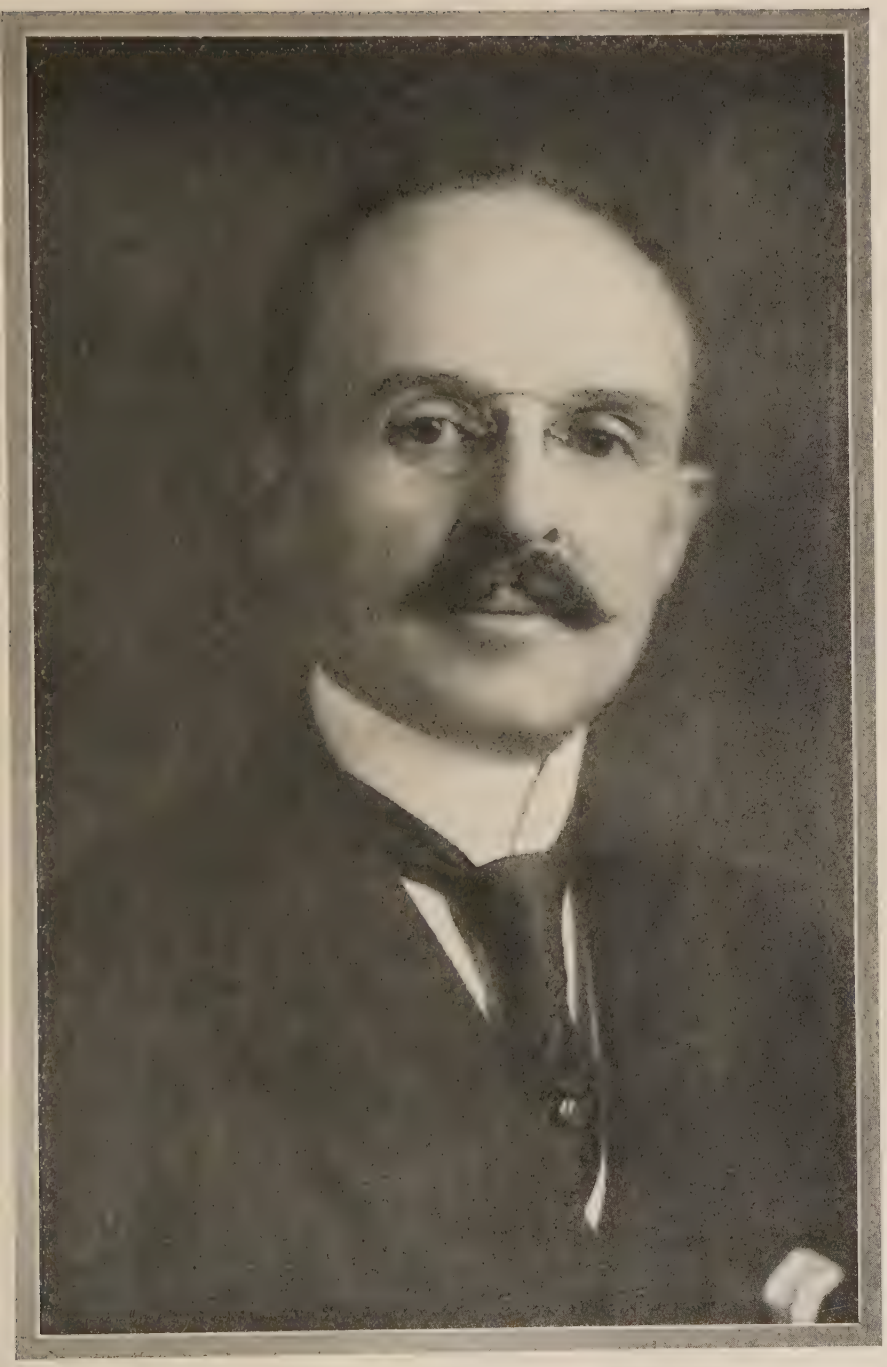
Chapter the Fourteenth

Which Moves the Reader up to Canada

IT WAS in the summer of 1908 that the Society went abroad for the first time. We had frequently been asked to extend our work into Canada for the sake of the growing Northwest, but our activities were limited by charter and Apostolic letters to the United States and her dependencies; so we were always obliged to refuse, very sadly sometimes, the appeals that came from our neighbor to the North. When I say that we refused sadly, I am implying that the need was recognized as very great in Canada. In fact, Canada then was in the position of the United States fifty years before. Her vast prairies were in process of settlement. Wonderfully fertile and beautiful lands could be had as homesteads, and even what could not be had for the trouble of filing and settlement was offered at very low prices. Canada had begun to dream of becoming the great wheat producing country. A major part of the dream has since come true. Great fertile stretches in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan were opening up in 1908. The early Catholic settlements had been made chiefly by French Canadians from Quebec, but these settlements were scattered, except where the work was done systematically and under the direction of efficient colonizers. In the latter places the French Canadians had their own communities, in which they promptly built churches and schools. But those who had unwisely settled far from these communities found themselves, like the Irish, and some of the German immigrants of our own Northwest, without churches, and very often without the opportunity of meeting a priest more than once a year. In 1908 about 150,000 Ruthenians were

settled in Canada. The French Canadian clergy attempted to look after them, some even changing from the Latin to the Ruthenian Rite. But the task was too difficult, for these people needed the sympathetic direction of their own clergy, which no amount of self-sacrifice and devotion on the part of strangers could supply. About the same time there was an influx of English-speaking people from Great Britain and Ireland; with the Yankee who could not remain still because he had the blood of the pioneer in him. He had already sold out his lands in Iowa and the Dakotas and was now moving to the solitary, but cheap and fertile fields in the Canadian Northwest. The country districts of these Canadian provinces needed priests and churches, especially the former. English-speaking priests were few in the Canadian Northwest; but English-speaking Catholics were becoming more and more plentiful and, not having behind them the solidarity of the French settlements, were in danger of losing their Faith.

In the midst of the changed and rapidly changing conditions of the Canadian Northwest there still walked, just as he did amongst the Indians in the old days, the Black Robe of story—the French missionary. He had seen the strangers come with joy in his heart for the new life they were bringing to his beloved mission field, but with a little consternation, too. He had so long been with the Indians that he had almost come to feel as resentful as themselves that the peace of the great prairies and the forests should have been invaded. He walked through cities and towns that looked upon him as a stranger, clad in the cassock that had given him his great name amongst the Indians. He made efforts to meet new conditions, but not always with success. The newcomers were talking languages that the old linguist did not understand. He made a brave effort to fit himself into the new conditions, and to his credit let it be said that he succeeded far better than



"JOHN A. LYNCH, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF THE REPUBLIC,
BECAME THE UNSALARIED TREASURER OF CHURCH EXTENSION.
HE IS STILL THE TREASURER, AND STILL UNSALARIED."

"THE SECOND CONGRESS WAS HELD AT BOSTON. IT WAS LARGER THAN THE FIRST, AND EVEN MORE PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD. CARDINAL O'CONNELL THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD ITS OBJECTS, AND SYMPATHIZED WITH THEM, FOR NO ONE COULD HAVE A GREATER INTEREST IN MISSIONS THAN HE."

PHOTO: MATZENE

"NO MAN SAW WITH CLEARER VISION THAT PRIESTS WERE NEEDED IN THE NORTHWEST THAN DID FERGUS PATRICK McEVAY, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO."

THE CHILDREN ARE THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA. THE "MISSION CHILDREN" SHOWN ABOVE, WOULD HAVE GROWN UP WITHOUT A KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHURCH, HAD NOT EXTENSION HELPED OUT. TENS OF THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN THUS AIDED. PICTURES TAKEN BY MISSIONARIES IN TEXAS, COLORADO, MONTANA AND NEBRASKA.

could have been expected; but the Northwest was growing too fast for him. Conditions were changing too rapidly. Not enough recruits were coming to help him. The new languages came tremblingly from his tongue. Help was needed; organization was needed. New dioceses and new parishes would have to be provided; for the Northwest that had once been Indian, and then French, was becoming Anglicized, Americanized, Ruthenianized, Germanized.

No man saw with clearer vision that priests were needed in the Northwest than did Fergus Patrick McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto, a man who might best be described as a rock of common sense. Archbishop McEvay was the most unpretentious prelate I ever met, and yet I never encountered a man who enjoyed being an archbishop more than he did. He took no pride in his dignity, but he took a keen delight in his work; and he did not think that his work brought him only to the borders of his diocese and left him there. All of Canada had an interest for him, particularly the great Northwest. He was made for Church Extension. When letters began to pour in asking us to extend our assistance to the Canadian Northwest, I began to look about for some means to do it, and decided that none could be found unless the Canadians established a Church Extension Society for themselves. I remembered a priest I had known in the old Cathedral at home when I was still an altar-boy. I remembered him as a man of energy and of marvelous influence with the laity. I knew him also to be a good writer, and as having a more than sufficient knowledge of French. At that time he was pastor of Alberton, Prince Edward Island: his name, Alfred E. Burke. He, too, seemed destined for the work. I had to bring these two men together.

I had been telling Father Burke, through correspondence and in personal meetings, a great deal about the Society, and

had been urging him to consider the advisability of taking charge of a Canadian Branch. He gave the same answer always: "Find me an archbishop and a leading layman and I shall make a start." A combination of circumstances brought us to Quebec for the tercentenary of our old University of Laval. Both Father Burke and myself were to be "tapped" by the Faculty and made Doctors of Divinity. When the great affair was over we found ourselves on a boat going up the River Saguenay, still discussing the desired archbishop and prominent layman. An amused listener of the discussion was Monsignor Sinnott, Secretary to Archbishop Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada—now Cardinal Sbarretti. Monsignor Sinnott remarked: "It is not necessary to go off the boat to find your archbishop and your prominent layman. The Archbishop of Toronto is on board, and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Chief Justice of Canada, as well." Dr. Burke was face to face with his opportunity; so he started out to find Archbishop McEvay and Sir Charles. He found them, talked over the situation, and came back to make terms with me. The two men had gotten together at last.

Now, up to this time I had the idea of its American mother keeping the new organization at least lightly tied to "apron strings." But neither the Archbishop nor the Chief Justice could work up any enthusiasm for that condition. They insisted that the Canadian work should be independent. So they went in on the condition that the only bond between the two societies would be the name and, later on, the possession of the same Cardinal Protector. They were willing, however, to adopt our Constitution and our methods. I could see that they were anxious, and rather fearful that there would be some difficulty over that point. There was no difficulty. It was the exact situation that we were ready to welcome, for we really had no authority to go outside our own borders, and were not

looking for more troubles than we had. Personally, I was perfectly satisfied that the Canadian Society could manage its own affairs and do it well; and I knew that our own Chancellor, Archbishop Quigley, would not welcome any additional responsibility. So Canada started for herself, selecting Toronto as headquarters, and inaugurating her Extension Society by the purchase of a weekly Catholic paper, "The Register," now popularly known as "Register-Extension."

The Canadian Society was a success from the beginning. It received large donations, to the joy of the Archbishop, who foresaw its success in the reception that had been accorded it. The subscription list of the old "Register" began to grow, and the work gained in importance every day.

It was not money, however, that made the Canadian Society grow and gave it standing in Canada, but the providential seizing of an opportunity. Two priests were sent to the Northwest to look over the ground and report. One day, while I was in Toronto at the Archbishop's house, the first letters arrived from these two. They contained astonishing revelations concerning the activities of Protestant societies amongst the Ruthenians. For the first time we learned that our separated brethren were subsidizing schismatic priests to establish their kind of churches under the Presbyterian Board, churches in which confessions were heard, statues of saints erected, and Mass celebrated. To the Ruthenian these were Catholic churches of his own Rite, but the apostate at the altar knew that it was all camouflage for a strange religion, of which the Ruthenians had never heard.

I very well remember the discussion that followed. What came of it was the determination to launch a counter-attack on the proselytizers, and to specialize for a time on aiding the Ruthenians. Canadian Catholics, the week following, learned the whole story through the pages of the "Register-Extension,"

and the proselytizers learned it also, to their own chagrin. Once opened, the fight was continued. Help was given to the Ruthenians, and after a time the position of the Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions became so difficult, and explanations so hard to make, that he resigned, mentioning as the chief reason the "Register-Extension" campaign. Later on the Bishops of Canada appropriated a large amount of money to help the Ruthenians get their own churches, and a bishop was appointed over them who made things as right as they could be under the circumstances.

Dr. Burke resigned as President at the outbreak of the Great War, and became an Army Chaplain. He was discharged from the Army later with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His place was taken by Father O'Donnell, who has been even a better money gatherer than his predecessor. Father O'Donnell's receipts are now nearly $200,000 a year. "Register-Extension" is still a prosperous publication. The Society is doing excellent work. The present Chancellor is the successor of Archbishop McEvay—the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D. D. The *personnel* of the first Board of Governors has changed a great deal, but the Board is still a most efficient one. The Society has its own printing plant as well as its own paper. It is a prosperous and growing concern. The bishops of Canada take great interest in it, and at the present time collections are taken up for its work all over English-speaking Canada. Its members look forward to the day when it will represent Canada still better by having a Board of French as well as of English-speaking Directors. But if the Canadian Society is chiefly governed at present by English-speaking Catholics, its gifts are governed by the needs of missionaries of every nationality. In fact, the larger part of its donations have gone to other than English-speaking missionaries, because the Society in Canada, like the Society in the

United States, recognizes the fact that its one right to live is the fact that it is truly Catholic in all things.

Present at the organization of the Canadian Society, as already stated, was the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Archbishop Donatus Sbarretti. His Grace had had varied experiences in his ecclesiastical career. He knew the United States intimately as the first Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington. He was in the United States throughout the Spanish War, and after that event was made Bishop of Havana. Later he was sent as Apostolic Delegate to Canada. His Grace was about as much of a cosmopolitan as one could find; not the sort of cosmopolitan who is never at home anywhere, but the sort that completely enters into the spirit of any people amongst whom he finds himself. Archbishop Sbarretti knew his Canada, and his mind was constantly on the problem of the Northwest, which he realized would some day be a busy and populous part of a great nation. He foresaw that it would be the home of many races, and that many languages would be heard there. The Archbishop encouraged the foundation of the Society in Canada because he believed in preparedness. He has never lost his interest in the work. Now he is a Cardinal, with many things to think of, yet a visit with him in Rome always means a chat over the founding of Church Extension in Canada.

Another interesting personage who assisted at the meeting on the Saguenay River boat was Dr. Sinnott, then Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation, but now Archbishop of Winnipeg. We were old friends on the strength of a famous examination which had taken place in St. Dunstan's while I was still a theological student. I visited the College while the examinations were going on, and was immediately pressed into service as one of the "quizzers" and assigned to the Elementary Latin class. It was not very pleasant for a man who had

been out of his Elementary Latin for a long time to be suddenly thrust into the place of an authority, but I held close to the Grammar and kept my eyes on the page, so that the pupils would not have the fun of examining the examiner. One of the brightest lads in the class was a boy named Alfred Sinnott. With the aid of the Grammar I put him through his paces, but had to acknowledge inwardly that the boy knew his Latin Grammar a great deal better than I did. I never told the boy that, however, until he became Dr. Sinnott; and I confess that it does seem hard for me to realize now that the wise Archbishop, who still keeps the heart of a boy, was the little fellow who came near examining me in Latin somewhere about the Year of Our Lord, eighteen ninety-two.

Another interesting character was Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, a great friend of Dr. Burke, and, as before remarked, Chief Justice of Canada. Sir Charles was a resident of the Province of Quebec, and we had something in common from the fact that he, too, was an alumnus of the great Laval University group of colleges. He had studied in Quebec Seminary, and had made his law course in the University. Sir Charles spoke French as well as English. He was a good Quebecker and an out-and-out Canadian. Sir Charles was the one who had insisted most vigorously on the Canadian Society being independent. He did not dislike Americans, but there is an instinctive feeling in the out-and-out Canadian that Canada is able to take care of herself. The fact that Canada is part of the British Empire only gives the real Canadian an opportunity of explaining how little the British Empire has to do with its business. He actually uses the fact that Canada is part of the Empire to prove conclusively to you that the Empire has nothing to do with Canada. The logical processes seem to limp somewhere, but by the time the Canadian is through his explanation you cannot see the limp, and you come

out of the discussion with a vague idea that somehow Canada is conferring a favor on the Empire by permitting the said Empire to exercise a nominal control over her. In fact you also get a notion that the Empire is being "bunkoed" into lending its entire Army and Navy to Canada, in case of need, for nothing. There is no doubt in the mind of any Canadian but that Canada is destined to be much more important than the Empire. However, it is dangerous to proceed along that line and criticize the Empire. The moment the criticism is offered one discovers that the Canadian is more British than the Londoner. I heard a story of a man who entered a railway car and sat down opposite two American commercial travelers. Glancing at him one traveler said to the other: "I wonder what is the nationality of that fellow across the aisle?" His friend replied: "Why, he is English." But the first commercial traveler disagreed. "He is not English; he is a Canadian. Why did you think him English?" "Because his clothes don't fit him," said the other. "Why did you think him a Canadian?" "That," remarked the first, "is as plain as the nose on your face. The man has been humming 'God Save the King' ever since he got on the train." The evidence was conclusive.

The Canadian Society has been completely independent since its birth, and while it does hum "God Save the King" sometimes, nevertheless it maintains to the American Society the relation of a cordial and affectionate daughter.

Monsignor Burke and Sir Charles are no longer with the Society. Archbishop McEvay has entered into his reward. The old offices and officers are replaced; but the hum of business, and the joy of life, are both in the new ones. Church Extension in Canada is a power there; and here, in the home of the Mother Society, Church Extension in Canada is a constant source of pride and consolation. Already the Northwest

is being dotted with chapels and schools. There is a new high school in the heart of the Ruthenian settlement. The grasp of the proselytizer has been loosened, if not broken. From his place in Heaven, Archbishop McEvay has a right to look down with pride on the beginnings he made.

Chapter the Fifteenth

Which is a Sort of Side Trip.

THE traveler who meets a friend from his home town in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, is sure to make remarks about the smallness of the world. He has just come to realize it. But one does not have to go to Cairo to find that the world is small. In these days of newspapers our earth is getting smaller all the time. Church Extension was not in existence a week before we began to receive letters of appeal. The first one came from as far away as the country immediately north of the Rio Grande; but I am confident that the Society was not in existence six weeks before letters began to arrive from foreign missions, and the foreign missionary writes the most wonderful of appeals. It is impossible to stop him by offering the information that the Society has nothing whatever to do with foreign missions. He comes on bravely just the same, hoping that he may get at least the crumbs that fall from the table. Poor fellow! He does not realize that in the big field of home missions we find it necessary to eat our crumbs.

Then the news of the work began to go around, and other countries became interested. A few years after the foundation of the Canadian Society, England and Australia began to investigate for themselves, with the result that I had invitations to go and organize across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was only a few weeks ago that I had an invitation to go to India and offer, before a large Catholic Congress, information as to the methods and objects of the work. I made up my mind that I would begin on England, as it was the easiest to reach; so I accepted the invitation, offered by the

Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan in the name of the National Catholic Congress about to be held in Norwich, to go over and address that body.

Dr. Vaughan had already adopted one of our ideas; for an American friend had presented his new Catholic Missionary Society with a Motor Chapel. As a matter of fact, however, Dr. Vaughan had a Motor Chapel before we had one. Chapel Cars are not practicable in England, but Motor Chapels are. The Motor Chapel was an adaptation of the Chapel Car idea to England, where all the roads are good, and open-air preaching and lecturing are popular amongst the holiday crowds.

England, in fact, has gone far beyond every other country in this method of Catholic propaganda. Only in New England does the open-air apologist for Catholic doctrine attempt to get a hearing in America. I should not have said "attempt" because it is more than an attempt. In Boston lay lecturers actually get their hearing on Boston Common on Sunday afternoons. But in London, Hyde Park is always full of open-air speakers on Sundays, and it seems as if everybody who thinks he has something to say to the general public finds it easy to reach that great public's ear in Hyde Park. The Catholic Church is never absent when the crowds gather. There is a society in England, the Catholic Evidence Guild, made up of laymen who love their Church enough not only to defend it, but to propagate it. The members are volunteer speakers, none of them paid in money but all rich in zeal. The meetings of the Guild are classes of instruction. Each speaker is prepared along the line that particularly interests him, or that he is particularly fitted to talk about. The Guild is really a sort of theological course for the laity, which turns out professors for the crowd. No one is sent out to speak without equipment. The lecturer must be ready to face the heckling

that is the great amusement of the English audience, and to answer questions thrown at him right on the spot, in fact shouted at him. There are few records of questions not satisfactorily answered. The speakers are not college professors. They are clerks, business men, students, and sometimes members of the learned professions. It is interesting to note in this connection that the agitation for female suffrage has brought the ladies into the forum too. There are several women speakers appearing on the Guild's platforms, for Hyde Park is not the only center of this sort of propaganda. The Guild sets up its platforms in many other populous parts of London, and has spread its wings to reach all England. Not only is the work done on Sundays, but also on week-days, especially at lunch hour and in the evenings. The smaller cities and villages are also being reached by the Guild members, and none complain that they are refused a hearing. Under such circumstances the Motor Chapel was sure of success.

Church Extension in England would have to follow somewhat different lines from those of the United States and Canada. It would have to pay particular attention to the actual work of preaching to our separated brethren, in addition to the work of church building where small communities of Catholics are without a center of sacramental life. But what the English were most anxious about was to learn the methods by which the Church Extension Society secured its donations.

I very carefully prepared my address for the Norwich Congress and started out on the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Britain" from Quebec, in plenty of time for the opening. In fact I had timed my trip so as to arrive in England about five days before the date fixed for the Congress. Father O'Shea, a Chicago priest, accompanied me. We were joined by Dr. Burke, the President of the Canadian Society, and Father Dollard, already referred to as "Slieve-na-Mon," the

poet. Passing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence in a dense fog we struck another ship, the "Helvetia," almost cut her in two (in spite of the fact that she was a large iron steamer), held her up until everyone was saved, and then saw her sink before our eyes. It was a nerve-racking experience, which for the time drove all thought of the Norwich Congress out of my mind.

The twenty minutes of doubt as to what was going to happen to ourselves was quite the most unpleasant twenty minutes I ever had in my life. I vividly remember Father O'Shea coming over to me on the deck while we were waiting to know whether or not our boat would follow the "Helvetia" to the bottom. He was laughing a mirthless laugh as he remarked: "Before I left I was told that if we hit an icebreg I should go down like the priests on the 'Titanic' and not come home. "Maybe," he said, "we shall both have an opportunity of becoming martyrs in that way." Then we both walked over to the rail and looked at the water. I never saw a more uninviting and chilly bit of water in my life. There is no romance in a waterscape when there is imminent danger that it may soon cover you up forever.

Happily our boat was not damaged enough to sink her, but she certainly was too much damaged to take us across the ocean. So we went back to Quebec. A special train was provided to take us to New York, and we sailed on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," now at the bottom of the sea as one of the first victims of the war. We were due to arrive in Bristol the very morning of the last day, but the boat was late, and, though the Congress was kept running until nearly midnight in the hope that we would get there, my carefully prepared speech is still undelivered, and the opportunity was lost of establishing Church Extension in England at that time.

By the way, everybody seems to have read Father Dol-

lard's poems, but probably very few have ever had a glimpse of this man who so splendidly aided the cause of Extension with his pen. He is a practical poet who works as pastor of a parish in Toronto; practical because, like the pastor of every new parish, Father Dollard has to concern himself with the problems of raising money and of juggling with bricks and mortar. But like the true poet, he steals away now and then to the fruitful solitude whence all good poetry comes. He is a delightful companion, interested in everything, especially in Ireland. And why not? Sure, wasn't he born there? He enters into all discussions as if they were quite the most important discussions in the world. But it is dangerous to discuss with him at table. Unconsciously, while he is talking, he plays with the soft part of the bread, rolling it into little bullets of dough which he carefully deposits by the side of his plate while you are advancing your arguments. But when he himself starts to talk his ammunition pile is ready, and with every refutation of your attack he is quite likely to jerk one of the dough bullets at you. When the conversation becomes more animated there will be a regular storm of bread bullets.

There were two Englishmen on the "Kaiser Wilhelm" going over, both of whom quite fell in love with Father Dollard. I remember one day we got into a discussion on the Home Rule question. Both Englishmen were strong Unionists, and opposed to any form of Home Rule. But they seemed to be honest fellows, and willing to listen to reason. If they remember the four-cornered fight we had that day they must look upon at least one member of our party as a prophet: for he advanced a new argument for Home Rule. This was the argument: "Some day England is going to get into a war with Germany, and when she does she will need the United States to supply her with food, clothing and perhaps muni-

tions. When the war is over, if England is victorious she may need the sympathy of the United States to a still greater degree. Now, the one thing that prevents cordial relations between Great Britain and the United States is the Irish question, for Americans are a just people, and democracy is so ground into them that they simply cannot admit the right of one nation to govern another against her will. Irish Home Rule, then, is not really half so important to Ireland as it is to the British Empire."

The two gentlemen looked very thoughtful, and one of them said—prefacing his remarks with that peculiarly intonated English "er"—"You have almost converted me to Home Rule; but I should hate to admit that in London, for they might put me out of my clubs." A few months ago I was back in London, and found that the clubs were full of Home Rulers who go to limits that would have been considered akin to treason a year or two before the war.

One day, coming out on deck, I saw Father Dollard talking to the two Englishmen at the steamer rail. I made up my mind that there was another discussion on, so I wandered toward the scene of action; but before I got there Father Dollard had left. One of the Englishmen remarked, as I came up: "An awfully interesting chap, that friend of yours." The other chimed in: "Yes, and an awfully intelligent chap, too."

"Of course he is," I replied. "You know he is a literary man and a poet." The faces of the two gentlemen indicated that they had not yet quite understood me. So I repeated: "He is a literary man and a poet." But still I was not understood. "I am sorry," said one, "but I didn't quite catch what you said your friend was besides a literary man." So I answered: "A poet." This did not seem to enlighten them a bit. The other said: "I am afraid we do not understand yet; would you kindly repeat that word." This time I spelled

it: "He is a P-o-e-t." Then came the inimitable English "Oh!"—given much as a cross between O and Aw—"Oh! A Po-wet!" After that, poor Father Dollard had a nickname. Instead of calling him "Slieve-na-Mon" we called him "The Po-wet."

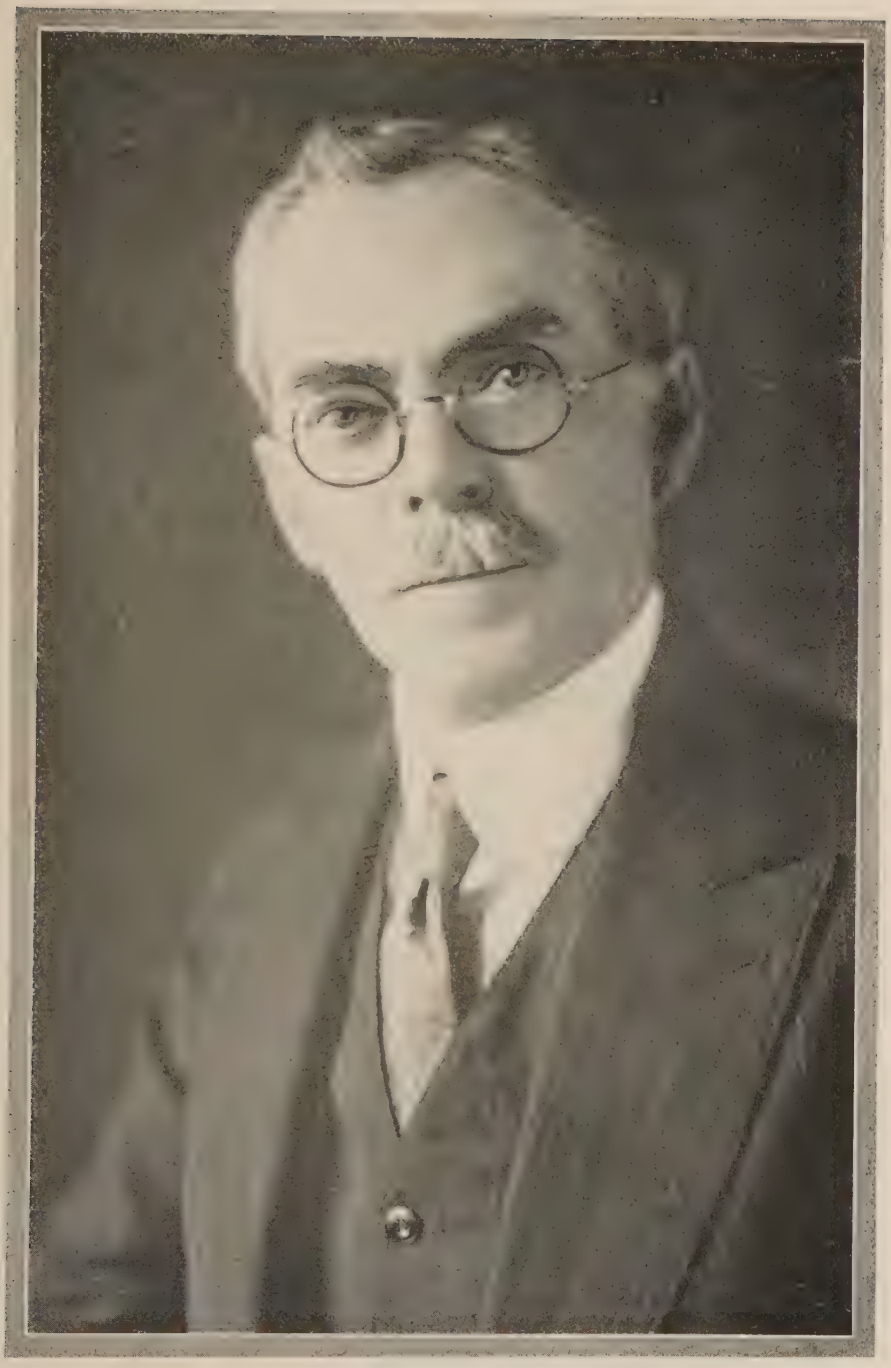
But this is running off the main line. Our visit to England resulted in nothing. The Congress had broken up, and would not meet again for a year. But we could not go back to England for the next session. Only a few months ago, however, while I was in London on the German Mission question, there was a revival of interest in the idea of establishing Church Extension on English soil, and arrangements were made for me to address a meeting of the Bishops of England, who promptly appointed a committee, headed by the Archbishop of Cardiff, to establish either on our present lines or on the plan of the American Board of Catholic Missions, after they have carefully considered the ground. Australia is reading "Extension Magazine," and still awaiting the visit which was promised but never made. Yet the Society could be of far greater utility in Australia than in England, for Australia has the pioneer conditions that give such a fertile soil, not only for seeding but for growth. Some day—perhaps.

The best thing about the Society—and this we owe to our wise and prudent counsellors—is its adaptability. It can step into any breach. It has had no inconvenient tradition fastened on to it by the centuries. It has taken to heart the idea, first broached by Pius X, that it is a new society in a new country, and should, therefore, be prepared to take anything good in hand. In America our particular work was building; in Canada, vocations. In England it will have to be propaganda. In Australia, in all probability it would be schools.

After the temporary set-back in England, caused by our shipwreck, I went over to Germany, because I had heard that

there was a large Catholic Congress to meet in Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). There I met Baron von Stolberg, from Westphalia, the President of St. Bonifatius Verein, which might well be called the Church Extension Society of Germany. This Society was organized by the Baron's father, who was its first President. Its headquarters are in Paderborn, and its work very much akin to our own, namely, the supplying of churches for scattered Catholics.

The St. Bonifatius Society was brought into existence after the formation of the German Empire because of the numbers of people who left Catholic sections such as the Rhine, and settled in Protestant parts such as Prussia, or Saxony, where they found few churches and priests. The St. Bonifatius Society has been working ever since its foundation with very great success. There is scarcely a Catholic church in the "Diaspora" parts of the former Empire that was not either built or assisted through the donations of the Society. Its organization is marvelously compact, and its methods very efficient. I was so impressed by what I heard in Aachen about the St. Bonifatius Verein that, later on, I persuaded two members of our Board, Mr. Edward Hines of Chicago, and Mr. Ambrose Petry of New York—both Sir Knights now, if you please—to go to Germany, visit the Baron in his Westphalia home, and report to our own Board the things they thought would be useful to us. Both of them accepted the charge, went to Germany, studied the work and came back with most valuable information; some of which was adopted and is still in use. The only Honorary Founders of the Church Extension Society are the Baron and Baroness von Stolberg. By electing them our Board took an opportunity of showing gratitude for the splendid co-operation we had received. A constant correspondence has been maintained with the St. Bonifatius Society, interrupted only by the War. It was a great pleasure,



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when fighting had ceased, to send a large donation we had received for that Society, at a time when it was badly needed. Pray God that our cordial relations will never again be interrupted.

By the way, there is also a St. Bonifatius Verein in Austria, and in that direction also a needed donation went. The relief work which Church Extension took up for Austria some months ago brought to mind that in the early days of the Church in America, when it would have been impossible for us to have started a Church Extension Society of our own, Austria had one for the American missions. It was called the Leopoldine Society. Its work centered chiefly around the Central States, particularly Michigan and Ohio. The Leopoldine Society was protected even by the Emperor, and large sums of money were given by the nobility of Austria to help American missions. Unfortunately the records of that Society have been lost. While I was in Vienna last year (1920), arranging for the distribution of relief funds to the clergy and religious, Dr. Guilday, of the Catholic University at Washington, was there also, searching for the records of the Leopoldine Society, as historical documents relating to the Church in the United States. But the records could not be found. All we know is that millions of kronen were raised in Austria for the Church in America by this Society, and that it went out of existence only after a most useful life had been lived.

Chapter the Sixteenth

Which Introduces Mexico and Her Exiles.

IT is rather unusual to see archbishops in green neckties and bishops wearing moustaches, though once the episcopal moustache was quite the thing. Richelieu is pictured with a fine showing on his upper lip, and even the saintly founder of the Fathers of St. Sulpice, M. Olier, conceded a moustache to the style of his day. Albania has even now a moustached clergy, because all male Albanians must thus prove their right to consideration. The full beard is to the residents of the Near Orient what trousers are to us. A man may wear petticoats in the Near East, or kilties in Albania, but he dare not go out in one place without a full beard, or in the other without a respectably sized moustache. This chapter is not, however, a dissertation on whiskers, great or small. I am only leading up to telling of the surprise I got when I met, on American soil, archbishops in green neckties and bishops with moustaches. A story of some interest hangs thereon. Before I tell it, however, I must find time for a few preliminary remarks.

In the very early days, not months, of the Society, I had occasion to talk with the late Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, about a mission band which he had organized for his diocese. "It is not so much a band of missionaries I want," he said, "as a flying column that I can send out anywhere in the diocese, in ones, twos or threes. I want a number of priests who will not only look after the small and really neglected missions, but who will be ready as well for any duty—anywhere." When the Society was planned those behind it had the same idea, in a vague sort of way, regarding its future. So the plans were

drawn up to give us play. We were destined not only for the home missions, but for every useful work in connection therewith. We were to be a sort of missionary flying column. More than once we were taken for an emergency hospital.

This chapter is the story of an adventure into Mexican troubles. Perhaps the next chapter will be the same; for the adventure is, in many respects, the most interesting event in the Society's life. But what has this to do with episcopal moustaches? Be patient. I am approaching them with due caution for I am not going to talk about the whiskers but about the bishops.

There is a zealous religious of the Oblate Order down in San Antonio, Texas, who is known in the Society's offices as "the little man from Texas," and everywhere recognized as a human dynamo. He is a man who never rests, because he has forgotten how. When he sets out to do anything he will do it or die. He was, at the outbreak of the Carranza revolution in Mexico, Provincial of the Southwestern Province of his Order, and he is still its Treasurer. His name is Henry A. Constantineau. Down in Texas they say he has a "pull" with the Extension Society. He has, but "pulls" are only valuable when they are used with caution and with sufficient infrequency. Father Constantineau keeps his by obeying this unwritten law relative to "pulls." Once he exercised his "pull" to the best of good purposes, but it did not happen to be a purpose of his own or of his Order. He came to me with the sad story of the exiled clergy of Mexico.

Catholic America had been reading of the Madero Revolution in Mexico without evincing great interest. When Carranza lifted the red flag we were still indifferent. Then rumors began to cross the Rio Grande of the torturing of priests, the sacking of churches, the profanations of altars, even of more terrible violations of decency and the respect due to

what is sacred. We had reached the uneasy stage when "the little man from Texas" came up from San Antonio with a story that stung the officers of the Society to prompt action. The Carranza revolutionists were out with fire and sword to destroy religion. Already they had left a trail of blood and lust behind them. Already victims who had escaped death had crossed the Rio Grande into Texas, which was doing its best for them. But the Church was and is poor in Texas. Someone had to come to her aid. It was right then that the Society became a flying column. Father Constantineau told his story to Archbishop Quigley, who promptly sent me to the border with orders to go to Vera Cruz or anywhere else I was needed. It was in San Antonio I met archbishops in green neckties and bishops with moustaches. Had I arrived a few days before I should have seen even more remarkable disguises.

In San Antonio I found the Archbishops of Michoacan, Oaxaca, Durango and Linares, the Bishops of Sinaloa, Aguascalientes, Zacatecas, Saltillo, and the Abbot-Bishop of Guadaloupe. Later came the Archbishop of Mexico, and the Bishops of Tulancingo, Campeche and Chiapas. Perhaps a hundred of their priests were scattered over Texas. Many were in San Antonio. Few had saved more than the clothes they wore—and what clothes! My first job was to go to a wholesale clothing house and arrange for something more decent. Then, through the Bishop of San Antonio, who was only too glad to get assistance, arrangements were made for proper hospitality.

The Mexican clergy had come over the border one by one, some expelled by the revolutionists, some forced to leave to save their people from being still further mulcted of their possessions. The Carranzistas had an original plan for stealing. First they did it openly, by looting and by so-called

imposts and taxes. Then they caught an archbishop, bishop or pastor. The more this victim had endeared himself to the people, the more valuable he was to the robbers. Forthwith they "tried" him, and sentenced him to pay a fine which might be only twenty-five thousand pesos, but which more likely might be one hundred thousand. Even fines of five hundred thousand were not unknown. Of course the victim had no such sum of money. That made no difference. He might collect it from the people who already had been robbed.

So, day after day, the poor captive was marched from house to house, guarded by soldiers, to beg money to save his life, so the soldiers assured the people. The penalty for failure to raise the money was death. When the "Generals" decided that there was no more money to be gotten in one town, the prisoner was permitted to go to another. Here he was likely to be again arrested and again sentenced to raise money or die. There was nothing left the bishops and clergy, pressed into service as collectors for anarchy, but to do what they did—exile themselves. They got across the border in all sorts of disguises. The moustache was one of the best and the most popular. It is related that, when a certain archbishop presented himself before another archbishop with whom he had studied in Rome, and with whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship for over thirty years, he was not recognized by his friend. He had adopted the Near Orient idea perforce, for, in his long tramp across the Northern desert, with frequent halts and changes, he grew a hairy disguise in addition to his peon's rags and hat. But there were some who could not leave. Some of these were already in prison. Others were hiding in Mexico City. Almost all the bishops were driven out of their dioceses.

I do not intend attempting to tell again the awful story of the persecution in Mexico. Most of my readers have already

read it in "The Book of Red and Yellow." This story is a more intimate chat about men and events. It avoids the unpleasant as much as truth will permit. It is pleasant to introduce the exiled rulers of the Church in Mexico to the Catholics of America, who did not seem to know them before they came to us in distress. Indeed Mexico might just as well have been across the Pacific, instead of being our neighbor, for all the Catholics of one country seemed to know or care about those of the other. One good thing Carranza and the other human maledictions of Mexico did without knowing, was to introduce the Church in Mexico to the Church in the United States. It may seem strange, but yet it is quite true, that many of the most outrageous stories told by lying Protestant missionaries—I use the adjective advisedly—were actually believed by Catholics in America, even by members of the clergy. The best answer to such charges was the general exemplary conduct of the hundreds of exiles who came into our country. I suppose that at least three hundred clerical and religious exiles were in the United States or Cuba during the Revolution. I am inclined to question if a body of exiles from the United States of America in the same number, and under similar circumstances, would have made a better record than the Mexican exiles did here. Trouble makers were few.

The Mexican bishops with whom I became intimate were splendid men. Three of them almost lived with me, so often did they come to my house and my office. One did actually live in my home for a whole winter, acting as chaplain for the sisters who taught in the parochial school. His name is a long one, The Most Rev. Francisco Orozco y Jiminez, Archbishop of Guadalajara, but in fact he was one of the humblest of men. Everybody, including himself, agreed to shorten the name. We called him Archbishop Orozco, and let it go at that. Perhaps my best memory of Archbishop Orozco is of

his faithfulness in taking care of the spiritual interests of the good Sisters of Providence. These sisters have a hard and fast rule about the hour of their daily Mass, but they could not get up too early for Archbishop Orozco. Every morning I heard him steal downstairs in the dark, to go over to the convent, with the regularity of clock-work. It was not a pleasant task in the bitter winter for a man whose life had been spent in the tropics; but the Archbishop never missed. Everyone liked him, though his best friends were some children who lived across the street. These would come to the rectory at all hours, hunting for their friend. When I heard a noise downstairs I knew it was the "Byrnes kids" after the Archbishop. I never knew how they managed to get on together, for the Archbishop spoke no English then, and certainly the children spoke no Spanish: but they did seem to understand each other. It must be that saints and children have a language of their own.

It was a sad day for me when the Archbishop left. The night before he called me into his room and told me that he was going to attempt to cross the border. He had his only rochet in his hands, a beautiful bit of Mexican lace. "This, my dear friend," he said, "I want you to keep." Knowing that he could not bring anything of the kind with safety into Mexico, I told him it would be held till we could send it after him. "No! No!" he said, "I want you to have it." Though I had three already, and this was his only one, he insisted till he had his way. There was loud and long wailing in the Byrnes household when Archbishop Orozco went away the next morning.

But His Grace came back, and with a history that reads like a romance. He had entered Mexico as a "teacher" and had gotten safely to Aguascalientes. From that city he struck out for the mountains of Jalisco on foot. He reached the

mountains and was in his diocese. For nearly two years he remained at his work, guarded by the loyalty of his faithful flock. Soldiers were sent after him, but they failed to catch him. He was often surrounded by them while he was in a cave or a canyon. He had his little "Corona" typewriter with him, and on that issued his pastorals and gave his directions for the government of a diocese of over a million souls. I have one of his "Acts" written on the "Corona" by his own hand, and also on his last sheet of paper. It was given from out his "favorite" cave and dated "Somewhere in our Archdiocese." The Indians had signals to tell the Archbishop's guardians when the pursuers got near enough for trouble. Then he simply moved to another spot. It was marvelous that he could actually gather his clergy together in different places, and preach retreats to them, but he did. He went about giving Confirmation all the time, keeping a watchful eye on the troops of General Dieguez, who were after him. But he relaxed his vigilance once; and that once was enough. He was captured.

I do not know how the Archbishop managed to get telegrams to me, but he actually sent two over the border. The first read: "My father is very sick and in great danger." I knew what it meant when I read the name signed to the message. The signer was thinking of his spiritual father. So the wires began to sing in the direction of Washington. Dieguez sent his prisoner to Tampico in charge of General Lopez de Lara, who did not fail to load him with insults. When Tampico was reached the wires had done their duty. The American, British, Japanese and other Consuls were waiting. They took turns watching the corridor through which the Dieguez murderers would have to lead their victim to execution. One Yaquis Colonel drew his revolver and threatened to blow out the Archbishop's brains—but he put it back again. There

"IN SAN ANTONIO I FOUND A NUMBER OF THE EXILED MEXICAN ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS, AND MANY MEXICAN PRIESTS."
THE MOUSTACHED MAN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, SITTING, IS THE ABBOT-BISHOP OF GUADALOUPE. THE TWO BEHIND HIM ARE PRESTS JUST ESCAPED FROM THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

"ONE OF THE GREAT PROBLEMS OF THE MEXICAN SITUATION WAS TO MAKE PROVISION FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL STUDENTS, AND WE ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE IT BY THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ST. PHILIP NERI SEMINARY, AT CASTROVILLE, TEXAS."

A GROUP OF MEXICAN PRELATES.

SEATED (CENTER): THE RT. REV. MANUEL AZPEITIA PALOMAR, BISHOP OF TEPIC; (LEFT): THE MOST REV. FRANCISCO OROZCO Y JIMENEZ, ARCHBISHOP OF GUADALAJARA; (RIGHT): THE MOST REV. LEOPOLDO RUIZ, ARCHBISHOP OF MICHOACAN; STANDING (LEFT): THE RT. REV. FRANCISCO URANGA, BISHOP OF SINALOA; (RIGHT): THE RT. REV. FRANCISCO BANEGAS, BISHOP OF QUERETARO.

MEXICAN SEMINARIANS AND PROFESSORS, ST. PHILIP NERI MEXICAN SEMINARY, CASTROVILLE, TEXAS.

THE "CAVALRY OF CHRIST" IN TEXAS

OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE WHO SPEND THEIR DAYS IN THE SADDLE TENDING THE SCATTERED CATHOLICS IN A VAST MISSION FIELD. STANDING ARE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE VERY REV. H. A. CONSTANTINEAU, O. M. I. (PROVINCIAL); BISHOP LEDVINA, FATHER YVES GOURMELON, O. M. I. (MASTER OF NOVICES).

was much anger, *Carramba!* It appears that the Archbishop had, on the way, gotten through a demand for *amparo*—much the same as our *habeas corpus*—which automatically removed him from the jurisdiction of the military courts. The "General" wanted that demand withdrawn. It was annoying to be thus interfered with. The Archbishop refused, and his jailers could not break down his decision. So they proceeded to manufacture evidence. They had a proclamation printed, to which they affixed his name. It was an appeal for a new revolution. They had the requisite number ready to swear to what they wanted, for they were in a fix. Mexico was supposed to be under civil administration with all her laws in force. They had acted illegally. Now came an unlooked-for appeal to the civil courts, and the annoying presence of foreign consuls. A case had to be made out of whole cloth. What's justice between friends? They made it, and the Archbishop had no choice but to withdraw his demand or, perhaps, involve innocent persons who certainly would have to be found as "accomplices" to make the case against him more plausible. He saw all that and withdrew the demand for *amparo*, on the assurance of the military chiefs that he would only be required to leave Mexico. So he came back to us, and was welcomed by none more warmly than the children across the street from the rectory.

I never saw Archbishop Orozco impatient, even under the most trying circumstances. He was gentleness and kindness itself. Why he went back at such a time I did not learn till later; for he certainly knew that he could direct his diocese more easily from Chicago through a good mail service, than from a cave in almost inaccessible mountains. But I found out the reason. Rumors had reached him that some who should have known better, were charging the Mexican bishops with cowardice. Now a Mexican bishop is anything but a

coward. He has in him that which might be called a "holy pride." The Archbishop thought he could be spared to teach a lesson. So he concealed from the other bishops his intention of going back, for fear that those he was certain could not be spared might want to be "teachers" themselves. Perhaps it was foolhardy. Indeed some thought it was, and advised strenuously against it, myself amongst the number, but we were wrong. The Archbishop's sacrifice did its work, and did it thoroughly and well.

One of the great problems of the Mexican situation as it came to us was to make provision for the ecclesiastical students who would be needed as priests. Those of the North, especially, had been scattered when the seminaries were destroyed or closed. We attempted, with fair success, to solve this problem by the establishment of the St. Philip Seminary, at Castroville, Texas. The building was the old Mother House of the Sisters of Divine Providence, which those devoted nuns very willingly turned over for the purpose, their own sisters going to live in a small house near by. We fixed up the property, and secured an order of Mexican sisters to take care of the domestic arrangements. A staff of professors was not hard to find, for there were many amongst the exiles who had been teachers in the seminaries in Mexico. Our first Rector was the Bishop of Tulancingo. Later we had the Bishop of Chiapas, and later still Father Reynoso, Vicar Capitular of Queretero. One hundred priests came from that seminary, eighty of whom were ordained in its chapel. The professors worked without pay, and the Society liquidated all the bills from the fund collected through appeals in our magazine. St. Philip's was in existence for about three years, and closed its doors only when the number of students dropped down to about fifteen. By this time some of the seminaries in Mexico had reopened, and the *raison d'etre* of St. Philip's was gone.

But the memory of that short-lived, but providential, school is green in Mexico. Its alumni are but a hundred, yet its friends are myriad. Every priest graduate looks upon his days in St. Philip's as a special distinction. I never was happier than when I visited St. Philip's. The boys used to have a gala day when I came down. At first I could only guess at what they were saying, for none of them spoke English; but as time went on all that changed. One thing is sure: the United States has an admirer in every graduate of the Mexican Seminary at Castroville. With the problem of finding means to support the financial burden of running the Seminary came again the well-founded confidence instilled into the Society at its beginning. It was a necessary work for God's Church. He would provide, and He did provide. We never were sure from month to month that there would be enough to pay the bills, but the treasury was never empty while the need continued. St. Philip's Seminary flourished and the whole exiled Hierarchy were proud of it.

Chapter the Seventeenth

Which Introduces Other Mexicans and an Ironmaster.

IN these bookish days, one expects to find that the printing press has produced all needed information on every question and from every possible angle. Yet, when the Society took up the Mexican problem, with the necessity of enlightening a multitude of people on the true facts of Mexican history and conditions, we found no book in our language, written from a Catholic standpoint, to which we could go for historical information. Our solitary Catholic informant in English on Mexico was "The Catholic Encyclopedia." To dig down into large Spanish volumes was a difficult task for one who could not then even read that language. True, for a while I had the Reverend Juan Navarrete with me as Spanish Secretary, but even then the burden was a heavy one on both of us, for he had to write out translations of page after page by hand, while I was impatiently waiting.

It was a long time before I had acquired even enough Spanish to read the large Mexican correspondence flooding the office. In the hope of correcting an omission from Catholic literature in English, I asked the exiled bishops to send experts to Chicago to undertake the preparation of a small History of Mexico. In response came three very interesting men: Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, of Michoacan, Archbishop Plancarte y Navarrete, of Linares, and the Very Rev. Dr. Banegas, Vicar-General of Vera Cruz. They were installed at De Paul University, and enjoyed the kind hospitality of the Vincentian Fathers, who would accept nothing in return. "Thank you, but no!" said the President, Dr. McCabe. "We

appreciate your offer to pay; but these good men will bring a benediction on our house; that's enough."

Never in all my life did I so much enjoy the company of men as I enjoyed that of these three and Archbishop Orozco. The Archbishop of Michoacan was a small man with a perpetual smile, an Irish sense of humor and a Gallic sense of wit. He simply could not be disturbed or troubled. He was the one referred to in the last chapter as having tramped over the desert in peon's clothes; and it was his friend, Archbishop Plancarte—God rest his saintly soul!—who failed to recognize him thus attired. In fact, Archbishop Ruiz said that his friend took him for a bandit.

Both men were great students. Plancarte had the mind of an explorer, Ruiz the genius of a statesman. Plancarte was never happy but at his desk, writing down the story of ancient Mexico, or at the Newberry Library digging out the facts from old manuscripts, which found in him their only interpreter since they had been laid on the rich shelves of this wonderful treasury, about which Chicagoans know all too little. Ruiz was happiest making Plancarte happy. The affection between these two men, dating from student days in Rome, was sealed in exile. Archbishop Ruiz soon learned to speak English; but his friend rarely used a word of it. Yet Archbishop Plancarte was called "The Dictionary," because he could translate into English, or out of English, any word presented to him, and do it instantly. Dr. Banegas was the third of this trinity of good nature and solid learning. He is now Bishop of Queretaro, after successfully dodging two other mitres. His historical knowledge of modern Mexico was vast and accurate. He never learned more of our language than he needed for actual use, which, he said, was one sentence: "I-do-not-speak-English." And, by the way, Dr. Navarrete, the one who acted as my Spanish Secretary, also became a

bishop. He was consecrated for the Diocese of Sonora, but managed to come back to see his old "boss," and Father Shannon who had given him a home during the sad days of his exile.

The humility of the little circle at De Paul University was even more striking than its learning. Dr. Banegas, as before mentioned, was bent on avoiding dignities. The archbishops were bent on avoiding a display of dignity. They lived as simple fathers of the community, were rarely seen in purple, scarcely ever carrying the pectoral cross, and even avoiding the usual "red necktie" on the streets. Their courtesy was unfailing. A birthday, a name's day, or New Year's, always brought them to my house or my office for a call. If they were in trouble they came apologizing for bringing it to me. "You see, Monsignor," explained Archbishop Ruiz, "you are our handkerchief."

"But what," I asked, "do you mean by that?"

"People use a handkerchief to cry into," he answered. "When we have tears to shed we know where to come with them."

The Mexican bishops in exile were, in spite of the little joke, no cry-babies. They took their misfortunes as the Will of God cheerfully accepted, and bore them patiently. To me they were a constant source of edification and consolation. I often wondered at their patience, but wondered more at my own lack of it. I often found myself lecturing myself, with the patience of my Mexican friends as a text.

How they loved Mexico! In spite of their exile they always had their country in mind and her interests at heart. At first I used to hope that the United States would intervene and take over the unhappy country to save her from herself. Once I expressed the wish to the archbishops—but only once. Promptly they told me that other countries as well as theirs

had their dark days: that evil leaders do not indicate an evil people. They took pains to try to correct my erroneous views; but, I must say, all the time I was but half-converted. They did not rest, however, till I admitted full conversion. Then they adopted me as one of themselves; so I am now an Honorary Canon of three of their Cathedrals. But I think that nine-tenths of the pleasure in the appointments went to the givers of the honors. Since then I have been in Mexico to see my friends, and sit at least once in Cathedral stalls. I had the feeling of going—home. Never in all my life was I so royally entertained. I am half a Mexican now and proud of it.

But I must not forget the priests. Those I saw were fine types of men. I had heard of other kinds, but I met only two that I do not care to meet again. The most vivid picture I have of the exiled priests recalls a scene in a cheap Mexican restaurant in San Antonio. I was in the city on business with Bishop Shaw, about the Seminary. Few knew I was there. Every time I visit San Antonio I have "a hankerin'" for a real meal of genuine "hot stuff" such as the average Mexican likes. The "Little Man from Texas" was with me when I suggested hunting up a place where we could get chile, enchilladas and frijoles. I think he picked out the cheapest place in town; but it was clean. In we went, and ordered what he called "a torchlight procession of food." While we were waiting, priests began to enter in groups of twos and threes, till they filled half the tables.

"Who are they?" I asked of my companion.

"Your *proteges*," said he, "the exiles from Mexico. They come here every day as the cheapest place to eat. They all live nearby. I hope they don't find out that you are from Extension."

But they did. There was much whispering amongst them before one arose and came to our table. He politely asked a

question of Father Constantineau, who nodded a "yes." Then they all rose up and came forward. With the greatest dignity they expressed their pleasure at the meeting, and thanked me for what the Society had done to help them. I am afraid they added to my embarrassment by insisting on kissing my hand in true Spanish style. "You must have felt much exalted," said a friend to whom I told the story. But I did not, though, alas, I have an unhappy tendency to get that way. I felt humbled in the presence of men whom God loved enough to afflict so sorely.

There seems to be some malign influence in the American that keeps our rulers ever anxious to meddle with Mexico, and that, consequently, keeps the Mexican ever suspicious of the "Colossus of the North." I think that Edith O'Shaughnessy, writing of Huerta and his sad end, might well have been thinking of Huerta's country: "But in the pitiless Northern light flung about his person and his acts, separating him from the determining virtues and failings of his race, as the spotlight does the single figure, only his defects were visible. Yet he possessed some intrinsic qualities, making him, perhaps, worthy of his disasters." Change a few words and you have the Mexico I know from the story of her sorrows.

The work for the Mexican exiles often brought unwelcome things to my door: chief amongst them every plotter who once wore a peaked hat. Some of these men were very good, some very bad, but all very, very interesting. Every one of them could talk patriotism by the yard. All represented the "good people." All needed money. I could have freed Mexico at any time for sums which varied from one thousand to two hundred million dollars. It depended on what idea the zealous and patriotic revolutionist had formed about the wealth I "controlled." Not a single visitor of this class believed me when I said that I controlled no money to be spent on revolution in

Mexico or anywhere else. They all had exaggerated ideas of the riches of the Church; and very definite ideas about the possibility of gaining power if that Church would only back them. They used to amuse me, who by this time had quite an accurate knowledge of the "riches" of the Church in Mexico, and who knew, therefore, that my visitors' plans were nothing but dreams. Still, the persistence of these well-meaning gentlemen with their hallucinations gave me an insight into the reasons why the Church is always the sufferer in Latin-American revolutions. It is not what she has, but what folks think she has that counts.

One day in New York, because of a visit from one of these interesting stirrers-up-of-strife who came to grief, and, if I mistake not, also to jail later on, I had a talk with the late Andrew Carnegie. I am reminded of the incident by a review of his Autobiography which I have just read, in which there is a reference to the great Ironmaster's religion, or lack of it. Mr. Carnegie mentions that his father used "to enter the closet every morning to pray," and adds: "That impressed me." I am afraid the impression was not a lasting one, at least not consciously lasting. Judge for yourself, for I shall tell you the story:

A Mexican visitor had unfolded to me a plan for a beautiful new revolution with most attractive furnishings; price, one million dollars, and only one hundred thousand down. Generals, colonels, a one-boat navy, and ever so many nice things, were to go in with the furnishings. I liked to hear these wonderful fellows ramble on. They had all drunk at the bubbling fount and source of patriotic eloquence. Their gestures were worth studying, and the flash of their eyes was enough to make an amateur orator like myself turn green with envy. I had heard the same kind of story before, and was only listen-

ing again because I liked to hear the latest variations. But on this day Mr. Carnegie's name was mentioned.

"Is Mr. Carnegie interested in this?" I asked.

My visitor nodded wisely.

"But Mr. Carnegie is a champion of universal peace," I objected. "It is quite impossible that he could have been pulled into such warlike operations as yours."

My visitor took on a look of shrewdness ill suiting his forensic face; in fact changing the glow of patriotic eloquence to a leer. "Mr. Carnegie does not know everything," he said. "He wants to make peace. We will make it for him—through war."

"But," I urged, "Mr. Carnegie will never let you use his money to buy arms and ammunition."

"If we buy book-cases and fill them with guns," he observed softly, "it would really make no difference to Mr. Carnegie, and he would get his peace."

When my visitor left I was worried. It was one thing to listen to eloquence that hurt nobody, but quite another thing to have a man who had tried to be a benefactor of the world led into a trap that would bring sorrow to his old age, leaving no one benefited. I did not know Mr. Carnegie. My card, sent to him, would probably be returned with the message that he was "busy." I was busy myself, and had already enjoyed my hour of relaxation listening to my friend of the flashing eyes. I had no plans that called for a visit to Mr. Carnegie. But the more I thought of it the more I wanted to warn the old gentleman that the dogs of war in Mexico are sometimes small enough to deck themselves in the feathers of slaughtered peace doves. I sent the Ironmaster a note; a rather cryptic note it was, one calculated to arouse his curiosity. I told him I could visit him between certain hours that afternoon and not later, as I was leaving the city. He answered by asking me to call at once.

I spent a delightful afternoon with Andrew Carnegie. He met me with an air of politely concealed hostility, pointedly told me how busy he was, and insisted that he had but ten minutes to spare. I immediately countered by telling him that five minutes would be quite sufficient, and that, in a pinch, I might cut three minutes off that. The hostility vanished and a cordial invitation came to "sit down, Sir." In a few words I told him what I thought he should know, confining myself to generalities as much as possible. He said nothing except to thank me rather warmly. I arose to go, but was gently pulled back to a seat on the sofa. For almost two hours we chatted about many things, before the conversation returned to Mexico. "I am deeply interested in peace," he said, "especially on this continent. Have you any idea how it could be brought about with credit to these United States—by other means than intervention, of course?"

Now I had ideas about that, and even plans, but I hesitated about unfolding them, frankly telling Mr. Carnegie that they were along religious lines.

"Never mind that," he said. "Just tell me what you would do if you could."

So, thus encouraged, I unfolded a pet plan which always seemed to me altogether too glorious a dream ever to come true. What it was, and still is, makes little difference to the story. Some day it may get a hearing from sympathetic ears. Mr. Carnegie listened attentively until I had finished. "That is a splendid idea," he said thoughtfully. "I like most of it." He seemed to be pondering for a few moments before he spoke again. Then he said: "What do you suppose such a scheme would cost?"

Now I had all that figured out for some time, so I promptly answered: "At least one million and a half: to

do it grandly, two millions. The foundation would absorb the half-million, and the rest would go for endowment."

"If," he said, "you will squeeze the sectarianism out of that scheme, I shall probably adopt it."

"Mr. Carnegie," I answered, "if I squeeze what you call 'the sectarianism' out of it, there would be no juice left, and you would throw the rind away."

He saw the point quickly. "It cuts into my principles too much," he said, as I arose to go.

Mr. Carnegie followed me to the hall. There were some steps leading down to the entrance door, where a footman was waiting. I took one step down, when I felt his hand on my arm. "I am glad you came," he said. "This is the first time I have had such an intimate talk with a Catholic priest. But I think you are *different.*" It was a doubtful compliment. Was I better or worse? Was he criticizing me or my brethren? I prefer to think that he intended conveying an undeserved compliment to me; but I could see no compliment in it, so I had to set him right.

"Not different, please," I said, "except as to jobs. Most priests are pastors, which gives them the ideal life. I am on the business side of religion; so I get closer to a business man like yourself. As a matter of fact priests are very much alike. We are cast in the same mold by our training."

"It may be as you say. I do not know enough about Catholic priests to judge. I am not a churchman. Some people think I have no religion; but I believe in an Eternal Father—and listen" (Mr. Carnegie then became a bit solemn) —"I never pray."

"Never pray, and yet you believe?"

"No, I never pray." There was a twinkle in the old man's eyes now, and his solemnity was vanishing. "You see, I have a lot of folks depending on me. I call them my pen-

sioners—mostly old women, widows. They sometimes see me or write to me, and they always say: 'We are grateful to you, Mr. Carnegie. We shall pray for you.' I always answer: 'Don't. I have thirteen things from God more than I deserve. Don't remind Him of me.'"

But I was serious. "And you say you never pray?"

"Never."

"Yet you have acknowledged your dependence upon God for thirteen blessings. It strikes me that that is at least the foundation of a good prayer. In fact it is a prayer."

The old man half closed his eyes as he looked at me, getting the full force of the friendly blow. Then he laughed again as he shook hands. "Good-bye, good-bye," he said cordially. "Come and see me again. So, I have been praying all these years without knowing it. Well, I never thought of it that way before."

Only once again did I see the Ironmaster. He was walking around the New York reservoir near his home, leaning heavily on an attendant. I had heard that he was sick, too sick to see anybody, so I never troubled him.

Such business men are worth reaching, but are seemingly out of reach. Organized religion has no appeal to them. They remind me of a business partner of my father, a very excellent and good-living man from Rhode Island, the son of a Methodist minister, who summed up his religious convictions thus: "Religion is a good thing. The country would go to the dogs without it. But I don't want any of it."

Yet he believed in God. To him, organized religion was a sublimated policeman. Now to get into that way of thinking, or rather of not thinking, such a man has to set aside every principle he must, and does, recognize as necessary for the State, for business and social relations. Order and authority are the *sine qua non* of all these. Without

order and authority he knows that anarchy would result. What he does not see is the fact that religious anarchy follows his own lack of religious principles, as another kind of anarchy would follow unorganized government. He admits that there is a God, but he does not feel the force of that admission. He dismisses all consideration of that God's attributes, ignores the fact that, granting His existence, he grants His Essential Truth, and therefore His intolerance of error. He stops at the corner-stone and does no more building, yet he believes that he has the essentials of religion. He is surprised that some people are so "ignorant" as to follow up and build. To him ignorance is wisdom, for, though ignorant, he thinks himself wise. Having made a success in business he wants nothing more. Such men, and their name is legion in America, hold onto a life-belt the belief in God, and grasp at every bit of seemingly precious flotsam and jetsam on the tossing ocean of life. They do not see, apparently, that they are only weighed down with the stuff. That is why so many sink. Sometimes such men throw away much of the heavy burden. That helps. Let us hope that it helps very materially.

Am I talking also about Catholics? I am. We have our own "tired business men" of the same kind, if not to the same degree. They often sink to the depths. They have not learned the lesson of the value of "Safety First." Their mental condition is a condition of arrested spiritual development. They, too, are illogical. They have little sense of responsibility to God, and therefore are far from having enough sense of responsibility to man. Such people, within and without the fold of the Church, are the chief cause of the present world unrest, though they do not know it; for they do not realize that religious anarchy breeds the other type.

The remedy for it all is to do their fishing from the Ship of

the Church. The Ship is made to carry what man alone, even with a life-belt, cannot carry. The job of the Church is to convince human beings, who think that they do not need convincing, of their responsibility; to put the pride of humility into human hearts instead of the pride of personal achievement; to cause men to understand the value of sacrifice and the happiness that true Charity brings.

In the meantime, though the great Ironmaster did say to his "pensionaires" that they must not remind God of him, yet the little chat he had with one Catholic priest has given him prayers since. That one insignificant remark may have been the cause of the fourteenth, and greatest, blessing, a petition for the Eternal repose of his kindly soul. I wonder if his libraries and the Peace Palace ever got that much for him? But I suspect that the widows did.

Chapter the Eighteenth

Which Concerns Itself About the Heart of Extension's Work.

THERE is a man on our Board of Governors who has been laying up merit for himself ever since the day, and before the day, that the Society came into existence. We call him the Father of the Memorial Chapel idea. He signs his name Anthony A. Hirst. He is a Philadelphia lawyer, which—if the old saying be true—makes him a man of insight; one who can either untangle a skein of troubles, or see how to prevent troubles getting into a skein. Mr. Hirst has been responsible for building so many churches, chapels and even schools, that none of the officials of the Society is ready to even guess at the extent of his influence. I am confident that either through his own donations, or the donations that he secured directly or indirectly from others, Mr. Hirst has about a hundred churches, chapels and schools to his credit in the Book of Life. This is quite a record, and a most enviable record for any man. Mr. Hirst, while very modest about it, nevertheless must have felt a glow of pride now and then. The only act of his life of which he is prouder was the part he took in the founding of the Society: for Mr. Hirst was one of the "Original Nineteen."

How this brave and serious Philadelphian became the Father of the Memorial Chapel idea is a simple story—like all stories that are appealing. He had lost his eldest son by death—a splendid and promising boy bearing his father's name, Anthony, and always referred to in the family as "Junior." "Junior" was a fine type, a splendid Catholic American boy, full of love for athletics, a good student, hon-

estly and quietly pious, undemonstratively affectionate in his home; in fact a real boy. Mr. and Mrs. Hirst had the fine Catholic natures that held them up under the burden of such an affliction as the loss of a son like "Junior"; for his death meant to them a nearer approach to God, Who had taken the boy to Himself.

I often wonder why such afflictions do not have the same effect upon all of us. The calling of a loved one into the Master's house ought, it seems to me, mean that those left behind should approach as near as the barrier of human life admits to the place where that soul abides. Somehow we do not seem to understand that, and so we sorrow a great deal without finding consolation.

Mr. and Mrs. Hirst understood that a son in Heaven meant that Heaven was nearer to them than ever before. So they set about trying to prove it to God, their neighbors and their own hearts. When Mr. Hirst was about deciding on the erection of a monument to his son, his eye chanced to fall on an article that appeared in the now defunct *Donahoe's Magazine*, signed "J. T. Roche." The author of the article was a priest in the West, a man who had knowledge of Western conditions, who had seen Catholics fall away from their religion for the lack of churches and priests, and who thought he could see the remedy for at least some of the defections. He was a good writer and could put his views out in an acceptable way. The burden of his talk in *Donahoe's* was in effect a mildly administered rebuke to Catholics who wasted thousands of dollars on monuments over the graves of their loved ones, and neglected the almost unlimited opportunities of making better monuments, useful to God and souls. He pointed out that there were hundreds of places right in our own country where scattered Catholics were without churches because they could not afford to build them. He

drew attention to the fact that such communities, if encouraged by a substantial gift, would be only too glad to add from their own slender resources enough to build a church, and thus save the Faith to their children. If I remember rightly he even mentioned that in most of those places a small sum like a thousand dollars would ensure the building of a Catholic church, thereby laying the foundation of a future parish; and that thus founding a parish would be the best and most practical sort of memorial for any good Christian soul. I do not remember how the priest put these thoughts before the readers of *Donahoe's*. For most of them it made little difference; but for one it made all the difference in the world. The one was Anthony A. Hirst.

Mr. Hirst promptly wrote a letter to the writer of the article, and challenged him to make good his statement; in other words to find a place where the expenditure of a thousand dollars would mean such a memorial for his dead boy. The place was found. It was Bruno, Nebraska, where there was a settlement of Bohemian Catholics without a church and without prospects of one. Mr. Hirst promptly accepted the opportunity and sent his check. St. Anthony's Church was built, and "Junior" had his Memorial.

That church was the resurrection of the Faith in Bruno. It was followed by a priest to minister at its altar. Then God sent a trial to test, as it were, the spirit of its people. The church was destroyed by a cyclone; not, however, before the people had come to realize the blessing of it. By this time their number had increased, and better days had come for the pioneers. They promptly built a fine new church and school, and a home for their pastor. To-day Bruno is one of the most flourishing Catholic parishes in Nebraska. The sacrifices, prayers and good deeds that came from that center

of Catholic devotion have multiplied over and over again, and in every one of them "Junior" has a new Memorial.

When we were about to organize the Society the first man thought of as a Founder and Member of its Board was Anthony A. Hirst. His joy was great when the invitation reached him, and he came to Chicago to help lay the corner-stone of an edifice which, his experience taught, would prove to be an unqualified blessing. I well remember that during the first meeting he sat beside the Western friend through whose writings he had built the Memorial to his boy, and how closely he followed everything that was being done. He was a man of few words; but like most men of few words, a man of many deeds. Then and there he must have vowed his devotion to the Memorial Chapel idea. He was not satisfied with the success of Bruno. Donations for chapels came from him with amazing regularity. His law practice was mostly in probate work, which gave him the opportunity of suggesting to others the building of chapels; so that to-day if we could count the number of them I am sure that my estimate of a hundred traceable to Anthony A. Hirst would not be too large.

It would, however, be a mistake to say that either Mr. Hirst, or the writer in *Donahoe's*, was the first to think of this plan. It is, in fact, as old as the Church herself. It was not even new to America. What was new to us was that part of the idea that substituted for great and beautiful churches the plan of a simple chapel which would, of necessity, soon give place to a more permanent and beautiful center of Catholic faith and devotion. Our Memorial Chapel idea seems to take all the worldly personal pride out of a gift of this kind, because of the very temporary nature of the building erected. Many of Mr. Hirst's chapels have probably shared the fate of his church at Bruno, and are gone. But the very passing

of them is a great proof of their value; for they have given way only to something more permanent.

When we organized the Church Extension Society we realized that for many years the building of churches and chapels must be our principal work. Conditions, especially in the West, called for it, since the pioneers were still with us, and thousands of places were without churches and therefore without priests. We knew that no bishop would ask for a church unless he saw his way clear to taking good care of it. We realized that, later on, we should be obliged to think more of priests than of churches. Yes, and even more of schools than of priests. But in the beginning we knew that a little church would save the Faith, for the priest and the school would be sure to follow. So we put our hearts into the church building program, and in the very heart of that we placed the Memorial Chapel idea. We dragged our poor Philadelphia friend, much to his distress, into many an appeal. We told about Bruno, without mentioning Bruno, to hundreds of thousands of people. Bruno made the Memorial Chapel idea a reality, and the churches followed, till now, as our readers have already learned, there are two thousand and more of them that would not have been built but for the existence of the Society.

Perhaps the most effective appeal we ever made for chapels was one that appeared during the first year of the existence of the Magazine. To give it due honor and place, as well as again to preach the cause, I reproduce it here:

"A Catholic Who Changed His Mind"

"An American Catholic, about to erect a marble shaft in memory of his dead child, changed his mind on learning of the *Opportunities* to save the Faith to some one of the thousands of churchless communities in the West and South. He

gave the cost of the shaft for a *Memorial Chapel.* It was built in a town where a colony of pioneer Catholics were without a church, and their children attending the Methodist Sunday school. To-day that town has a Church, School and Resident Pastor. The giver of the chapel is, under God, chiefly responsible for the salvation of these children and the saving of all to the Faith. *If one soul saved gives joy to the angels, how they will welcome this man and his hundreds!*

"*You can do likewise.* It does not cost even what he gave. We have built over fifteen hundred chapels since then—about seventy-five of them for the same person—so we know. One Catholic lady gave enough to build *twenty-five*, herself. You can do much if you wish. Let us tell you how. The late Pope Pius X called this an exquisite charity, and counseled you to help. Could your departed dear ones ask for a better memorial than a Chapel, working for them now that they cannot work for themselves? Write to us for information."

So many chapels resulted from this appeal and from the others which followed it, that we really began to measure our success by the number of donations for chapels and churches that came in week after week. At first we used to hope for one a week, and we soon had it. Almost imperceptibly the number kept growing, until we had four a week as a good average, and sometimes chapels came so fast that for months we had one every day. But I have told that already. The chapels never come so fast as to make us forget that Anthony A. Hirst was the best advocate they had, and that experience had been his teacher.

Some years ago, while I was making a long trip from the Pacific Coast, I got up in the morning dispirited and tired with the journey before it was half finished. The day was hot and the car uncomfortable; I was alone and had still

forty-eight hours of travel ahead of me. The train pulled past a little station. There was a small church with a cross on it that I had noticed from the car window. Without curiosity or interest I read the name of the station: Julesberg. I remembered that I was in Colorado, and looked again for the little church, but we had passed it. Yet it cheered me up. I was happy all day over it. It was only a small bit of a church, but it was an Extension church, one of the Memorial Chapels. I then got so that I would look carefully at every station to see if I could catch a glimpse of an Extension church. The habit is confirmed in me now. Out in Montana there are seven of them, almost in a group, in seven little communities. Down in Texas you cannot travel far without finding one. Oregon is blessed with over a hundred of them. They are more widely scattered in the South, but they are there. You will find them in the Middle West, and even have they crept timidly into parts of the more prosperous East.

But the Memorial Chapel idea did not remain the monopoly of Church Extension Society. The foreign mission societies adopted it, and now it has a definite part in the work of every Catholic missionary society operating in the United States. There are Memorial Chapels, for which American Catholics have been responsible, in Africa, China, Japan and the Islands of the Pacific, every one of them a center of Faith and devotion. If the Society had done nothing in its whole life except to make this old idea modern, it would long ago have justified its existence.

To understand the conditions that made chapel building the first necessity for a home mission society, we must realize that in the greater number of places the difficulty was to make a beginning. The pioneers of the great West especially, and later on of all sparsely settled sections, were the men and

women of vision and of courage. They set out to make new homes, and in doing that they made the country. Often they had only money enough to reach their land and to pay the small price per acre charged for it. They then had to borrow to buy machinery to work it, and to build their little homes and barns. They began with the discouragement of debts and mortgages. The Catholics amongst them were few and scattered. They were willing to make additional sacrifices for a church, but their poverty, and the fewness of them, made it seem hopeless that they could ever have one. Under such circumstances the children grew up, their eyes never blessed by the sight of an altar. Mixed marriages inevitably followed. The old folks died, and the young became careless. The third, and sometimes even the second, generation was inevitably lost to the Faith.

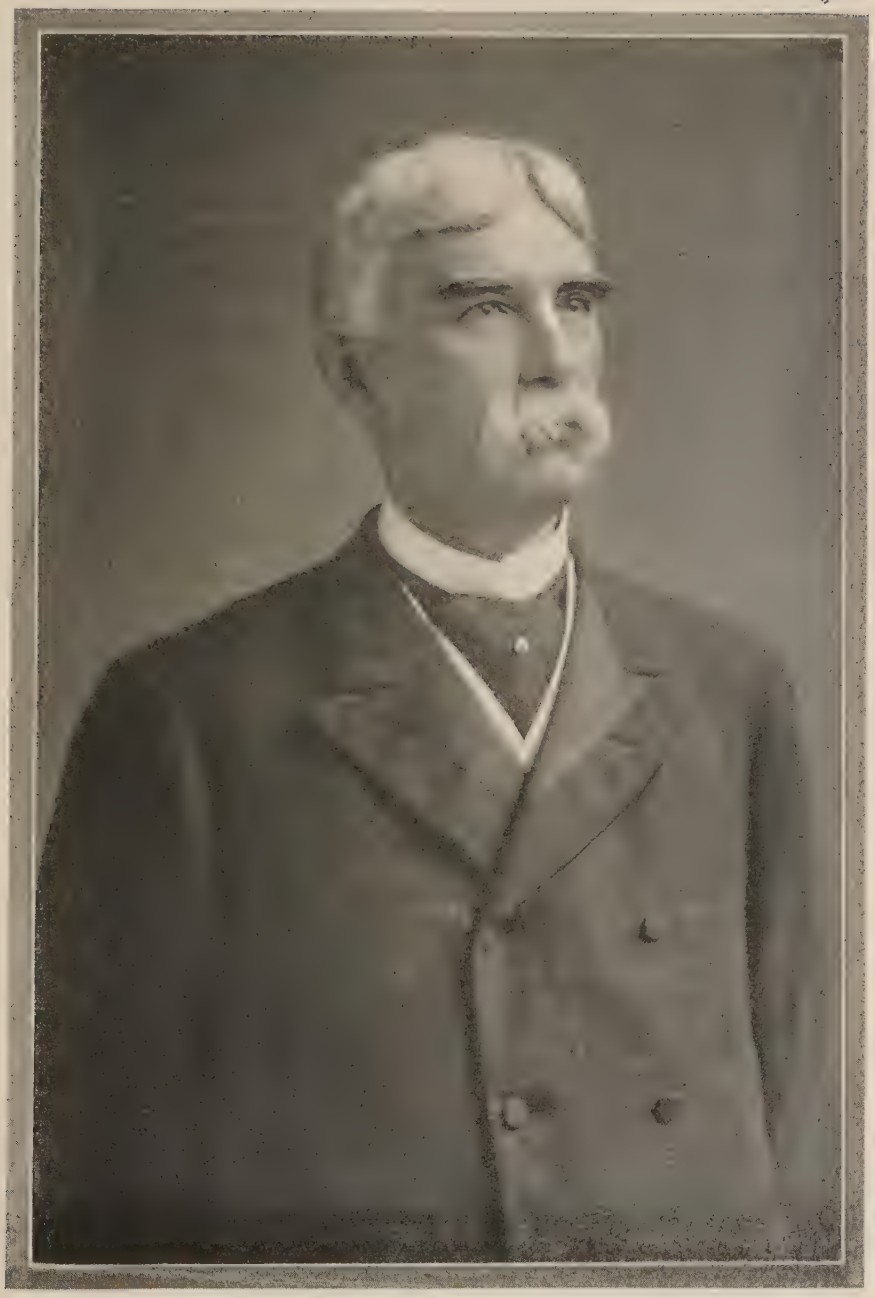
After a long study of the situation, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that there was a great leakage from the Church, a leakage that could be stopped. It is perfectly true to say that there is a leakage in the cities, but it is not true to say that the city leakage is because of the lack of priests or churches. It does not come from neglect, but from that enemy who lives beside every man in every community—sin. In the rural districts and the small towns people live a life less subject to temptation. The church to them is a real center, and their lives turn around it. Before its open door they meet friends and neighbors. The pastor is the intimate father of his flock, which is never large enough to prevent every member of it from knowing him, or him from knowing every member of it. The life of the rural pastor is a lonesome one, and yet I often wonder if it is not the happiest of lives. The devotion of a rural congregation to a good pastor has more of real, honest love in it than any other devotion except the devotion of the One that pastor represents. Without a church,

country people become more and more wrapped up in themselves, and more and more imitate the selfishness of the cities, where one does not know one's neighbor in the same apartment building. Catholics so situated cannot but lose their fervor.

I remember well the impression made upon me when I read an article in a Methodist paper speaking of the "Six great lights that had gone out of Methodism." They were six Methodist bishops who had died within a short time of one another. And I was impressed, sadly impressed, by the fact that the names of three spoke most bitterly and eloquently of our neglect: FitzGerald, Joyce and McCabe. It was then that I remembered a teacher I had during a vacation that I spent in Boston. A kind friend had given me a course of elocution under a professor in the Boston Conservatory of Music, Samuel A. Kelley. Professor Kelley at that time (I fear he must be dead now) had been the instructor of a goodly number of priests. He had come to know us well and, like the average Yankee who knew us, had come to like our company. But he was a typical New Englander. There was not a thing about his appearance that looked like anything else. I wondered how he had escaped us, a man of his name in Boston, till I found that he was a Baptist, the son of a Baptist minister from Maine.

"But I am sure, Professor," I said to him when he told me this, "I am sure that a man named Kelley must have Catholic blood in his veins."

"Without a doubt I have," he answered. "There is an old tradition in our family about a Catholic ancestor. You see," he went on, "there were few Catholics where I lived. My first acquaintance with your people was here. In the early days you had no churches in the little places. I am



"ANTHONY A. HIRST—WE CALL HIM THE FATHER OF THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL IDEA."

CHURCH AT COULEE COUCHE, LA., DESTROYED BY CYCLONE.

A FIRE GUTTED THE CHURCH AT VERNDALE, MINNESOTA.

THE CHURCH AT STRANDQUIST, MINN., AFTER THE STORM.

A Cyclone, a Fire, and the Hopes and Labors of an Impoverished Congregation Lie in Ruins. The Extension Society Is Then the Only Agency to Which These Poor People Can Look For Assistance in Their Terrible Plight.

afraid you must have neglected my Catholic ancestor, whoever he was."

Some years later I was preparing a speech for a St. Patrick's day banquet, and was looking up notable Irish names in the history of the Revolution. For the first time I learned about the "Lexington of the Seas" and the fact that it was one Jeremiah O'Brien with his six sturdy sons who, armed with old muskets and pitchforks, had captured a British sloop of war in the harbor of Machias in Professor Kelley's State. Later on I heard about the launching of a torpedo-boat named after Jeremiah O'Brien. One of his descendants, a non-Catholic, launched it; and I think it was that great old truth-teller Martin I. J. Griffin—God rest him!—who told me that every one of the six sons was a Congregationalist. That was not the only American torpedo-boat with a Catholic name; but I don't remember that any of the boats had a Catholic descendant of the original bearer of its name for the baptizing, not even the "Barry."

We have many times wondered how it happened that these old Catholic families slipped away from us, and why so many Catholic names give a sort of family sound to the reading of lists of Methodist or Baptist ministerial appointments. We have looked with mild wonder at announcement boards of Protestant churches when we noticed that their pastors were O'Briens and Kelleys and Slatterys, yes, God save the mark! and even Murphys. Almost every case of this kind that I investigated brought me back to a rural community without a church, and amongst pioneers who had no Church Extension Society and no Anthony A. Hirsts to take an interest in them.

Since this chapter was written Anthony A. Hirst has passed to his reward; and I thought to change the wording a little on that account. When I came to do it, however, I only changed my mind. Let the chapter stand, written as

if he still lived. For Anthony A. Hirst does live. He lives in his good deeds. He lives in our two thousand chapels here in America, yes, and even in those that grew from his inspiration in foreign lands. There is still a Hirst on the Society's Board, his son Arthur, whose hope is that he may be worthy to follow in his father's footsteps.

Chapter the Nineteenth

Which Tells of Interesting Incidents Along the Trail

WHEN people are driving a trail through the woods with nothing but an axe and good-will to help, there is always danger that they will go round in a circle and come back to the place whence they started. Unconsciously they lose the sense of direction, so that it is necessary ever to keep an eye on the sun or the stars, and when obstacles are met, not to turn aside but keep straight on and cross or destroy them. The trail that we were driving during the early years of Church Extension seemed to offer more than its share of obstacles, and to call for hard and toilsome attention even to very small things. When you add to our lack of experience the fact that there were almost no traditions here to follow, you realize how difficult it would have been for us to accomplish anything without facing logs across the path, streams to be forded, and underbrush to be removed. The first great problem was, as stated in an earlier chapter, to reach the people, and to reach them in spite of the fact that there were barriers in the way. To do that we established Extension Magazine, and held it up for years until it was able to take care of itself.

People have been kind enough to say that the story of Extension Magazine is a good business story; for its establishment and continuance is a marvel. If they knew what it cost in heart-breaks and heart-burnings, in anxieties day and night, perhaps they would call it almost a super-marvel. To build up a business that has now a turnover of almost a million dollars a year, and that business one of the most pre-

carious of all businesses, could scarcely be called a side-issue or an amusement. But somehow God always sent the right men to us at the right time. When our greatest publishing problem presented itself He sent along a man variously called "Harvey," "Fred" or "Fritz." As a matter of fact his Christian names are Francis William, but no one ever calls him Frank. He has the usual American mixture of blood in his veins, and he comes from old Chicago stock. Mr. Harvey is a convert, and he follows the ways of converts by trying to make up, since his conversion, in the zeal that he did not possess before he discovered the Church. When we needed a General Manager for Extension, Mr. Harvey was selected out of a number of applicants, not particularly because he had fine testimonials, and not even because of his publishing and advertising experience with *Popular Electricity* and *The Boston American*, but chiefly, I am afraid, because he seemed to want the job so badly. He was so interested and so anxious to get a chance, so willing even to make a sacrifice to get it, that, coupled with his experience and knowledge, we felt that he was the ideal man for us. Thus far he has justified our choice. We know we cannot keep him always; but while we have him we are making the most of him.

The first subscription list of Extension Magazine was, I regret to say, not quite all that it should have been. We guaranteed a circulation of fifty thousand, but the basis was the clergy list for we presumed the subscriptions of the priests. We thought that, since every priest in the United States had an interest in the work, he ought to be a subscriber. So we sent him a copy "on suspicion," and kept to that policy for over two years. Some of the priests paid, and some of them did not. I can only thank those who did and say to the rest that I do not blame them, because I presumed on their good nature.

The foundation was a good one, and our plan was a success. After all, though a priest gets a bit irritated at times over the innumerable calls made on his slender resources, nevertheless he has a conscience that is continually busy, and, while he may splutter and squirm, it keeps irritating him to the point of taking a few more dollars out of the few he has, to help along another worthy cause. That old story about the Irishman who put a five-dollar gold piece into the collection box with the mistaken idea that it was a nickel, and who, urged by his friend to go and ask the priest to give it back, replied: "No I won't: I gave it to God and it can go to the devil," tells, without the mild profanity, the attitude of a lot of priests in reference to a multitude of charities. They give, and they give, and they give again, not realizing that their small gifts are eating into their none too certain incomes. They do not realize how much they give. It is a good thing for works of charity that they do not, for the gift of a priest has a double value. As soon as you get a priest interested in a charity, you have an unpaid field secretary in his locality. He helps more by his advocacy of a cause in which he has bought an interest than he does by the money he pays. If priests only realized how much a word of encouragement from them means they would get the letter-writing habit at once. And if they realized what a condemnation means, how seriously it is considered, they would be very slow to ever take pen in hand when suffering from a "grouch." However, it is not often that priests trouble themselves with letters of any kind. Their donations usually come in the form of a cheque, and quite often we have to look at the address on the envelope to be sure of identifying the benefactor.

I did not start this chapter, however, for the purpose of commenting upon the charity of the clergy. It needs no eulogy, since everyone who has met priests knows all about

it. What I wanted to do was to bid for a bit of sympathy for myself. In this I do not include my associates, as I have done under all other circumstances; because the task of being an editor and a manager at the same time was exclusively mine. There is an old saying that foresight is better than hindsight. I question the truth of that in this case at least. There are circumstances in which foresight would be an appalling disaster, and this is one of them. If those terrible people who demand a fixed idea and a definite scheme for every movement were always right, there would be a lot of good work left undone in this world. Nowadays I often think of the advice I used to get when I was planning Church Extension—advice which usually ended with the sage admonition: "Drop it and lead a quiet life: you will have no quiet life if you go on with this." It was sage enough from the point of view of my own comfort and peace of mind. But it was also unwelcome. It seemed as if I just shut my eyes after it and went ahead with a bit of resentment in my heart for my well-meaning but officious friends. Perhaps I am justified in thinking that it was God Himself who destroyed my foresight in this case. Certainly had I known in advance how much trouble was in store for me, I might never have begun the work of Extension.

But hard as was the building up of the Society, there were other shoulders to bear part of the burden, strong shoulders and willing shoulders, and I never hesitated to take advantage of the willingness and the strength. I never did anything myself that I could get another to do for me. There was one burden, however, that I could not unload. It was the burden of the Magazine, and especially the burden of being its editor. Now I had had no training for editorship. I had had dreams about writing, but somehow they never came true. I suspected my ability to write, and, besides, I

was born lazy. The writing itself did not appall me so much as the correcting and the polishing. When I finished a bit of writing I never wanted to see it again, and, as the usual thing, I never did. I remember that one day I put three plays in the fire, and brightened the flames with a number of sermons in manuscript, topping them off with "poetry." They had gotten on my nerves, for the sermons had been preached, the plays had been produced by the parish club for which they were written and the verses refused to scan.

When I started to edit Extension Magazine I did it because there was no one else around willing to try his hand at it, and I saw clearly that it was my job. So I was pitchforked into editorship. How I managed to get along has been a constant mystery. I suppose the Lord provided, as He usually does. One thing is certain: I at least did my best. But I hated to hear the constant call for "copy," and many a night, when the hard day's work was done, with my bones sore from the kicks of the day, and my heart heavy as lead over its worries, I sat down alone to satisfy the cry of the printer. For anyone who has read my editorials this will be no information. I fear much that they bear the marks of having been written by a busy man who had to manufacture enthusiasm for many things while his heart was set on one thing, and on one thing only.

As it was with the editorship, so it was with every problem that came along. If I could not find anyone else to do it, I just tried to do it alone. I have already mentioned how Father Graham and myself licked stamps and addressed envelopes. I am still more amused to think how I did my own typewriting, and, to make the letters impressive, as though I had a secretary, put initials in the corner. The old piker's trick, I suppose many people would call it. What a lot of pikers there must be in the world! A clerical friend of mine

in Detroit saw through the trick, and one day told me I was the king of pikers. I laughed, because I tried to deceive myself into thinking that he was referring only to the letters; but I have a suspicion that his thought had a wider scope.

The publication of the Magazine opened up a new field. For years I had been dreaming of a Catholic book concern that might perhaps some day rival that wonderful enterprise which supports so many Methodist works of charity. But how could I do that? The Magazine needed all the money it earned. I could not afford to buy manuscripts and pay for putting them in type, much less for the paper on which to print them. I had no selling organization, and I knew that in the modern world of business a selling organization was a necessity. But I wanted to make a start, and the publication of the Magazine kept me hopeful. The words that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Portia kept recurring to me:

> "How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

I used to modify the thought by substituting an electric light for the candle. If we could only get a real book concern going I could easily vision how far the light of Truth would be thrown in this modern world which reads, reads, reads all the time.

Mr. Harvey had the same ambitions as myself. Therefore, when he came to us I used to suggest timidly the hope that some day we might begin publishing. He started by selling books. Then one day something happened, as it always does when the time is ripe. I had a young nephew who came to live with me to begin his career. I started him off in our own office, under the tutorship of Mr. Harvey, and on the starvation salary with which every boy should begin life in

order to keep him properly humble. Jack pleased me in all respects but one. He had not grown up sufficiently to get out of the noisy habit that seems to cling for so long a time to boys and puppies. He never walked downstairs. It seemed to me that he always rolled down. I could hear him half a block away. I talked to him about it, but he was a good hand at forgetting. So one day, in desperation, I sat down to say what I had to say in writing; and in order to make the letter doubly strong I read it to Mr. Harvey and told him to back me up, so that perhaps we might, between us, cure Jack of his habit of disturbing the peace. I should have known better. But the war cured Jack. He entered the Royal Flying Corps and the "non-coms" from the other side took the noise and nonsense out of him at the same time. Like Erskine Childers, Jack entered the war a British Soldier and came out a Sinn Feiner. Even to this day an English accent has a stilling effect on Lieutenant Jack. It reminds him of the sad consequences that followed throwing a "non-com" into Lake Ontario one dark night.

But to get back to Harvey. As soon as he heard the letter he lost all interest in Jack, and said: "Look here, Boss; I need a book of letters just like that. You have one letter now. If you will write the rest and give me about 65,000 words, I shall publish the book and sell 20,000 copies. That is the way to begin your book concern. There is a market for a book of that kind."

Thus Harvey began the process of converting me to the idea of writing that book. Before he finished I knew I was in for more trouble. I looked at my littered desk, thinking of what I had to do, and ventured to point out to Harvey how impossible it would be to find time, but he merely quoted an old business maxim, which I have already introduced into this book, to the effect that the busy man is the one sure reliance

when anything has to be done. Before I left the office that day I had two more "Letters to Jack" written. The rest I wrote on the train, on the elevated railroad, after Mass on Sundays, and under other circumstances still more trying. When the book was finished, I wondered how I had found the time to do it, and marveled that it had come so easily. Harvey kept his promise. "Letters to Jack" was a popular book in its original form. It has now been translated into Spanish and published in Mexico, and in a magazine in the Philippine Islands. I remember giving someone permission to translate it into Lithuanian. I hope the Lithuanian translator had patience enough to finish it; but he has not proved it to me, for I never saw the Lithuanian edition.

A more amusing thing happened later. My busy General Manager wanted to publish a novel. He had gotten hold of the idea, so often expressed, that Americans are a novel-reading race, and that if we could introduce some fine types of the Catholic clergy, as well as the basic fact of religious authority, into a novel, we might succeed in starting some of them towards the Rock of Peter. I confess that I had often thought the same thing. So one day we outlined such a series of Catholic novels: the first one to introduce the aforesaid clergy, and harp on the principle of authority; the second to be written round the Sacrament of Penance. Could it be done? I was going over a list of Catholic novelists when, all at once, the suggestion came: Why not write that first one yourself? If you do you will have the chance of embodying the idea that you want followed for the rest of the series. I had been writing short stories for some time; chiefly because the efficient Managing Editor was no less a person than my old friend S. A. Baldus, one of the original founders of the Society. "Simon" considered himself too busy to write short stories, though he was constantly lament-

ing the fact that he could not get enough of the right kind of them. He made the poor editor pick a pen-name and get into the short story field. The one consolation was that Baldus was willing to dole out a small remuneration which, though it did not amount to much in money, nevertheless was the encouraging bit of incense which all authors like to smell. Widow Bedott was right: "We are all poor critters."

But it was one thing to write a short story that could be dashed off in an hour, if it had an idea behind it, and another thing to elaborate the plot of a novel, the main object of which was not the plot at all but a lesson in theology. Then, I knew that everybody criticized novels with great freedom, and my back was already sore from critics' blows. But Harvey said that the book concern needed a novel. So I went at it, and "Charred Wood" was the result. For a little while no one knew who had written it. But the secret got out, and then the adroit Harvey made an open secret of it because, he said, it would give the book a better sale. I squirmed and squirmed in the hope that I could still go on deceiving people into thinking that "Myles Muredach" was a layman, and not the dignified clergyman that I was trying to be. I hated the idea of seeking fame as a novelist; but I might have saved myself the trouble of worrying, for while "Charred Wood" sold well enough, it could never get its author a very brilliant seat in the literary heavens. An episcopal friend told me one day that he liked the story very much; but asked me why I had written it, "For," he said, "no one takes story writers seriously." I might have suggested that Wiseman and Newman had written novels, but I did not; for I cared little when I found that another step had been taken towards the goal at which we were aiming. The novel, however, did not do all we had hoped from it, because we never found the authors to follow up the idea and to write other books. Perhaps as

a result of telling the story of how "Charred Wood" came to be written, some may try their hands at producing the long looked for and long desired great Catholic novel.

Crossing the ocean one day I met a famous literary man. We had many conversations together, and I remember suggesting to him that he should be the author of the novel to convert America. But he countered with the suggestion that it might be necessary first to get himself converted. I do not think he needed conversion very badly, so far as the possession of the Faith was concerned. But he insisted that he was a "hickory Catholic," and rather unfitted to be a guide to the Kingdom of Heaven. But James Huneker—yes, I am speaking of the famous critic—while giving me pleasure every moment I spent with him because of his scintillating brilliancy, made me sad, too. How many we have like him, who give their great talents so freely in other directions, and yet who have never been encouraged to enter the Catholic literary field. Mr. Baldus used to expatiate at lunch day after day on that, but I never got his message with all its force till I met that extraordinary literary and musical genius, Huneker. Since meeting him I have read many books by Catholic authors whose talents have all been buried in the secular field, and the reading of them has made me kinder to Catholic writers struggling for recognition and willing to serve the Church rather than their own fortunes. There is no fortune in the religious literary field.

Extension Magazine has been, first through Mr. Baldus, and then through both of us, a rather kind and generous patron of Catholic writers. We have the development of a few good ones to our credit, but somehow they all have to leave us, because even a literary person needs bread and butter; and how can we, with our little fifty or a hundred dollars, hope to hold those whose work is worth from five to ten

times that amount? The day will come, I hope, when we can use the talents of our own writers without asking for too great a sacrifice. Why not? It is not necessary to have every good boy become a priest and every good girl a nun to make a Catholic short story. It is only necessary to get a Catholic atmosphere, so as to make the reader live in it while the influence is on him. A well written Catholic story is a great antidote to prejudice, for one cannot help sympathizing with a hero or heroine, and if you can win sympathy once you can win it again. I still believe in the missionary possibility of Catholic novels, even though they do not emphasize theology as much as I did in mine. I am even tempted to jealousy for the good that the writer of the future great Catholic novel is going to do. That is one of the few forms of jealousy that I believe justifiable.

There, I have gone on wandering again. I intended to write something entirely different. But now that the chapter has taken this turn, let it stand, with a prayer that it may inspire others to forget that old saying about foresight being better than hindsight, when a great cause is calling, and to attempt the wonderful task of preaching through the light-flowing pen.

Extension Magazine is a success. The book concern is small but healthy, thank you. We are getting more and stronger Catholic writers as the years go by. Catholic books sell better than ever before. I wonder if we will not soon come even to the point of appreciating the Benzigers, Kenedys, Herders, etc., who kept the torch burning in the days when the wind was blowing strong.

Chapter the Twentieth

Which Is About Helping by Service.

ROBERT BROWNING has furnished me with what I think is a rather good opening for this chapter:

> "All service ranks the same with God—
> With God, Whose puppets, best and worst,
> Are we: there is no last nor first."

I cannot, of course, agree with Browning in his use of the word "puppets" as applied to men who enjoy the gifts of intelligence and free will; but I do think that there would be "no last nor first" before God if each of us, according to the measure of his capacity, tried to serve Him loyally and faithfully. One of the greatest lamentations that we hear from priests, even sadder than the Lamentations of Jeremiah, is that Catholic laymen, ever willing to pay, and quite often willing to pray, are yet seldom found willing to do anything more. I have an idea that, perhaps, this is because they have not been trained to do more. I think that the average Catholic layman, especially if he has gained a certain amount of success in other things, is perfectly willing not only to pay and pray, but also to give his meed of service to the Church. But he must be invited and offered the opportunity. I have dwelt on this before, but now I propose to dwell upon it for the space of an entire chapter.

Have we ever considered the fact that the conditions which prevailed in the early days of the Church in the United States were not calculated to produce great lay assistants for the bishops and clergy? We were then all of us pioneers,

laying foundations: the layman for his fortune and his family, the priests for God and religion. Both were looking for success in their own line. The priest was gathering the scattered members of his flock together, building his churches, founding schools, protecting the orphans, encouraging newly established works of charity, all for the purpose of making a beginning. He had to work hard, and he did work hard. This hard worker was absolutely forced to make a real personal issue of his work. He was obliged to put heart into it, and when one puts heart into anything one also puts a bit of very laudable, and sometimes holy selfishness into it at the same time. Pioneer conditions in the Church naturally gave birth to zeal, and something that quite often follows zeal, a certain amount of fertile egoism.

The layman, bent on making a home, was in the same condition. He had his work to do, and it took all the time he had to do it. He was glad to throw off other responsibilities. In the work needed for the pioneer Church he encountered the zealous priest, and matched his own productive selfishness against the holier kind that his missionary pastor already possessed. He was willing to let the priest do all the work for the Church. But, because the priest was immersed in the job before him, and also hopeless of getting the interest of the layman aroused to do more than pay and pray, he was willing to assume all of that burden. The consequence was that in America the pastor became everything in the parish. He not only said Mass for his people and did the preaching, but in most cases he taught the Sunday school alone. Sometimes he taught the parochial school alone. He collected the money for all the necessary buildings. Much to our later sorrow he was often the architect of them, and, even when he conceded his lack of knowledge in that art as a matter of self-defense against later criticism, he managed to interfere

enough to fill the land with buildings that would have caused the Middle Ages to revolt. Then he collected the pew rents and kept the books, between sick-calls. In a word, he owned his parish, and was a complete and absolute dictator therein, even to the extent of resenting any intrusion on the part of laymen, or his curates for that matter.

Have I been too severe? I think not. I would not have said this ten years ago; but a change has come. The problems of a new day are here. We are developing the artistic sense. We no longer govern parishes as a hedge schoolmaster governed his pupils. We are finding out that the brick and mortar age of the Church in America is passing. New problems have arisen, and we are crying out for the layman to come over and help us. We rather resent the fact now that he does not come quickly enough; but the trouble is that we really have not invited him yet.

The history of Catholic lay activity in the Church Universal has not been the history of Catholic lay activity in the Church in these United States. The great Society for the Propagation of the Faith was established by a lay woman, and a poor widow at that. The golden age of religion in Ecuador was the work of a layman, Garcia Moreno. Catholic Emancipation in Great Britain and Ireland was the work of a layman, Daniel O'Connell. The May Laws of Germany were put to sleep forever by a group of Catholic laymen of whom Herr Winthorst was the leader. The priests of Germany could not have brought their social program to the perfection it attained before the War, had it not been that Bishop von Kettler had laymen's shoulders upon which to pile the burden. The great home missionary society called the St. Bonifatius Verein, Church Extension under another name, was founded and made a success by its first President and inspirer, Baron von Stolberg, a layman. Catholic charity

"THE EFFICIENT MANAGING EDITOR (OF 'EXTENSION MAGAZINE'), SIMON A. BALDUS, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FOUNDERS OF THE SOCIETY."

"WHEN WE NEEDED A GENERAL MANAGER FOR EXTENSION . . . F. W. HARVEY, JR., WAS THE IDEAL MAN FOR US."

FATHER DORAN, ONE OF THE CHAPEL CAR CHAPLAINS,
WITH THE BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA (RIGHT)

JOHN J. FLEMING OF BURLINGTON, IOWA,
A BANK PRESIDENT, IS CHAIRMAN OF OUR
BOARD OF AUDITORS

"JUDGE LEO. J. DOYLE, BEFORE HIS
ELECTION TO THE BENCH WAS
OUR COUNSEL."

in New Orleans has joy, pride and pleasure in the work of a zealous woman, who, though now dead many years, is still known only as "Margaret," and few remember that she possessed any other name.

We are inclined to be jealous of England because she has such a zealous leader in Catholic literature as Hilaire Belloc. When we want inspirational pamphlets on Catholic truth we think of the English Catholic Truth Society, and wonder what bishop established it; but it was established, and is still run "on a shoe-string," by a layman named James Britten. Even America has a great deal for which to thank the Catholic layman. We had a race of Catholic editors once, the hard-hitting kind to which I referred in a former chapter, practically all laymen. It would be difficult to make up a list of our notables and forget the name of Brownson. No, the Catholic layman need not be ashamed of his part in actual service for the cause of God, outside of his normal business of paying and praying.

It was only this morning that I read of a Catholic Chinaman in the Province of Hupeh, in China, whose name is Loh Pa Hong, and who, practically alone, started the Sisters' Hospital in the town of Shanghai, on nothing but zeal and prayer. He still goes to his Hospital at certain fixed times, leaving his regular business to visit every new patient who comes to occupy one of the eight hundred beds, and to impart at the same time the rudiments of the Catholic faith to those willing to listen. If I were to write the story of Catholic lay activity I should need a book instead of part of a chapter.

I can truthfully say that never, from the day the Society was founded until to-day, have I ever found it difficult to secure the right layman when unpaid, and very often unthanked, service was required. We have a busy lumberman, for ex-

ample, whose interests are no longer lumber, but merchandise, transportation and a great many other things, who considers the highest honor he has ever had in life that of being Recording Secretary for the Board of Governors and a member of the Executive Committee of Church Extension. I do not know that he ever willfully missed a meeting, for I have known Warren A. Cartier to travel hundreds of miles at his own expense to be present and do his bit toward directing the affairs of the Society. To miss a meeting is for him a misfortune, yet, while he is working hard for us, he still finds time to be an inspiration to the Alumni Association of Notre Dame University. How much he prays I do not know, but he has paid well for the privilege of helping the Home Missions; while the athletic field at Notre Dame which bears his name, is an indication that he also paid as well as prayed in the cause of Catholic education.

But Warren A. Cartier is only one. The others always come when opportunity presents itself. I have found many who believe with Shakespeare: "Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered shall never find it more." Indeed, when the Board of Governors gets together it is not the layman who tries to find the excuse of an empty treasury for not answering every appeal with a donation. I well remember one day at a Board Meeting an opportunity worth while was offered, but it called for one thousand dollars. It was a little out of our line and the clergy said so. But the laymen consulted the Treasurer, who reluctantly informed them that we could not afford to accept. There was present a very quiet man who seemed afraid to talk on his feet. I recall the half apologetic tone he took as he barely rose from his chair to say: "That is all right, Your Grace. There is no need to worry about it. I will give Doctor Kelley the thousand dollars after the meeting." And he did.

WARREN A. CARTIER, RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE BOARD.

On another occasion the present Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia, always alert for opportunities to help the Philippine Islands, presented an appeal for schools that called for a considerable amount of money, too much for us that day. A hearty, good-natured and zealous man from Detroit—God rest Edward H. Doyle, he died a short time after—arose to his feet and said to Archbishop Mundelein, who was presiding: "Why was this not presented at the morning session? Most of the busy laymen had to go away after lunch. We could easily have gotten the money together ourselves without drawing from other necessities. I shall start it with a thousand. Let us see if we can't get the rest." His example was good enough to secure the money for the Philippine schools. This, of course, was paying, but it was service of another kind also.

At the annual meeting of the Board in November, 1919, we had as distinguished guests for the first session, and as members for the second, the present Archbishops of Cincinnati and New York, and the Archbishop-Bishop of Omaha. They had come to Chicago for the first meeting of the American Board of Catholic Missions, which already had its tentative program and an Advisory Committee made up entirely of bishops and priests. This Advisory Committee had suggested that the new Board should be entirely clerical. I happened to be a member of that Committee and had opposed the idea, claiming that laymen were necessary: but I had been overruled. After the first session of the Society's meeting some of my colleagues goodnaturedly charged that I had staged the whole affair in order to carry my point, for they themselves became complete converts after they saw and heard our laymen in action. A meeting of the Board of Governors of the Extension Society would prove to anyone that the layman is not only a power for the

sake of his name and influence, but a most useful man also in the direction of the actual business that comes up before such a body.

On that day four laymen in particular were in action: John J. Fleming, of Burlington, Iowa, a bank president at home, and chairman of our Board of Auditors at Chicago; Samuel C. Scotten—God rest him! he had no particular business, because he was in every business on earth, from fishing to mining; Joseph D. Daly, the Society's counsel; and F. W. Harvey, Jr., who manages our publication department. When the time came to discuss the accounts, these men knew practically all about them. Certified public accountants had worked three weeks on the books, but these men had digested in three hours everything that was in the reports. They went into the question of costs of production, wages, stock in hand, future prospects, etc., in such a way as to astonish the distinguished visitors. That night Archbishop Harty said to me: "Your laymen are marvels," and an Eastern bishop remarked: "You must grow this kind of layman in the West: I don't believe we have them in the East." Bless his heart, right in his own diocese there are laymen who come to our meetings, paying hundreds of dollars a year for the privilege. It is all a question of giving them the opportunity. The layman *wants* to help.

Not only does the layman want to help, and not only is he willing to pay for the privilege of helping, but he helps in the most intelligent way possible. He understands better than anyone else how business should be conducted. He is more outspoken than the clergy when he gets on his own ground. He leads in discussions. He is not afraid to talk back; but never once in my sixteen years' experience of lay directors have I ever heard a single word that was lacking in respect for, and deference to, ecclesiastical authority. And

while saying that, I can add very truthfully that never once have I found a case where ecclesiastical authority did not defer, in a business matter, to a position solidly taken by the lay members of the Board.

I remember one case in which Archbishop Quigley stood practically alone on a very important question. We left the fight to himself and the laymen. He stuck to his idea and they pushed it to a vote, smilingly, deferentially, but firmly. The laymen voted against the Archbishop, and graciously, as became one who carried the title of His Grace so well, he announced his own defeat. Commenting on the affair afterwards he said to me: "I think we are doing things safely. When the Board votes down an Archbishop there is no question about their deep interest in the work. They might easily have yielded and thrown the responsibility upon me." It was a fortunate thing they did not, for twelve months later His Grace conceded that the laymen were right.

Archbishop Mundelein sensed the value of the laymen's co-operation from the very first meeting over which he presided. I have never yet heard him put a question of importance to a vote without going to the trouble of getting the opinion of everyone present; and in spite of differences, animated debates and divisions, I have never, in sixteen years of such meetings, arisen from one without feeling the value of a system that in the end brings everyone into friendly and kindly accord. The value of the advice of such men as Edward F. Carry, President of the Pullman Company, and during the War at the head of one of the great Departments of the Government; of Judge Leo J. Doyle, who before his elevation to the Bench was our counsel; of the late A. V. D. Watterson; of Edward Hines, popularly and truthfully known as "the biggest lumberman in the world," cannot be measured in words.

But it is not only to the very active Directors amongst the laity that we owe a debt of gratitude. There are many quiet ones who listen, vote, and come in for a quiet chat later. One of these was Mr. McCanna, a plain, honest and sincere man, deeply Catholic, who made a great success in his business but who realized that wealth is stewardship. He loved the Society deeply, but never spoke in a meeting. His deeds were all done in secret, but we could always rely upon him. His kindly advice and his gifts, especially for the education of young men to the priesthood, became very familiar to us. He died a few years ago, after leaving priests at the altar as the result of his generosity. He left his seat on the Board, and his devotion to the cause, as a legacy to his son, Roy, who follows in his father's footsteps and even, perhaps, makes new footsteps in which others may later tread.

We had another great friend, too, who unfortunately did not stay long with us. His opportunity came only a few years before his death, and in this wise: I was looking for a layman to speak at the mass meeting of the first Missionary Congress. Someone told me that the best man available was a certain Judge Hynes, then retired from the practice of law in Chicago. He was stopping at a hotel, where I called on him one evening. He was not inclined to accept the invitation, for he knew nothing about Church Extension, but he questioned me very closely. I was, of course, delighted to tell him my story. When I had finished he accepted the invitation, and the next day was in the office to get more information. His speech was the last notable effort of the Judge in his home city, a fitting climax to a great career. He moved away to Los Angeles, to spend the rest of his life in quiet retirement. But the home missions had him. He became a Founder of the Society without solicitation, and before he died he provided that one-third of his estate should ultimately

go to Extension, and two-thirds of it to other Catholic charities.

I cannot close this chapter without pointing to the lesson that comes from the story of Judge Hynes, though the story was only a repetition of other stories of the same kind. It is that when we open the eyes of the Catholic laity to the great activities of the Church we are helping even the little ones. It is a mistaken policy that would confine the vision of our people to their own parishes or their own dioceses. The man who has made a success in a secular field can best be appealed to by something that has a wide religious scope. I question very much if some of the very large gifts that are now getting to be the rule instead of the exception in the Church in America would have ever been made, had it not been for the interest aroused through Church Extension.

I am not trying to throw flowers at the feet of the Society that I love so much. I am only claiming the credit to which she is entitled. No one can judge Church Extension by the actual figures that show in our reports. Intense cultivation of the missionary spirit for the home missions cultivates at the same time a spirit for the foreign missions. When people are trained to do big things for one object, their interest is sure to seek new channels, and they will do big things for others as well. A man whose heart is expanded by his first great act of charity is again going to seek the holy intoxication that comes from it. The layman who has found delight in leadership once, is going to search for the same delight during the rest of his life. I used to wonder constantly why it was that the Protestant laymen seemed to take such great interest in the work of the sects, and to lament that our own laymen, when great success came to them, expended their force in all secular directions, while remaining, in reference to the Church, where they were in the days of their early

struggle. I may be blamed for saying it—but I say it boldly because it is the truth—that we are ourselves to blame. We have been timid about inviting lay help. If we want great Catholic laymen we must give them great things to do, and we must make them feel that they are doing them. We must not have them listed merely for the value of their names and the power of their money. We must have them as co-laborers in their proper places, as honored associates, necessary parts in the great machine that is ever working to stamp souls with the sign of the Kingdom.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Chapter the Twenty-first

Which Concerns Itself with Women's Work.

ON the Society's arms there are two crosses, one of red, the color of the missions, and one of blue, the color of the Blessed Virgin. Both are on a ground of white, the color of purity. The three together form the colors of our country. On top of the red cross glitters a golden star, a sign of additional honor to the Blessed among Women. It is the Star of Bethlehem. We owe much to the Virgin Mother. After all, what could our own St. Philip have done without her?

We have another woman patron in Rose of Lima, the American saint. One of the great days for the members of the Society, set aside for them by the Holy Father himself, a day of plenary spiritual favor, is her feast. I am sure that we are deep in her debt also.

It is no irreverence to follow the names of our greatest benefactor and one of her special saintly daughters with a mention of the fact that we owe more than we have yet been able to properly acknowledge to the prayers of many holy nuns. Those who had no riches to give nevertheless gave abundantly of their devotion. Never once did we feel that their holy prayers were lacking; in the hour of need we were never shy about asking for them, nor were we ever refused.

On the material side of the work there is a place of distinction held by a woman for more than two-thirds of the years of the Society's life. It is the distinction of having made the largest gift. The holder is Mrs. O'Connor, of California. I cannot truthfully say that I want Mrs. O'Connor to keep

her place of honor for a long time. That would be wishing against the interests of the work; but I can quite truthfully say that if the distinction is ever taken from her the rival will have to "go some;" and no one will welcome him or her more cordially than the present champion.

Nor can I forget the loving zeal for Church Extension exhibited by Mrs. Rosine M. Parmentier, of Brooklyn, for the repose of whose saintly soul I ask my readers' prayers. Her gifts were many and made at a time when we needed their encouragement. Her good wishes for the Society, however, far outstripped her means. Nor should I forget to say that our first legacy came from Mrs. Alice Kelley Hobbs, of Dover, New Hampshire. The legacy was a very large one to our eyes, then unaccustomed to seeing four figures on cheques, but it was a generous one, since it represented all she had to leave after her.

Following such leaders came a small but devoted army of women benefactors, gathered first into the Auxiliary by good Father Roe, God rest him, and later into the Order of Martha, whose first Secretary-General, Miss Mary Synon, offered her precious time to the work without money and without price. Her friend and relative, Miss Virginia Murphy, traveled from one end of the country to the other for three years giving piano recitals to gather up money for chapel building. I only wish that space permitted me to go on as I began, but I have a very hopeful picture to paint and the background is now sufficiently limned in.

I spoke of the Order of Martha. Permit me to introduce the "Superior," the Rev. Dr. E. J. McGuinness. Irreverently his colleagues on the Society's staff refer to him either as the Mother Superior of the Marthas, or—worse still—as the Reverend "Martha" McGuinness. More recently has he been dubbed the Imperial Wizard of the Marthas. It

is strange but true that he resents none of these titles. He likes bossing the Marthas; but, in truth, I often suspect that the Marthas, in that traditional way which began for them in a holy house of Bethany, being "solicitous about many things," include their Superior in the solicitude, and sometimes proceed to do things in their own way. It must be admitted on the face of the returns that it is a pretty successful way.

Father McGuinness is an ideal Director. He has a love for the Missions that first came from his experience in Philadelphia with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. I think the Marthas have deepened it in him. We owe his services in the work to our good friend, Cardinal Dougherty, who said "Go," and Father went—to Chicago. Father McGuinness is a master "space buyer" for the Order of Martha, but he never pays for the space. A space buyer who can perform that way is entitled to a good salary, but that is something the Director of Marthas does not get—at least not in money.

Now I positively must pull up and proceed to business, for, while I want to give honor where honor is due, I have a much more practical aim in view for this chapter. It is not what women have done for the Missions that counts, but what they are going to do. I have dreams and hopes for the Order of Martha. Let me tell of one, and outline the other.

Our separated brethren have developed the business side of their missionary activity to a very high degree. Only to-day I read of a missionary conference they are now holding that has welcomed leaders representing organizations collecting over forty million dollars a year for missions. But ask any one of them if he could get along without the aid of women and he would be forced to admit that they are the one sure reliance of his work. The women's missionary societies of

the Protestant denominations are their largest and most successful ones. When they fall into second place you may be sure that the first place is held only by virtue of the aid of women. Of that forty million dollars contributed annually to Protestant missionary works all over the world, it is certain that, without women's aid, there would not have been a tenth of it.

But we have a different record in Catholic effort; not that the proportion does not hold, but that the volume is lacking. I think that it is because we have not yet sufficiently aroused the interest of Catholic women for missions. Since the days when devoted womanhood stood at the foot of the Cross and went to the Sepulchre with sweet spices to minister to the dead Christ, women have been clearly indicated as the great helpers of the Risen Lord. All we need is to turn their eyes to the work and it is done.

What is my dream for the Order of Martha? That one day its members will outdo the work of the Society itself. That its benefactions shall reach into every section of the American home mission field, and that an overflow, greater than the rivers themselves, will cover the fields afar; that the American field will prove too small for the mighty zeal of American Catholic women. Only then will our devoted mothers, wives and sisters find satisfaction. Only then will they be doing the work that Mary the Mother, Mary of Magdala and Salome left them to do.

And what is the hope? A really national society of Catholic women which in membership, both as to quality and numbers, will surpass every other society in zeal and devotion for missions. Think what there is for women to do. There are thousands of altars without ornaments, thousands of sacristies without decent vestments for Holy Mass, thousands of poor little churches unfurnished except for bare necessities.

There are shanties for missionaries, without the most ordinary comforts of life, beds without sufficient coverings, shelves without books, kitchens even without nourishing food. There are missionaries insufficiently clad for winter's rigors when the long sick-call comes at midnight. But all that is nothing.

A woman's life is not her own and a true woman knows it, for she is always looking forward to the day when it will become the possession of others. No, I do not mean husbands. I used the plural, for I do mean children. Every child in need of care somehow appeals to her because of her own child, who, alas for some women, may be only a dream one. But all women, even those who have had children of their own, have also their dream children. Even as little girls the doll is the lifeless attempt to give physical existence to dream children. So the woman's work for Christ centers around His little ones. Only the figure of a woman could dare replace the gentle Christ in that beautiful picture where, surrounded by children, He is blessing them one and all. Need I go further? The mission of Catholic women is the mission of continuing His work of blessing little children, of suffering them to come unto Him, and of smiling in joy when they see Him blessing them again. So I hope for the Order of Martha that it will one day take the lead in the work of establishing schools for the little children of the missions. I plan that to be its greatest work.

Is there need? The need is everywhere in the scattered dioceses and even in some of the populous ones. Let me take the territory of Porto Rico as one example. The island is swarming with children, all now trying to fit themselves for American life. Our separated brethren have not been slow to seize opportunity. They have scattered their schools over the whole island, so as to get the children. All proselytizing there, as in the Philippines, is done through the children.

They have the wealth behind them because they have an interested Protestant womanhood in America. What have we? Two or three schools equipped to teach English—scarcely anything else. The Redemptorist Fathers are working well and successfully. Church Extension helped to establish a school at Arecibo. There are a few other small missionary efforts, but the great field is open. The people are ours; the little ones are ours. Shall we go on in this fatal blindness and neglect? We need American Catholic schools in Porto Rico. We shall have them when American Catholic women see and seize their missionary opportunity.

I mentioned the Philippine Islands. There the situation is heart-breaking. The proselytizer and the government have worked together, and few of the children are getting a religious education. Both Porto Rico and the Philippines are American territory, but what effective work has Catholic America been doing for either? Let us confess that the great awakening of missionary zeal amongst us is coming none too soon.

It is not necessary, however, to go over the seas to find sad examples of neglected opportunities, but opportunities that are still waiting. There are nearly half a million Mexicans now in these United States. They have come as far North, since the last Revolution, as Chicago; but the greatest number of them are found in the Southwest. Whole villages of them are without schools, and there are still many settlements without churches. These Mexicans love the Catholic school, and especially the Sisters. We have no problem to face in their regard except that of providing buildings and teachers. Our separated brethren have developed their proselytizing activity wonderfully. Their normal schools supply teachers, often perverts from amongst the Mexicans themselves. Their primary schools supply the perverts of the present and perhaps also of the future. Whole Catholic parishes are without

schools in New Mexico and Texas, yet have from one to five Protestant schools within their borders. The worst of this situation is that the largest number of Mexicans go to the poorest of our dioceses, those least equipped to bear additional burdens. Then, too, because of revolutions, anti-religious leaders and socialists, Mexico can offer us no help through a surplus of priests; all the greater reason for developing schools and training teachers for them. If we can save the children now they will supply both priests and teachers later on.

Of course all my readers will remember Bishop Ledvina. Between chapters he was taken away from us, for the benefit of the poor diocese of Corpus Christi. When the news came that he was going, people began to write me letters of condolence. They knew how I would hate to lose him. Under other circumstances I certainly should; but the fact that he was going to a missionary diocese made me feel that I was not losing him at all. And so it has turned out. Not a week passes that I do not receive a wonderful letter, full of information about the work in his great field. But the burden of his cry is always the children of the poor Mexicans. If he were not the optimist that he is, I am certain he would be discouraged, as any man would be if he were given an axe and told to cut down a whole forest in twenty-four hours. The children are swarming in that bit of the Southwest, and it is our duty to care for them. It would not require much to do it, but we have neither the much nor the little. All along the Rio Grande are the great fields lying fallow. No, not fallow, but ripe for the reapers and the harvest. The Bishop tells me of the hundreds he confirms, and how his heart sinks with the thought that there are no schools for them. These children are to form a great element of the future population of the Southwest. There we are weak to-day; but to-morrow we can be strong if we do not neglect the duty of the hour.

In all three of these mission fields the problem is vital and pressing. It is a problem for this day and not for to-morrow. If we fail to face it now it will have solved itself in ten years—in the wrong way; and our little ones are lost. Here is a work for Catholic women that is fundamental. Here is something worth doing. Why do we not, with zeal and devotion, begin it now? Simply because our Catholic American women do not know about it. Many of them are wasting efforts on social affairs, or exalting trifles into great national needs. They could care for the trifles as a side-issue if they were organized properly for the saving of our little ones to the Faith. At that I have only touched the fringe of the subject. I have said not a word about the city problems, about the Italians, or about carrying the war right into the enemy's camp. Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul says that we are too much on the defensive, and that it is time we advanced. He is right. The future work of the Catholics of America for missions will prove once more that the best sort of a defense is an advance. I hope that the Order of Martha will be in the front line when the forward order is given.

I referred already to the work of the tabernacles, that of supplying vestments and church plate to poor missions. Efforts are now being made to that end, but why not unite them and make them national? As this is the line of least resistance, it is what we are now trying to do in these, the young years, of the Order of Martha. We need branches in every parish, we need the spare time of thousands of Catholic women. A few hours each week will supply all present needs. A few dimes from each worker will buy the materials for the local sewing circle. God will do the rest.

Do you wish to know my vision for the Order of Martha? Then see it with me. A great body of Catholic women in America, working hand in hand with an American Board of

PHOTO: MOFFETT

THE REV. EUGENE J. McGUINNESS, LL.D.

VICE-PRESIDENT, DIRECTOR OF ORDER OF MARTHA AND CHILD APOSTLES.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER J. MULDOON, D.D., BISHOP OF ROCKFORD,
MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Catholic Missions, supporting Orders of teaching sisters who "go into the lanes and by-ways," everywhere, whether there is a church and pastor or not. In foreign fields I see them working not only as teachers but as nurses and physicians. I see a great Catholic Missionary University to prepare them for their varied activities. I see them in a thousand schools, in the cities, the villages, the country places. I see them working in the slums as well as in the forests and on the prairies. I see them as the advance guard of Christ's army all over this earth. I see a chain of women workers in every parish plying their busy needles for the beauty of Christ's house, because they want to share the joy of the Blessed Virgin, who sewed His garments together and wove His coat without seams. I see—but I dare not tell you all that I see, for again you would say that this man is a dreamer of dreams. Thank God I am, but I have seen other dreams come true by God's help. I may not, alas I shall not, see this dream of the Marthas come true; but others shall see it. Pray that the day of its realization may not be long delayed.

Sometime there shall arise a great and noble Catholic woman to whom God has given the means to do an immense work for the Order of Martha. She may establish and endow its first Mother House for the working Sisters. She may found that Missionary University. There are many of the fundamental things she may do. Pray that we may find her—and that, once found, she may see and understand. But you, my woman reader, what about you? Perhaps you could organize a Household. Every little helps, and new Households are not little but big things. If there is anything you can do why not write to the "Imperial Wizard" about it?

Chapter the Twenty-second

Which Is Really a Preachment.

THE first time I went through and examined a machine-shop—strange to say it was only a few years ago—I experienced an interest that sent me out wondering and thoughtful. A well-run office, if it happens to be large enough, does the same for me. Yet I have no particular interest in machinery, and in the details of even office management I am more or less of a novice. The one saving grace that fits me to be the head of an office is the fact that I know enough to leave such details in the hands of better men. But this chapter is only incidentally to talk about offices. I want to get back to that machine-shop.

What interested me most was the mighty dynamo, generating electricity and supplying innumerable motors, each one in turn running a single machine or cluster of them. I curiously examined the great cable through which the force was carried. I asked questions about the increased advantages of this new power over steam. When I had made my survey I went back and looked at the dynamo and the cable. Without the cable the electricity could be developed, but it would not run to the farthest part of the enormous structure and drive the motors. I thought of the Church, of that gigantic power that God has given into our hands for the benefit of the whole world. That she is a mighty force we all know, the mightiest force on earth, but that the force is not reaching as far as it should reach, that it does not do all that it could do, is certain. God gives the force. He has even gone so far as to give us the cable. He leaves the rest to us; but He leaves it with certainty as to its efficacy and as to the results that can be obtained if only

we use it. At no time in the history of Christianity have we entirely neglected our duty, but at no time have we done all of it. At every period there has been a tendency to rely on the fact that we have the power, that we have the cable—and to rest content. I say tendency, because it is not true that we have always been content. We have put many small motors to work and have used them in connection with the machines, but we have never put in enough of them. We have never employed the machines to the point of their greatest efficiency. So we have reason to say *mea culpa* for opportunities lost.

On the other hand, we have had nothing but industry without power to fight against; or industry with power stolen from us. We have allowed our cable to be tapped time and time again, and we have good reason to know that the old Scotch woman's praise of the devil, "Aw weel, he's a verra indoostrious body," may be applied very generously to our enemies. With a little stolen power they have done marvels against us, because they have made their machines very sensitive and very effective. Because we have the great power we think we can run on with machines of the antiquated kind. The one thing that we know our enemies cannot do is to preserve unity: but with what little they have of it they secure considerable results. We know their weaknesses. We know their habit of turning on one another. We know that what Horace said of the Epicureans has been said by almost every heretic about others, in a different form: "*Epicuri de grege porcum*—swine of the herd of Epicurus." But we rely too much on that disunion, and even our literature pays too much attention to it. We ought to be attending to our machines, stringing and watching our cables, large and small.

Church Extension started out mildly and kindly to urge a particular cause and to do a definite work. But Church Extension was something in addition to an appeal and an argu-

ment. It was a protest, and I hope a very effective protest, against loss of power for want of stringing cables and erecting machines. To say what Church Extension had to say to the Catholics of the United States, and by enlargement to the Catholics of the whole world, would have brought forth a storm of protests at the time the Society was born. But to imply these things in action was quite another matter. That could be done. And so, back of all the efforts, back of all the pleading, back of the chapel building and the interest in schools, back of the education of priests for the missions and the spread of Catholic literature, was a protest against neglect of opportunity. It is safe to say that now. It can be said without doing any harm. Rather it can be said with the certainty of doing good. In fact, it has been said for many years, and quite often I have been proud to hear it said coupled with the name of Church Extension.

The greatest pleasure for those who work in the Society and for its cause, is not found in the number of churches and schools built, but rather in the fact that, because of them, a change has come over the spirit of the Catholics of this country. For the last fifteen years they have been laying the new cables, making and putting in new machines, assiduously laboring at them, and more than ever vigilant of theft. They have ceased to be critical of "modern innovations" in Church work, while remaining ever vigilant of that other sort of modernism, a liberalism that would waste the current on useless and evil things. We Catholics of America have learned that the production of the one shop that Christ built, and the use of the one force that He gave for His mighty establishment, is far more than enough to supply the world. But to use it rightly and effectively we have learned that there must be intense effort, intense efficiency, and that God has infinitely more claims on us, upon our time and upon our resources, than any

institution of the world upon its employes. We are not running at full speed yet, and it will be years before we are; but we have reason to be thankful that we have seen the need.

Consider the increased prestige, through the circulation of the Catholic Press alone, that has come to the Church within the last ten years in America. Over almost insuperable obstacles has the circulation of Catholic magazines and papers jumped to most impressive figures. Were I to say that in ten years there are twenty times more readers of Catholic papers in the United States than ever before, I would not be surprised to be met with doubt as to the accuracy of my information. But as a matter of fact, I am confident that instead of twenty I should, to be accurate, give the figure of fifty. This has been done by the simple but disagreeable modern method of intense canvassing. In the old days circulation was gotten by recommendations, chiefly from the pulpits. To-day recommendations are only a means to an end, and the system that has as its motto "the man who sees the other man gets the business" is put to work. Ten years more ought to place a Catholic paper in every Catholic home.

So one machine has been improving for the benefit of all, and I think it is perfectly safe to say that the greatest factor in the improvement was Church Extension. To take another case: Consider a previous chapter and note the application of the centuries-old impulse to enshrine love in a temple, the impulse responsible for so many thousands of the greatest architectural works on earth, and see how it has been applied to the building up of missions and parishes in a smaller way, which, after all, in some respects is in a much greater way. I remember an address by Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, delivered at the first Missionary Congress in Chicago, and particularly that part of it which was a prophecy about the then very young Society. He spoke of "dotting the hillsides of

America" with chapels through its agency. At that time I did not dare to think that it was much more than an oratorical flight. But the "dotting" has been done to a very great extent, and is still going on. The Bishop was a prophet. Add to the thinking by considering the foreign missions and their little churches, and you will see how the modernized machine has possibilities for actual production greater than any of the old ones.

Purposely I again take up something for which Extension was not directly responsible, but in which I believe it exercised a great indirect influence. Sixteen years ago the Church in America was aiding foreign missions with money to the amount of not more than $250,000 a year. In 1920 the Church in America gave to the cause of foreign missions not less than $3,000,000. Is this an exaggeration? It is not. It is the cold truth, based on the financial reports of foreign missionary societies. Some power has operated to cause this activity, and I think that the fair and honest reader who knows something of the history of the last sixteen years will grant that a considerable part of the inspiration that produced such great results came from the intensive campaigning, appealing and action of Church Extension for the cultivation of the missionary spirit.

Another example, and again one for which we are not entitled to claim direct credit, but which we have at least a right to look upon with a certain amount of deeply interested pride: the establishment of so many centralized Catholic agencies in America. The least we can claim is that we blazed the way and that, if Church Extension had not preceded them, the establishment of many would have been postponed until some years of experimenting had passed over our heads. Can the reader imagine such a thing being received with even toleration sixteen years ago? Was it not only a little more than

sixteen years ago that the vials of wrath were poured on the head of Dr. John Talbot Smith for suggesting improvements in our seminaries? To-day every improvement he suggested has been made and is taken as quite the proper thing.

I have already referred to the passing of the old type of editor—the quarrelsome, critical, fault-finding but thoroughly orthodox type represented by McMaster. He was probably a good type for his day. But could you imagine the possibility of such an one existing now? We have learned that there are bigger things than bickerings. We are not perfect yet, and some of the old evils are making a last kick to show that they are still alive. They are kicking rather vigorously. But a tiger with a bullet in his heart can strip the flesh off a man's breast, and the next instant all power has gone from his bloody paw. We are still troubling ourselves, therefore, now and then, with unimportant questions of politics at home and abroad. The war had an evil influence upon us by dragging our churches and our publications into things that concern us only as individuals. We did not see that at the time; but we are now seeing it more clearly.

Again, Church Extension has strong reason for pardonable pride in the fact that its very existence, as well as its policy, has at last wounded fatally that disorganizer called Nationalism. The missionary societies, and especially the home missionary societies that act for all without consideration of language and race, are the greatest of unifiers, because they keep eternally before the minds of the people the fact that they have a common cause and that the common cause is the greatest cause on earth. That common cause is what gives them their worthiest title, membership in the Catholic Church, the nobility of being in that part of it which is doing most to inspire others to effort. The cause of Missions is the cause of Christ. Christ is the Unifier. We all understand His

language. We are all of His race. Perhaps we have not in the past, or even in the present, gotten the full force of the lesson that ought to follow the story of the first sermons preached by the Apostles when the strengthened ambassadors of Christ came out from their retirement in the Upper Chamber. The Scriptures do not really say that they spoke in many languages, though the Apostles certainly had the gift of tongues. But the Scriptures do say that every man heard his own tongue, and therefore that every man understood. The cause of Missions is the common tongue that each of us in America can understand. It is, therefore, the most effective bond, the greatest unifier, the language that will weld together Catholics of every race and speech in America, and ultimately weld in a still stronger bond of union the nations of the earth.

Up to this time I have purposely refrained from talking about the developments of the last year, inspired chiefly by Church Extension, but carried out through the foresight and wisdom of the Bishops of the United States; but I cannot refrain from expressing the joy that these developments have given to every sincere friend of Catholic missions. The Bishops of America are extending the cables. They are providing for the small motors and the building of the machines. They have written a most glorious chapter in the history of the Church in our country. They are not enlarging the shop, but they are occupying more space in it. They are not increasing the power, for that they could not do, but they are leading it into new channels and along new lines of usefulness. Their action in planning for a Board of Missions will increase the number of laborers and the output. They are setting the Church in America in a place of first importance. They are beckoning others to follow. They are beginning a race that many will enter and that all may win. The little part that Church Extension has played in their action is a

most glorious and satisfying consequence of its existence, indeed enough, all alone, to justify that existence. Even if the Board of Missions does not immediately carry out all of its plans, yet the fact of the planning is a proof that, at last, we have come to see our opportunity.

What does The American Board of Catholic Missions propose ultimately to do? It proposes to place the cause of missions, home and foreign, before every Catholic in these United States, through the official channels of the Church's activity, her bishops and pastors. It plans an efficient and responsible direction of, and authority over, every collecting agency for missions in this country. It aims at co-ordinating their work without diminishing it, but rather, by increasing their activity and usefulness. It proposes to put a stop to overlapping and waste, by regulating private zeal and initiative, while encouraging such virtues under proper conditions. It hopes to make the Church in America a light and an example to all the Catholic world, by showing what results can be made to flow from a movement led by the successors of the Apostles, promoted and managed by business judgment and enlightened methods.

The efforts of the bishops are certain to produce the best of results. We must patiently wait till they have been put into force in whatever form the Holy See shall, in its age-old wisdom, deem best. But for me, I look forward with confidence now to a full awakening of the missionary spirit in the Church in America in some practical form. The young giant is feeling his power. He cannot be held back. Our people are being filled with zeal. Already our priestly sons and devoted daughters are in the Orient. Already have we taken the offensive for Christ in our own desolate places. The day is here that marks the beginning of a period in our history which will show no desolate places at home, and no spot

on earth not reached by the influence of our love for Christ's Church.

One of the best and most intelligent workers for missions in our country, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. McGlinchey, of Boston, has translated a splendid book by Father Manna, of Milan, Italy, into English, and published it under the title "The Conversion of the Pagan World." From its closing chapter I take a very effective appeal for the ending of my preachment:

"Now, dear reader, that you have finished this book, we ask you to open another—the one that inspired these chapters. It is an old volume, one that has been translated into every Christian tongue under the sun. No one could count the editions through which it has gone. You will find it everywhere. It is published to fit all purses. It is suited to every station in life. Saints and sinners, princes and peasants, the intellectuals and the ignorant, have repeatedly reviewed its precious pages. In health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and in poverty, in success and in failure, in victory and in defeat, men find it interesting, instructive, inspiring. Take the book of your Crucifix in your hand—read the lessons of submission, sacrifice, and suffering, of obedience, humility, and charity, and remember that it was written for you. It tells the story of your Redemption. Without it you would not have the Faith. What have you done to thank your loving Saviour for all His goodness to you? Ask Him what He desires of you in return for your Faith and He will answer, 'Share it with others. Help to apply the merits of My sufferings to the redeemed but unenlightened millions. . . . .' Who can look upon the Crucifix and read its lessons of love and suffering and be indifferent to mission work? Who can weigh the blessings God has showered upon him and refuse to communicate them to others? . . . . Who can know

PHOTO: MATZENE

THE MOST REV. SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER, D.D., D.C.L.
ARCHBISHOP OF MILWAUKEE, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE SOCIETY SINCE ITS INCEPTION

that young American priests and sisters, and thousands of others from Europe, are enduring hardships, privations, discouragement for want of a little help from each one of us, and refuse to give it? Who can have faith in the efficacy of prayer and never send a petition to the Throne of the Most High for the sublime cause of missions? . . . ."

Chapter the Twenty-third

Which Deals With Statistics in a Sugar-coated Way.

ONE day I called on a business friend, who was engaged when I entered his office in the task of working out a problem in arithmetic. He excused himself until he had finished his job. While I waited I heard him humming under his breath. When he had finished I asked the cause of the musical accompaniment, and this is what he said: "I hate arithmetic and always did. In school I never could learn the multiplication table in the ordinary way; so my teacher made me sing it; and now every time I want to find out how much seven times nine is, I have to do it to music." I solemnly shook hands with that man, for I, too, hated arithmetic. The only difference between us was that no good teacher ever taught me how to sing the multiplication table. It is the same with statistics. I despise them. Yet I am obliged day after day to deal with them. To me a page of statistics is like an icy bath. But it will not be necessary for me to explain why I have to write this statistical chapter, though I do it unwillingly, even while trying to make it interesting. My heart was never in figures, so I realize that I am not facing an easy job.

What has the Church Extension Society done in the sixteen years of its existence? We began, as you may remember, with that famous newsboy's dollar. For a time at least all the money in the treasury of the Church Extension Society was that one dollar bill. We still have it. I kept the dollar and gave my cheque to the Treasurer. The original dollar goes down to posterity. The second and third donations, one hundred dollars from Monsignor Van Antwerp, Detroit, and

five dollars from Mrs. Marie Young, Chicago, soon arrived to keep the newsboy's gift company. The one hundred and five dollars are gone, but the one dollar remains. Since that time, and up to the date of September 30th, 1921, nearly five million other dollars have come into the Society's office for the missions, not counting the business of the Society's publication department. These dollars have not all been disbursed, for some of them came in the shape of property still unsold and securities with conditions attached. By means of what we could spend, however, we have been enabled to inspire chapel, school and parish-house building running into many millions.

"What?" you ask. "How could you spend more dollars than you actually received?"

I answer that we usually give only one-third of the amount necessary to build a church. Sometimes that is enough to put up a little temporary shack; but in most cases it has inspired buildings that cost ten times what we give. So, conservatively, I can state, in all truth, that the assistance of Church Extension Society, since its foundation, is responsible for the spending of much more than five million dollars for the home missions. Besides this, our little churches have benefited in addition by church goods, church furniture, chalices, etc., to the approximate amount of one hundred and fifty-two thousand seven hundred dollars. Counting in other items, such as second-hand church goods, the benefits would reach about two hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars more. Miscellaneous designated gifts have been made to poor missions amounting approximately to six hundred and six thousand dollars. Incidental benefits have gone to foreign missions to the amount of about thirty thousand dollars. We spent on education of boys for the priesthood about twenty-six thousand dollars, and some of these are now priests in the field.

We raised and spent on the Mexican refugees and the support of the Seminary at Castroville, Texas, out of which came one hundred priests, just seventy-six thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars and seven cents. We spent seventy-five thousand one hundred and fifty-nine dollars and seventy-seven cents for Catholic literature distributed chiefly amongst foreign-speaking peoples. We saved the situation in the Archdiocese of Vancouver by raising seventy thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars and sixty-two cents. We raised fifty-four thousand six hundred and twenty-six dollars and forty-three cents for the poor priests and sisters of Central Europe. There are other figures for moneys spent for Army Chaplains, Special Relief, Negro and Indian Missions, etc., etc., etc., as well as for Chapel Car work, with which it is unnecessary to burden you. To raise all this money we had to devise our own ways and means and build our own machinery. Our expense of doing the work every year would average about thirty-three thousand dollars, which is not a bad showing when it is remembered that every cent of expense is charged against its proper account, and that we run the Society as strictly as if we were running a bank.

As church building was our principal work it will be interesting to know where many of the gifts were made for chapel building. Here I must run into statistical tables. We begin with Table Number One, which shows chapel building gifts by states up to September 1st, 1921:

TABLE NO. 1—DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS FOR BUILDINGS.

Texas	313
South Dakota	162
Louisiana	116
New Mexico	116
Oregon	109
Minnesota	106

Montana	101
Wisconsin	88
North Dakota	74
Oklahoma	64
Washington	64
Mississippi	57
Colorado	51
Florida	51
Idaho	51
Kansas	47
Arizona	44
Arkansas	39
North Carolina	38
Nebraska	37
Illinois	35
Michigan	25
Alabama	23
South Carolina	23
Wyoming	23
Indiana	17
Virginia	17
California	16
Maryland	11
Missouri	11
New Jersey	11
Tennessee	11
Georgia	10
Pennsylvania	8
Nevada	6
New Hampshire	6
Iowa	5
Kentucky	5
West Virginia	5
Delaware	4
New York	3
Utah	3
Ohio	1
Philippines	29

Alaska	22
Porto Rico	8
Canada	8
	2,074

It is well to recall, after studying this table, that we have followed the general rule of making our gifts only to localities wherein there was no Catholic church. Exceptions were few, and made only under extraordinary conditions. Such exceptions were usually justified by some calamity such as a fire or flood. So the overwhelming majority of our gifts went for new posts, new centers of Catholic activity and Catholic life. Each meant an advance of our line.

To sugar-coat this Table, I shall try to show in a more interesting way what all the figures mean. Two of my patient helpers, Mr. George Barnard and Mr. Eber C. Byam, have gone over them with this result: If all the buildings which have been erected with the Society's aid—and most of them could not have been erected without it—were placed side by side on fifty-foot lots, they would make a line twenty miles long. To inspect them by a passing glance one would have to take a long walk. These buildings serve four hundred and fifty-four thousand, five hundred and thirty-six Catholic people who, standing shoulder to shoulder, would stretch just two hundred miles. They would more than equal the population of Milwaukee.

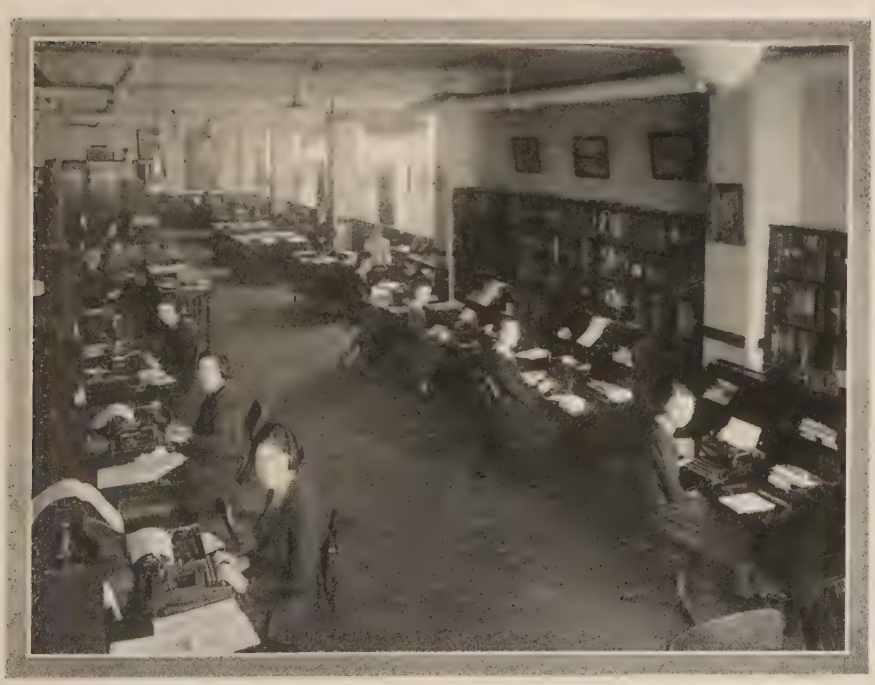
A study of Table Number Two shows how the demand and supply increased for eleven years, then diminished owing to the war and the depression that came after it.

TABLE NO. 2—BUILDING GIFTS BY YEARS

1906	36
1907	58

THE ENTRANCE HALL

THE SOCIETY AND ITS AUXILIARY ACTIVITIES OCCUPY A WHOLE FLOOR OF THE LE MOYNE BUILDING ON NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.



GENERAL OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY

A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF ST. PHILIP NERI, THE SOCIETY'S PATRON (EXTREME LEFT) IS A CONSTANT INSPIRATION TO BUSY WORKERS.

"EXTENSION MAGAZINE'S" ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

MULTIGRAPHING, FOLDING AND ADDRESSING ROOM.

CARD FILE OF MAGAZINE SUBSCRIBERS.

STENCIL FILE ROOM OF "EXTENSION MAGAZINE."

STOCK ROOM AND PREMIUM SHIPPING DEPARTMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION PRESS.

1908	54
1909	115
1910	114
1911	140
1912	136
1913	175
1914	173
1915	153
1916	200
1917	215
1918	139
1919	162
1920	142
1921 incomplete	62
Total	2,074

The low figure for 1921 is explained by the fact that during that year the Society had not so many applications, because new kinds of missionary activities were opened up; but especially because costs went so high that we had to double, and sometimes treble, the amount of each donation. We spent more, but got fewer buildings for our money.

A third table will show the influence of the Society's gifts on the number of Catholic churches erected in the United States during recent years.

TABLE NO. 3—INCREASE OF CHURCH EDIFICES

Year	Existing Buildings	Total New Ones That Year	Extension's Share	Extension's Per cent
1909	13,204	281	115	40.92
1910	13,461	257	114	44.36
1911	13,939	478	140	29.29
1912	14,312	373	136	36.46

1913.....	14,651	339	175	51.62
1914.....	14,961	310	173	55.80
1915.....	15,163	202	153	75.78
1916.....	15,520	357	200	56.00
1917.....	15,817	297	215	72.39
1918.....	15,997	180	139	77.22
1919.....	16,181	184	162	88.04
1920.....	16,580	399	142	35.58

From 1909 to 1919, inclusive, the Church in America erected 3,258 buildings. Extension's aid was given to 52.85 per cent.

To-day I glanced over some figures on Protestant activity in the manufacturing section called the Calumet district of Chicago. They may be an interesting prelude to another Table which concerns ourselves. I quote from a book by Ralph E. Diffendorfer called: The Church and the Community. "In the entire Calumet region," it says, "there are fifty-five Protestant churches and missions, with nearly 3,500 membership. Only twelve of these churches are self-supporting. Practically all of the leading general and women's home mission boards have enterprises in the Calumet district. . . . The missionary program of one denomination alone in this region calls for an expenditure of a million dollars within the next few years." There is, therefore, one Protestant church for every sixty-four members in the Calumet region. I have not figures to show the Catholic population of this territory, but I am safe in saying that we have but one church for each two thousand of our people. But Calumet is not in question now. We are considering a wider field. Let us glance at a Table that shows us how we stand for churches and priests in all the dioceses south of the Ohio River and west of the Mississippi, including Marquette, Superior and Duluth, our ordinary home mission field:

TABLE NO. 4—CHURCHES, SOULS AND PASTORS

Diocese	Square Miles to One Church	Souls to One Priest	Square Miles to One Priest
Corpus Christi	198	2069	509
Dallas	840	3938	1045
El Paso	530	1758	1068
Galveston	325	741	374
San Antonio	345	888	368
Santa Fe	285	1474	1108
Tucson	1330	822	2146
Oklahoma	450	548	674
Denver	430	583	537
Salt Lake	4744	439	6022
Cheyenne	1868	790	3604
Great Falls	759	605	1681
Helena	540	694	570
Boise	788	328	1479
Spokane	311	301	339
Seattle	260	567	260
Oregon City	189	397	142
Baker City	1283	264	2519
Sacramento	866	744	1251
Bismarck	234	498	480
Fargo	198	577	289
Lead	243	380	535
Sioux Falls	178	494	250
Grand Island	440	387	741
Lincoln	175	353	229
Omaha	43	371	65
Concordia	281	366	284
Wichita	304	336	390
Little Rock	491	258	589
Leavenworth	100	369	72
Monterey and Los Angeles	338	766	322
San Francisco	79	879	40
New Orleans	67	1190	48
Lafayette	133	2432	161
Alexandria	296	1103	570

Natchez	324	599	909
Mobile	535	335	423
St. Augustine	626	900	824
Savannah	1035	334	967
Charleston	794	303	914
Nashville	720	480	788
North Carolina	139	541	101
Covington	213	659	177
Richmond	352	479	387
Wheeling	247	546	256
Crookston	218	511	319
Duluth	228	823	287
Superior	103	597	160
Marquette	119	876	166
Averages	522	749	764

If the reader will make proper allowance for the grouping of priests in the large cities, it will be apparent that in caring for the country districts we must still be falling short of the needs.

The work done by the Society has not scratched the surface. As a matter of fact the amount of money contributed to the Society for the last sixteen years shows only an average of a little over two cents a family per year. A dime per month for the same period from each family would have given annually four million two hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred dollars for the work of Catholic Home Missions. Multiply this by five and you have twenty-one million four hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred dollars, which is what we would have if the dime came from each individual instead of each family.

How much money could the Catholics of these United States put into the work of missions annually without feeling the sacrifice? A very conservative estimate would be ten million dollars. John D. Rockefeller once said that the Catholic

Church makes one dollar go as far as five. He was right. Our non-Catholic brethren spend about forty million dollars annually on missions, home and foreign; but this is the amount contributed by Protestants all over the world. With ten million dollars collected in Catholic North America, we could at once take care of every home mission need and multiply our foreign mission efforts by at least six. Our separated brethren are developed quite close to their limit. We have only started, for we have not yet converted even all the clergy to the cause of missions. With the most glorious of records, we still lag behind even in the home field, where "the Greeks are at our doors."

We have eleven million and more negroes in these United States. Only a few of them are Catholic. Yet we have examples of negro parishes, now self-supporting, made up chiefly of converts within this generation. We have never seriously tried the African missions at home. There is no finer field in the world, for here we have a negro who can read and write, and who is looking for opportunities for self-development. The negro has a deep religious strain in his blood. He can be brought into the Church that is "all things to all men," the Church that welcomes all as sons of God and brothers of Jesus Christ.

We have almost forgotten that it was the Catholic missionary who converted the great majority of the American Indian tribes; that all our glory of martyrdom comes to us from our Indian missions. We would let them languish and die were it not for such devoted souls as Mother Katherine Drexel, who stepped into the breach in time. All our history is an appeal not to let the work of the martyrs fail. The Indian is not dying, but is drifting into the mainstream of our political, economic and social life. With him he will take his religion. Can we ignore the importance of seeing that he takes the one

he received from the men and women who did not refuse to give life itself for Christ's sake, for the salvation of souls?

I cannot understand our blindness on this subject of Catholic missions, especially in our own land. Once we bought our success with our blood. To-day we seem to think that a little interest and money is too much to pay. We forget that God gives the increase if we do our best. The Missionary Dollar from us all, given cheerfully, for the cause here and abroad, would work magic for the Church in America. We must face the fact that the call has come to us. All our blessings for the future will depend on how we answer it.

Chapter the Twenty-fourth

Which Is About an Experiment in Dollars.

INTERESTING things are happening all the time in the work of Extension. One of them happened after this book was supposed to be complete, and was about to be handed over to the printer. So, to bring it up to its date of publication, I must tell the story of the "Dollar Club."

I have already said that the needs of the home mission field are constantly changing. The changes are indicative of progress; just like a farmer's work when it changes from ploughing to seeding at the proper time. While there are still chapels to be built, the demand for them is not so great; but the demand for priests to minister at the altars is becoming greater every day, and, with that demand, the hope is being voiced that these coming pastors will be of the soil—born, raised and, for the most part, educated at home. To realize that wish, we need two things: a Home Mission Seminary, and a fund for the support of the clergy who are destined to go into the out-of-the-way places and "compel men to come in." Already we have some money set aside for the future Seminary; but far from enough. It will have to be, at least in the beginning, what the French call "a little seminary"; namely preparatory to theology and philosophy. We visualize it filled with boys from the mission fields themselves; boys brought up in the actual surroundings of their future life, anxious to remain amongst their own people, and labor in their own sections of the country. Some day one of our wealthy people will see the opportunity spread before him or her, and will build and endow that Seminary; or, perhaps, one may build it and many endow it. The time is ripe. The one who takes

the initiative will be doing the great work of the day, and merit the benedictions of countless children yet unborn. God grant that this short paragraph may be the light that finds such a benefactor of the Church in America.

The need of a fund to support priests in places that are yet pioneering, but are destined one day to be new centers of devotion, is an urgent need at the present time. At the annual meeting of the Board of Governors held in November, 1921, letters were read from several Bishops asking us to extend our efforts so as to include the support of some priests that they had already sent, or desired to send, into the unoccupied territories confided to them. Unfortunately, the Board did not have money enough to answer all these appeals favorably; so, at the suggestion of Archbishop Mundelein, the Chancellor of the Society, a discussion was entered upon in the hope of finding some new method or means to secure money for this necessary work.

When the Archbishop brought up this particular subject for discussion he was touching something very near to his heart. He knows that the great need of the day, not only for the large but also the small places, is a native clergy and plenty of them. In the few years that he has been Archbishop of Chicago he has labored to that end, and not entirely for the benefit of his own Archdiocese. He built the Quigley Preparatory Seminary in memory of his predecessor, but also for the purpose of preparing the young men who offer themselves for the priesthood in Chicago, for admission to higher studies. That preparatory seminary is a model of beauty and convenience. To-day it is the largest preparatory seminary in the world. Its student body has already outgrown its walls. Five hundred new candidates for admission presented themselves this year. It is easy to see that the Quigley is destined to give Chicago more priests than the Archdiocese needs. "Exten-

sion" should be ready to pick them up for the benefit of other dioceses that never have enough. With an eye to the future, the Archbishop has commenced the building of a wonderful seminary at Area, Illinois. He began it with a plan, not only for present but for all future development. Even the buildings not yet erected are provided for and located. The Seminary at Area is built so that it can be expanded to fit coming needs. It took a mind with vision to begin it, and it will take a man of abounding energy to finish it.

But I am not chiefly interested in the works of Chicago. To me, Chicago is interesting because it is the home of Church Extension. I am interested in Archbishop Mundelein as Chancellor of the Society, the presiding officer of its Board of Governors, and the man whose influence is the greatest in promoting its work. As Archbishop of Chicago, he is my ecclesiastical superior. As Chancellor of the Society, he is one of many superiors, but the one who counts most. It was a fortunate thing that he came to us at a time when we needed a Chancellor more bent on securing priests for the American Church than in building chapels; for the Society had come to the point where we were forced to enlarge one work without diminishing the other too much. At the meeting of November last, Archbishop Mundelein urged that we begin this work of supporting missionaries in the field at once. It was left to the officials of the Society to find the means. Speaking for them, I asked the Board to give me a money credit to help organize a department to secure small donations. I wanted this particular endeavor to be the work of many, not of the few. The building of the Seminary must be the work of the few. The supplying and support of priests for the poor missions ought to be the work of all. I told the Board to make the donation one that they could forget. I was not sure that the plans I had barely thought of would succeed. They appeared too

simple. I forgot that it is usually the simple things that do succeed. The Board gave me the money, but I never used it. After discussing my plans with the other officials of the Society, I went around the office and collected thirty-five dollars. Then I called together all the girls working both in our own office and in the publication department, told them what we were anxious to do, and added: "If you are interested, I want each of you to sit down and write out the names and addresses of such of your friends as you think would give me a dollar for the cause if I asked for it." The girls were at once interested, and handed in a list of about one thousand names. I borrowed the envelopes and stationery from the Society for a letter to all these people. I got the publication department to print the letter. I took two clerks from the office to address envelopes, and paid the postage out of the thirty-five dollars. In one week, I had more than one hundred and fifty dollars. I put that money back into printing and postage. In another week I had five hundred dollars. Back that went into the appeals. The result got me close to one thousand dollars. Then the names began to roll in and to-day —well that comes later on in the story.

In the business of making appeals it is chiefly the wording that counts. There were long and anxious conferences over the first letter sent out. We made it "short and sweet." You may be interested in reading it, so here it is:

"Dear Friend:

"Would you be kind enough to trust me with one dollar? If you would, please fold it up in this letter, put it in the return envelope and send it. Why am I asking the loan of a dollar? I am not asking a loan. I am asking you to trust me to spend a dollar for you. Here is the reason:

"There are hundreds of little out-of-the-way places in American territory where priests have enormous parishes

sparsely settled with Catholics, and which do not give their pastors enough to live on. We actually have had to supply some of our own American missionaries with second-hand clothing, underwear, trousers and shoes. You may not know that we have parishes here at home as large as Denmark.

"These men are doing God's work without hope for anything much better. They are your sons, volunteers in the Army of God, educated and trained, sacrificing themselves to give scattered flocks a chance to get to Mass and the Sacraments a few times a year. Many practically live on the road. They cannot even afford to keep house, but eat when "at home"—God save the mark—at lunch counters and miserable hotels.

"We want to get enough money together to supplement what little they get with a dollar a day, and thus put a bit of comfort into their lives and a square meal in their stomachs now and then. For every three hundred and sixty-five dollars we get we can help one such devoted missionary for a year. For every answer to this letter one man is taken care of for one day.

"Will you, then, trust me with a dollar to spend for you? Of course, you can give more if you want to; but for God's sake won't you give me One Dollar anyhow?"

The results of that appeal made it unnecessary for us to use any of the money that the Board had given me, so I returned it to the Treasurer. With it we gave also enough money to pay all the donations voted conditionally by the Board for the support of missionary priests. Then we began to "adopt" other priests in poor missions. We wrote to the bishops to make the selections for us, since it is always the bishops who have the obligation of knowing the field. At this writing we have fifty "subsidies" ready, and they are only a fair beginning.

In order to test out every channel for reaching people in an effective way, we got out the appeal in a different form, one that offered the advantage of saving time and postage. We experimented with what we called "The Nailed Hand" circular. Here is how it appeared:

"THE OUTSTRETCHED NAILED HAND"

"The Hand you see pictured is the Hand of the Son of God, nailed to the Cross for us and for our salavation,—His Right Hand that was 'filled with gifts.' It is the Hand that has blessed you and yours from the day you were born, and the Hand that will continue to bless you and yours till the day you die—and After.

"I, who write this message to you, I am one of His Beggarmen. My duty is to plead for Him who was clad as a beggar before His enemies stripped Him even of beggar's garments when they nailed Him to the Cross.

"I plead for Him when I plead for His other servants who do His work better than I could do it. They are 'bearing the burden of the day and the heats,' for He told them to 'go into the lanes and the by-ways and compel men to come' to Him.

"Many of these, His servants, are your own sons, citizens of your country and mine, working on the prairies and in the out-of-the-way places, very poor, very lonely, very hopeless as far as this world's rewards go, very naked in comparison with you and with me, but happy in their courage, their devotion and the joy of strong faith and love for His scattered children. I am speaking of the missionary priests of our own West and South who, educated and cultured gentlemen as they are, yet 'seek not their own' for they are seeking His 'other sheep that were lost,' or who are in danger of being lost.

"I have a modest ambition for them—just to give as many as possible the supplement of one dollar each day from outside their fields of labor, as a message of affection from the prosperous part of Christ's flock; a message that will hearten and encourage them while it provides a bit of cheer and comfort, a needed coat, or shoes, or even a chance to have a home better than the lean-to attached to one of the chapels they attend, which so many of them call 'home.'

"To get that I am asking you, whose name was given me by one of your friends, to please put one dollar into the Nailed Hand, fold it up in this letter and send both the letter and its contents back to me. I shall add your offering to three hundred and sixty-four other dollars and thus take care of one such poor missionary for a year.

"One dollar is a small amount to you. I do not ask for the seven that would provide for a week, the thirty that would provide for a month, or the large provision for a whole year. I ask for only one dollar, but I can make it produce others and do a great, good work.

"What great, good work can it do? This: It, with its companions, can multiply the missionary pastors of scattered flocks in our country, because it can sustain more of them where they are needed. By its power, and God's grace, we can reach children with Christian instruction. We can bring Mass and the Sacraments to their parents; and provide, too, that when the Last Call comes over the prairies to many a scattered Catholic, there will be a priest near to close his eyes in Christ. With it we can stem a tide of losses to the Church and enlighten many a soul that never heard the message of the Nailed Hand.

"Will you give me that dollar? I, a Beggarman of Christ, promise you that it will return blessings a thousandfold to you and yours. Do not be one of those to reject the appeal. Put

the dollar in the Nailed Hand and trust to Him Who owns it to repay."

The Chairman of the Board of a Chicago insurance company saw this circular. He sent over to our office for other copies, and asked our permission to circulate thousands at his own expense. Of course, he got the permission. Mr. Clover, that was his name, laid up a treasure of good deeds for himself. The strange part of the story is that Mr. Clover,—his friends call him "Dad,"—is not a Catholic. I learned later that for years he had been giving to Catholic missions in America; and still later that he made a handsome donation to Notre Dame University.

We then took a plunge into the waters of advertising, and selected quite a list of papers for our new appeal. But advertising has gotten to be a science as well as an art. It costs money to prepare copy. We had interested one advertising man at least, Mr. McJunkin. We asked for additional interest in the form of "the copy" for a large display advertisement. He put an excellent writer on the work, Mr. Roach, who took all that we had already written on the subject, cut and mauled it into shape, with the result that we had a most effective appeal for use in the papers. We tried it in about twenty-five with good results. But the letter held its own and smiled at the efforts of its rivals to beat its record. Still it is only fair to let the readers of this chapter see the "ad" as well as the rest of the ammunition.

TO SUCH MEN A BLOW-OUT ON A FORD
IS THE CRACK OF DOOM—

They do not know where the next tire is to come from. They are not sure of the next meal. But they keep right on, working away, attending the missions; dropping in at farmhouses; driving fifty miles to a funeral; teaching the children after Mass

on Sunday, arriving early to hear the confessions; breaking their fast at one or two in the afternoon.

EXAGGERATION?

No, it is not exaggeration.

Speak up Texas!

Speak up you old white-haired pioneer of Indian Territory before the oil was struck.

Speak up almost any priest in the old South!

I know what these men are. I saw them and their work. For about thirteen years I lived their life, as one of them.

I was one of the best-off of these priests with missions to attend, yet more than once I did not have money enough (only eighty cents or a dollar) to visit a neighbor for confession.

But I was in a "good diocese." What of those who are not? They spent in the Seminary the full number of years necessary for education and training. They went through college. Quite often they led their classes. Many of their college mates are to-day rich and famous, while they are driving decrepit Fords over the prairie to some poor hut with the Last Sacraments for the dying, or to some miserable church or farmhouse station twenty miles from the nearest water-tank town.

What do they get?

Not enough to pay for the gasoline, in many cases; a bare living in others. They cannot buy books. They have only one suit. They often have no home except the vestry of one of their churches.

But I am thinking of bigger things than getting a square meal, or a tire, or a suit of clothes for men accustomed to suffering and glad in their poverty. The thing is far more serious, for there has been little change in the situation for years and years.

A "mission" is only a temporary arrangement because of lack of priests. "Missions" are but beginnings, and are destined to grow into parishes. If they do not they will surely die. But thousands of them were "missions" fifty years ago, and they are "missions" still, only smaller and weaker.

We know now from actual and successful experimenting in South Dakota that "missions" can be changed into parishes. We must occupy every one of these centers; but we cannot do that unless we are prepared to help the priest who takes over a territory that cannot in the beginning support him. For a few years he will need help, just a little; but he will cultivate his field and then his little subsidy will go to another.

Bishops in most of our mission territory can double the number of priests and parishes if they get a little outside help for a few years. It has already been done. It can be done again. What we need is the spirit of co-operation. It is just, as well as charitable, that we help one another. We can get nowhere if we do not understand that.

Thousands of People Could Make This Gift—Why Don't They Do It?

If I could find people who would agree to give three hundred and sixty-five dollars and twenty-five cents a year—for one year, for two years, or more—I could promise a new parish with a resident priest for every such gift.

We have the churches all ready, and we can get the parochial houses if we could only assure a livelihood to the priest until he has built up his parish.

There are hundreds of thousands of people who could make that gift.

Why don't they do it?

Because they do not know; they do not understand. They are too busy listening to hosannas on our wonderful progress.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS: SOME OF THE EPISCOPAL MEMBERS.

HIS EMINENCE WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON
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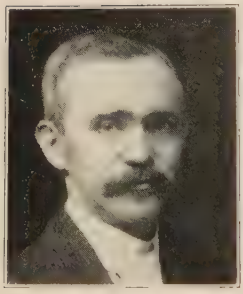

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So far as the greater part of the United States is concerned, outside the cities, this talk about progress is bosh. I tell you, we are slipping in the country districts, slipping fast; and there is no salvation for that situation to come out of our ignoring the fact that without priests we cannot hold our own. I don't want to offend or hurt. I just want YOU to understand this work and appreciate its importance.

The future of the cities depends on the country districts. The future of city churches depends on present conditions in country parishes and missions.

Will You Help Me?

Will you help me form a dollar club to assist these struggling country priests? There are many ways in which you can do it. Here are some:

First: It will cost you just one dollar a year to finance the work of one of these courageous priests for one day. But, is one day enough? Why not make your offering sufficient to support one priest for a year, six months, three months, one month, or one week?

Second: By sending me a list of names and addresses of good people who would be likely to interest themselves in this appeal. I want to send such people a copy of this invitation to help. I shall not mention your name.

Third: By asking me to send you a number of copies of this appeal, which you in turn will mail to your friends, with a personal letter asking them to help.

For God's Sake Do Something!

This is the launching of my Dollar Club. May God give it increase! Most of those who read about it will do nothing to help—what will you do? For God's sake do something!

I have been crying in this wilderness for sixteen years. I am getting white on top and nearing the sear and yellow of autumn. I can tell about the weather sometimes by the barometer of my joints, but I do not want to lay down the work until I have built up a fund for getting those soldiers of Christ "out of the trenches" that are full of mud and grime and hopelessness.

How happy I should be if I got even One Dollar from every Catholic who reads this appeal! Do not be the exception. Do not deny me One Dollar for this work which means so much to those who have already given so much. Contribute now and let the Christ of the Nailed Hand be trusted to reward you. He promised not to forget the gift of a cup of cold water. What then will He do for those who help His missionaries, who live in poverty as He did for the sake of doing good. Put your offering in His Hand.

The "Dollar Club" began with one man doing all the detail work alone, Mr. Byam, already mentioned in connection with Mexican affairs. Mr. Byam is now the manager with about thirty clerks under his charge. Representing the Society we have our efficient Field Secretary, Rev. Patrick H. Griffin of Indianapolis, giving most of his time to the Club. He is a trained business man, a former student of the Catholic University at Washington, and a glutton for labor. They must grow detail men as well as novelists in the Hoosier State. Father Griffin is the second Indianapolis man we had, and both of them were strong on efficiency methods.

In six months, out of which period generous time must be allowed for "make ready," the receipts of the "Dollar Club" have grown from the first day which netted thirty-five dollars, to a period when the daily returns averaged five hundred dollars. I could scarcely believe the figures. How was it

done? Many people may be tempted to say that the same methods could do it for "anything." Not at all. Our people are interested in the missions. Present that cause right, with its proper background, and the appeal wins. The same cannot be done for "anything." The people love the missions. I hope that the "Dollar Club" will some day, and that soon, be supporting five hundred priests, most of them in centers never occupied by the Church before. It surely can do that if it goes on as it has begun.

L'ENVOI

A VISION comes to me here at the end of my labor of love. I see a strong and beautiful figure suggesting Eternal Motherhood, with smiling lips and sad eyes, hands soft and gentle to the touch, but, like the arms that bear them, muscled beneath the tender flesh with iron righteousness. Her feet are half bare and marked by the stones of many roadways, but beautiful too, for "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." Strong armor is on the "right hand and on the left," armor that shines but does not dazzle, yet is more impenetrable than the toughened temper of Damascus steel. A triple crown whose glory has never faded is on her head of majesty and power. Her throne is built upon the Seven Eternal Hills that look out over all this earth. She speaks in the tongue of a dead empire to living empires and living men, but all can hear and understand. Soft and kind is her voice, but insistent and constant. At her feet is an open box with the marks of a hammer on its broken lock; and, over the yellow of its gold and the white glitter of its silver the print of blood-stained Hands that were pierced from nailing. On both her own hands and on her feet appear these signs of pregnant pain. For jewels she has the crimson rubies of heroic fortitude, the white diamonds of pure charity, and the blue sapphires of undying hope. She is clad in the purple of sorrow, bordered by the gold of an eternal sunrise that is to be.

To the side of the beautiful vision come men and women with empty hands, to be filled from the box with the broken lock marked by the bloody Hand-prints, her treasury. Of many races and colors are these suppliants, but most of them

are from "the lanes and the by-ways." Some from the high places and the great roads mingle with the crowds looking on, only to gaze curiously, though uneasily, for a while, then pick up some glittering bauble of worthless quartz from the rocks by the wayside, and go away in false rejoicing. But always is there a multitude looking at her; some who hate and curse, some who love and pray. No one ever succeeds in remaining indifferent. For each who asks there is treasure in the box. For all who mourn there is comfort. For all who hunger there is food. For the sick of soul there is healing. For the heavy of heart there is joy.

All around her, and constantly going from her side into the crowd, are those whose duty it is to lead others to her and to the open box. Some of them toil hard in the service, with zeal unflagging, and without rest or falter; but a few, alas, are unfaithful, seeking to be friendly with scoffers even while they wear her livery. Yet she suffers them all, and gently draws many to the treasury by turning the words and deeds of lax service into unintended invitations. The box with the broken lock, and with the marks of the bleeding Hands, is inexhaustible. As it empties it is replenished. In it there is enough and to spare for all. It holds the secret of happiness, the solution of every human problem. Its gifts are the free graces of salvation. The radiant, beautiful Vision is that of the Spouse of Christ, the Church of the Living God.

This story was written to plead the Cause represented on earth by that Church, to urge her claims, to secure aid for her saving labor. If it succeeds only in drawing out a word of praise for its author, alas! it will be a failure. If it succeeds only in giving its readers an hour of pastime, it represents labor in vain. But, if it causes those who peruse its chapters to rekindle their zeal for God's glory, to bring their gifts to the altar of sacrifice for Christ's sake, then is it a great and a

wonderful success. I send it out, not as a pampered child of ambition, but as a beggar in rags, asking for help, holding out its hands for the offerings of zeal and charity. It may be the last of my pleadings. If so, I pray that it may be long before the echoes of it die away.

APPENDIX

Two little stories had so much to do with the success of the Society that it is but justice to give them a place in this volume. The first has been read by perhaps two million people. The second was reproduced in many misssionary magazines and papers, quite a number of which were non-Catholic.

The Resurrection of Alta

FATHER BROIDY rushed down the stone steps and ran toward the Bishop's carriage, which had just stopped at the curb. He flung open the door before the driver could alight, kissed the ring on the hand extended him, helped its owner out and with a beaming face led the Bishop to the pretty and comfortable rectory.

"Welcome! welcome to Alta, Bishop," he said as they entered the house, "and sure the whole deanery is here to back it up."

The Bishop smiled as the clergy trooped down the stairs echoing the greeting. The Bishop knew them all, and he was happy, for well was he aware that every man meant what he said. No one really ever admired the Bishop, but all loved him, and each had a private reason of his own for it that he never confided to anyone save his nearest crony. They were all here now to witness the resurrection of Alta—the poorest parish in a not too rich diocese, hopeless three years ago, but now—well, there it is across the lot, that symphony in stone, every line of its chaste gothic a "Te Deum" that even an agnostic could understand and appreciate; every bit of carving the paragraph of a sermon that passers-by, perforce, must hear. To-day it is to be consecrated, the cap-stone is to be set on Father Broidy's arch of triumph and the real life of Alta parish to begin.

"I thought you had but sixteen families here," said the Bishop as he watched the crowd stream into the church.

"There were but eighteen, Bishop," the young priest answered, with a happy smile that had considerable self-satisfaction in it. There are seventy-five now."

"And how did it come about, my lad?" questioned the Bishop.

"Mostly through my mission bringing back some of the 'ought-to-be's,' but I suppose principally because my friend McDermott opened his factory to Catholics. You know, Bishop, that though he was born one of us he had somehow acquired a bitter hatred of the Church, and he never employed Catholics until I brought him around."

There was a shadow of a smile that had meaning in it on the Bishop's face, as he patted the ardent young pastor on the arm, and said:

"Well God bless him! God bless him! but I suppose we must begin to vest now. Is it not near ten o'clock?"

Father Broidy turned with a little shade of disappointment on his face to the work of preparation, and soon had the procession started toward the church.

Shall I describe the beauty of it all?—the lights and flowers, the swinging censers, with the glory of the chant and the wealth of mystic symbolism which followed the passing of that solemn procession into the sanctuary? That could best be imagined, like the feeling in the heart of the young pastor who adored every line of the building. He had watched the laying of each stone, and could almost count the chips that had jumped from every chisel. There had never been so beautiful a day to him, and never such a ceremony, but one—three years ago in the Seminary chapel. He almost forgot it in the glory of the present. Dear me, how well Kaiser did preach. He always knew, did Father Broidy, that young Kaiser had it in him. He did not envy him a bit of the congratulations. They were a part of Father Broidy's triumph, too. It was small wonder that the Dean whispered to the Bishop on the way back to the rectory:

"You will have to put Broidy at the top of the list now. He has surely won his spurs to-day."

But again the shadow of the meaning smile was on the Bishop's face, and he said nothing; so the Dean looked wise and mysterious as he slapped the young pastor on the back and said:

"Proficiat, God bless you! You have done well, and I am proud of you, but wait and listen." Then his voice dropped to a whisper. "I was talking to the Bishop about you."

The dinner? Well, Anne excelled herself. Is not that enough to say? But perhaps you have never tasted Anne's cooking? Then you surely have heard of it, for all the diocese knows about it, and everyone said that Broidy was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to keep house for the priest at Alta.

Story followed story, as dish followed dish, and a chance to rub up the wit that had been growing rusty in the country missions for months never passed by unnoticed.

The Dean was toastmaster.

"Right Reverend Bishop and Reverend Fathers," he began, when he had enforced silence with the handle of his fork, "It is my pleasure and pride to be here to-day. Three years ago a young priest was sent to one of the most miserably poor places in the diocese. What he found you all know. The sorrowful history of the decline of Alta was never a secret record. Eighteen careless families left. Bigotry rampant. Factories closed to Catholics. Church dilapidated. Only the vestry for a dwelling place. That was three years ago, and look around you to-day. See the church, house and school; and built out of what? That is Father Broidy's work and Father Broidy's triumph, but we are glad of it. No man has made such a record in our diocese before. What have we others done by the side of his extraordinary effort? Yet

we are not jealous. We know well the good qualities of soul and body in our young friend, and God bless him. We are pleased to be with him, though completely outclassed. We rejoice in the resurrection of Alta. Let me now call upon our beloved Bishop, whose presence among us is always a joy."

When the applause subsided the Bishop arose, and for an instant stood again with that meaning smile just lighting his face. For that instant he did not utter a word. When he did speak there was a quiver in his voice that age had never planted, and in spite of the jokes which had preceded and the laughter which he had led, it sounded like a forerunner of tears. He had never been called eloquent, this kindly faced and snow-crowned old man, but when he spoke it was always with a gentle dignity and a depth of sympathy and feeling that compelled attention.

"It is a great satisfaction, my dear Fathers," he began, "to find so many of you here to rejoice with our young friend and his devoted people, and to thus encourage the growth of a priestly life which he has so well begun in Alta. No one glories in his success more than I. No one more warmly than I, his Bishop, tenders congratulations. This is truly a day the Lord has made—this day in Alta. It is a day of joy and gladness for priest and people. Will you pardon an old man if he stems the tide of mirth for an instant? He could not hope to stem it for long. On such an occasion as this it would burst the barriers, leaving what he would show you once more submerged beneath the rippling waters and silver-tipped waves of laughter. It seems wrong even to think of the depths where lie the bodies of the dead and the hulks of the wrecked. But the bottom always has its treasure as well as its tragedy. There are both a tragedy and a treasure in the story I will tell you to-day. You remember Father Belmond,

the first pastor of Alta? Yes! Then let me tell you a story that your generous priestly souls will treasure as it deserves."

The table was strangely silent. Not one of the guests had ever before known the depth of sympathy in the old Bishop till now. Every chord in the nature of each man vibrated to the touch of his words.

"It was ten years ago," went on the Bishop—"ah, how years fly fast to the old!—a friend of college days, a bishop in an Eastern State, wrote me a long letter concerning a young convert he had just ordained. He was a lad of great talents, brilliant and handsome, the son of wealthy parents, who, however, now cast him off, giving him to understand that he would receive nothing from them. The young man was filled with zeal, and he begged the bishop to give him to some missionary diocese wherein he could work in obscurity for the greater glory of God. He was so useful and so brilliant a man that the bishop desired to attach him to his own household and was loath to lose him, but the priest begged hard and was persistent; so the bishop asked me to take him for a few years and give him actual contact with the hardships of life in a pioneer state. Soon, he thought, the young man would be willing to return to his larger field. The bishop, in other words, wanted to test him. I sadly needed priests, so when he came with the oil still wet on his hands, I gave him a place—the worst I had—I gave him Alta. Some of you older men know what it was then. The story of Alta is full of sorrow. I told it to him, but he thanked me and went to his charge. I expected to see him within a week, but I did not see him for a year. Then I sent for him, and with his annual report in my hand I asked him how he lived on the pittance which he had received. He said that it took very little when one was careful and that he lived well enough—but his coat was threadbare and his shoes were sadly patched.

There was a brightness in his eyes, too, and a flush on his cheek that I did not quite like. I asked him of his work and he told me that he was hopeful—told me of the little repairs he had made, of a soul won back, but in the conversation I actually stole the sad tale of his poverty from him. Yet he made no complaint and cheerfully went back to Alta.

"The next month he came again, but this time he told me of the dire need of aid, not for himself, but for his church. The people, he said, were poor pioneers, and in the comfortless and ugly old church they were losing their grip on religion. The young people were falling away very fast. All around were well ordered and beautiful sectarian churches. He could see the effect, not visible to less interested eyes but very plain to his. He feared that another generation would be lost and he asked me if there was any possibility of securing temporary aid, such as the sects had for their building work. I had to tell him that nothing could be done. I told him of the poverty of my own diocese, and that, while his was a poor place, there were others approaching it. In my heart I knew there was something sadly lacking in our national work for the Church, but I could do nothing myself. He wrote to his own state for help, but the letters were unanswered. Except for the few stipends I could give him and which he devoted to his work, it was impossible to do anything. He was brave and never faltered, though the eyes in him shone brighter and in places his coat was worn through. A few days later I received a letter from his bishop asking how he did and saying that he would appoint him to an excellent parish if he would return home willingly. I sent the letter to Alta with a little note of my own, congratulating him on his changed condition. He returned the letter to me with a few lines saying: "I cannot go. If I desert my people here it would be a sin. There are plenty at home for the rich

places but you have no one to send here. Please ask the bishop to let me stay. I think it is God's will.' The day I received that letter I heard one of my priests at the Cathedral say: 'How seedy that young Belmond looks! for an Eastern man he is positively sloppy in his dress. He ought to brace up and think of the dignity of his calling. Surely such a man is not calculated to make an impression upon our separated brethren.' And another chimed in: 'I wonder why he left his own diocese?' "

"I heard no more for two years except for the annual report, and now and then a request for a dispensation. I did hear that he was teaching the few children of the parish himself, and every little while I saw an article in some of the papers, unsigned but suspiciously like his style, and I suspected that he was earning a little money with his pen.

"One winter night, returning alone from a visitation of Vinta, the fast train was stalled by a blizzard at the Alta station. I went out on the platform to secure a breath of fresh air, but I had scarcely closed the door when a boy rushed up to me and asked if I were a Catholic priest. When I nodded he said: 'We have been trying to get a priest all day, but the wires are down in the storm. Father Belmond is sick and the doctor says he will die. He told me to look through every train that came in. He was sure I would find some one.' Reaching at once for my grip and coat I rushed to the home of the Pastor. The home was the lean-to vestry of the old log church. In one corner Father Belmond lived; another was given over to the vestments and linens. Everything was spotlessly clean. On a poor bed the priest was tossing, moaning and delirious. Only the boy had attended him in his sickness until the noon of that day, when two good old women heard of his condition and came. One of them was at his bedside when I entered. When she saw my collar

she lifted her hands in that peculiarly Hibernian gesture that means so much, and said:

"'Sure, God sent you here this night. He has been waiting since noon to die.'

"The sick priest opened his eyes that now had the brightness of death in them and appeared to look through me. He seemed to be very far away. But slowly the eyes told me that he was coming back—back from the shadows; then at last he spoke:

"'You, Bishop? Thank God!'

"He made his simple confession. I anointed him and brought him Viaticum from the tabernacle in the church. Then the eyes went wild again, and I saw, when they opened and looked at me, that he had already turned around, and was again walking through the shadows of the Great Valley that ends the Long Road.

"Through the night we three, the old woman, the boy and myself, watched him and listened to his wanderings. Then I learned—old priest and bishop as I was—I learned my lesson. The lips that never spoke a complaint were moved, but not by his will, to go over the story of two terrible years. It was a sad story. It began with his great zeal. He wanted to do so much, but the black discouragement of everything slowly killed his hopes. He saw the Faith going from his people. He saw that they were ceasing to care. The town was then, as it is to-day, McDermott's town, but McDermott had fallen away when his riches came, and some terrible event, a quarrel with a former priest who had attended Alta from a distant point, had left McDermott bitter. He practically drove the pastor from his door. He closed his factory to the priest's people and one by one they left. Only eighteen families stayed. The dying priest counted them over in his dreams,

and sobbed as he told of the others who had gone. Then the bigotry that McDermott's faith had kept concealed broke out under the encouragement of McDermott's infidelity. The boys of the town flung insults at the priest as he passed. The people gave little, and that grudgingly. I could almost feel his pain as he told in his delirium how, day after day, he had dragged his frail body to church and on the round of duty. But every now and then, as if the words came naturally to bear him up, he would say:

"'It's for God's sake. I am nothing. It will all come in His own good time.'

"Then I knew the spirit that kept him to his work. He went over his visit to me. How he had hoped, and then how his hopes were dashed to the ground. Oh, dear Lord, had I known what it all meant to that sensitive, saintly nature, I would have sold my ring and cross to give him what he needed. But my words seemed to have broken him and he came home to die. The night of his return he spent before the altar in his log church, and, Saints of Heaven, how he prayed! When I heard his poor, dry lips whisper over the prayer once more I bowed my head on the coverlet and cried as only a child can cry—and I was only a child at that minute in spite of my white hair and wrinkles. He had offered a supreme sacrifice—his life. I gleaned from his prayers that his parents had done him the one favor of keeping up his insurance and that he had made it over to his church. So he wanted to die at his post and piteously begged God to take him. For his death he knew would give Alta a church. He seemed penetrated with the idea that alive he was useless, but that his death meant the resurrection of Alta. When I heard that same expression used so often to-day I lived over again the whole story of that night in the little vestry. All this time

SOME "FOUNDERS" OF CHURCH EXTENSION.

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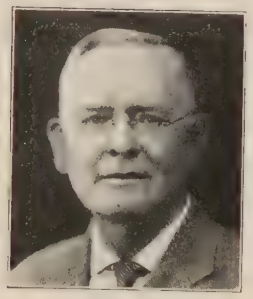

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MR. EBER COLE BYAM, MANAGER OF THE DOLLAR CLUB.

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THE REV. PATRICK H. GRIFFIN, ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT; THE SOCIETY'S "LINK" WITH THE DOLLAR CLUB.

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MR GEORGE BARNARD, THE SOCIETY'S EDITORIAL SECRETARY

he had been picking the coverlet, and his hand seemed, during the pauses, to be holding the paten as if he were gathering up the minute particles from the corporal. At last his hand found mine. He clung to it, and just an instant his eyes looked at me with reason in them. He smiled, and murmured, 'It is all right, now, Bishop.' I heard a sob back of me where the boy stood, and the old woman was praying. He was trying to speak again, and I caught the words, 'God's sake—I am nothing—His good time.' Then he was still, just as the morning sun broke through the windows.

"That minute, Reverend Fathers, began the resurrection of Alta. The old woman told me how it happened. He was twenty-five miles away attending one of his missions when the blizzard was at its height. McDermott fell sick and a telegram was sent for the priest—the last message before the wires came down. Father Belmond started to drive through the storm back to Alta. He succeeded in reaching McDermott's bedside and gave him the last Sacraments. He did not break down himself until he returned to the vestry, but for twenty-four hours he tossed in fever before they found him.

"McDermott grew better. He came to see me when he heard I was in town. The first question he asked me was: 'Is he dead?' I told McDermott the story just as I am telling you. 'God forgive me,' said the sick man, 'that priest died for me. When he came here I ordered him out of my office, but when they told him I was sick he drove through the storm for my sake. He believed in the worth of a soul, and he himself was the noblest soul that Alta ever had.'

"I said nothing. Somebody better than a mere bishop was talking to McDermott, and I, His minister, was silent in His presence. 'Bishop,' said McDermott, after long thought, 'I never really believed until now; I'm sorry that it took a man's life to bring me back the Faith of my fathers. Send us a

priest to Alta—one who can do things; one after the stamp of the saint in the vestry. I'll be his friend and together we will carry on the work. I'll see him through if God spares me.'

"Dear Fathers, it is needless to say that I did.

"Father Broidy, on this happy day I have not re-echoed the praises that have been showered upon you as much as perhaps I might have done, because I reserved for you a praise that is higher than all of them. I believed when I sent you here that you were of his stamp. You have done your duty and you have done it well. I am not ungrateful and I shall not forget. But your best praise from me is, that I firmly believe that you, under like circumstances, would also have willingly given your life for the resurrection of Alta."

The Autobiography of a Dollar

I WAS born in a beautiful city on the banks of a charming river, the capital of a great nation. Unlike humans, I can remember no childhood, though it is said that I had a formative period in the care of artists whose brains conceived the beauty of my face and whose hands realized the glory of their dreams. But to them I was only a pretty thing of paper with line and color upon it. They gave me nothing else, and I really began to live only when some one representing the Great Nation stamped a seal upon me. Though a bloodless thing, yet I felt a throb of being. I lived, and the joy of it went rioting through me.

I remember that at first I was confined in a prison, bound with others by an elastic band which I longed to break, that I might escape to the welcoming hands of men who looked longingly at me through the bars. But soon one secured me and I went out into a great, wide and beautiful world.

Of the first months of my life I can remember but very little, only that I was feverishly happy in seeing, and particularly in doing. I was petted and admired and sought after. I went everywhere and did everything. So great was my popularity that some even bartered their peace of mind to obtain me, and others, forced to see me go, shed tears at the parting. Some, unable to have me go to them otherwise, actually stole me. But all the time I cared nothing, for I was living and doing—making men smile and laugh when I was with them and weep when I went away. It was all the same to me whether they laughed or cried. I only loved the power that was in me to make them do both and I believed that the power was without limit.

I was not yet a year old when I began to lose my beauty. I noticed it first when I fell into the hands of a man with long hair and pointed beard, who frowned at me and said: "You poor, faded, dirty thing, to think that I made you!" But I did not care. He had not made me. It was the Great Nation. Anyhow I could still do things and make even him long for me. So I was happy.

I was one year and a half old when I formed my first great partnership with others of my kind, and it came about like this: I had been in the possession of a poor woman who had guarded me for a week in a most unpleasant smelling old purse, when I heard a sharp voice ask for me—nay, demand me, and couple the demand with a threat that my guardian should lose her home were the demand refused. I was given over, I hoped, to better quarters, but in this I was sadly disappointed, for my new owner confined me in a strong but ill-favored box where thousands like myself were growing mouldy and wrinkled, away from the light of day. Sometimes we were released at night to be carefully counted by candle-light, but that was all. Thus we who were imprisoned together formed a partnership, but even then we were not strong enough to free ourselves. One night the box was opened with a snap and I saw the thin, pale face of my master looking down at us. He selected me and ninety-nine of my companions and placed us outside the box.

"There's the money," he said, "as I told you. It's all yours. Are you satisfied now?" I looked across the table at a young girl with a white, set face that was very, very beautiful. She did not answer.

"If you want it, why don't you take it?" he snarled at her. "I can tell you again that there is nothing else for you."

The girl had something in her hand that I saw. I see more than most men. The thing she had made a sharp noise

and spit a flame at him. He fell across the table and something red and warm went all over me. I began to be unhappy, for I thought I saw that there was something in the world that could not be bought. For him I cared nothing.

It was strange that after my transfers I was at last used to pay the judge who tried the girl. I was in the judge's pocket when he sentenced her to death. He said: "May the Lord have mercy on your soul." But I knew, for I told you I could see more than most men, that he didn't believe in the Lord or in souls. He left the court to spend me at a ———, but I think that I will not mention that shameful change. There was nothing strange about my falling into the hangman as part of his pay. I had been in worse hands in the interim.

I saw her die. Not a word did she say about the man she killed, though it might have saved her to tell of the mock marriage and the other things I knew she could reveal. She thought it better to die, I suppose, than be shamed. So she died—unbought. It made me still more unhappy to think of it at all. The dark stain never left me, but I cared nothing for that. What troubled was that I knew she wanted me, was starving for what I could buy, but spurned me and died rather than take me. There was something that had more power than I possessed.

I made up my mind to forget, so my next effort was the greatest I had yet made—my partnership with millions of others. I traveled long distances over and over again. I dug gold from the earth and so produced others like myself. I built railroads, skyscrapers, steamships and great public works. I disguised myself, in order to enhance my power, under new forms of paper and metal, coin, drafts, checks, orders and notes. Indeed I scarcely knew myself when I returned to the bill with the red stain upon it. My partners were nearly all

with us one day when the master came in with a man and pointed us out to him. The man shook his head. It was a great, massive head, good to look at. My master talked a long time with him but the man never changed. Then he received a great roll of us in his hand. He threw us down, kicked us, and went out without a look back. I was more unhappy than ever. He had spurned me, though I knew by his look that he wanted me. I felt cursed. I had not much power at all. There was another thing I could not buy.

But a curse came in good earnest two days later. The terror of that has never left me. I saw a man die who loved me better than his honor or his God. He refused, dying, to give me back to the man from whom he had stolen me. The priest who stood by his bed implored him. He refused and the priest turned from him without saying the words of absolution. When the chill came on him he hissed and spit at us, and croaked his curses, but the death rattle kept choking them back into him, only to have him vomit them into our faces again and again till he died. The priest came back and looked at him.

"Poor fool!" he said to him, but to me and my companions he said: "You sent him to Hell."

"Ah! What a power that was, but while I rejoiced in it I was not glad enough. He could have conquered had he only willed it. I knew he was my master long before I mastered him.

"His dissipated and drunken children fought for us beside his very bed. I was wrenched from one hand to the other, falling upon the dirty floor to be trampled on again and again. When the fight ended I was torn and filthy, so that, patched and ugly, my next master sent me back to the great capital to be changed; to have the artists work again on me and

restore my beauty. They did it well, but no artist could give me new life.

Again I went forth and fell into the hands of a good man. I knew he was good when I heard him speak to me and to those who were with me. "God has blessed me," he said, "with riches and knowledge and strength, but I am only His steward. This money, like all the rest, shall be spent in His service." Then we were sent out, thousands of us, returning again and again, splitting into great and small parties, but all coming and going hither and thither on errands of mercy.

Now I felt my love of doing return. Never did I now see a tear that I did not dry. Never did I hear a sigh that I did not change to a laugh; never a wound that I did not heal; never a pain that I did not soothe; nor a care I did not lighten. Where the sick were found, I visited them; where the poor were, I bought them bread. Out on the plains and in the desert I lifted the Cross of Hope and the Chalice of Salvation. To the dying I sped the Minister of Pardon. Into the darkness and the shadow of death I sent the Light of love and hope and truth, till, rich in the deeds of mercy I did in my master's name, I felt the call to another death-bed—his own. I saw my companions flying from the bounds of the great earth to answer the call. They knew he needed them now, with the rich interests of good deeds they had won for him. Fast they came and the multitude of them filled him with wonder. The enemy who hated him pointed to them in derision. "Gold buys hell, not heaven," he laughed, but we stood around the bed and the enemy could not pass us. Then we, and deeds we did for him at his command, began to pray, and the prayer was like sweetest music echoing against the very vault of heaven; and other sounds, like the gentle tones of harps, were wafted over us, swelling louder and louder till all seemed changed to a thousand organs, with

every stop attuned to the praying. They were the voices of the children from parts and regions where we had lifted the Cross. One by one they joined the mighty music till, on the wings of the melody, the master was borne aloft, higher and higher as new voices coming added their strength. I watched till he was far above and still rising to heights beyond the ken of dreams.

An Angel touched me.

"Be thou clean," he said, "and go, I charge thee, to thy work. Thy master is not dead, but only begins his joy. While time is, thou shalt work for him and thy deeds of good shall be his own. Wherever thou shalt go let the Cross arise that, under its shadow, the children may gather and the song find new strength and new volume to lift him nearer and nearer the Throne."

So I am happy that I have learned my real power; that I can do what alone is worth doing—for His sake.

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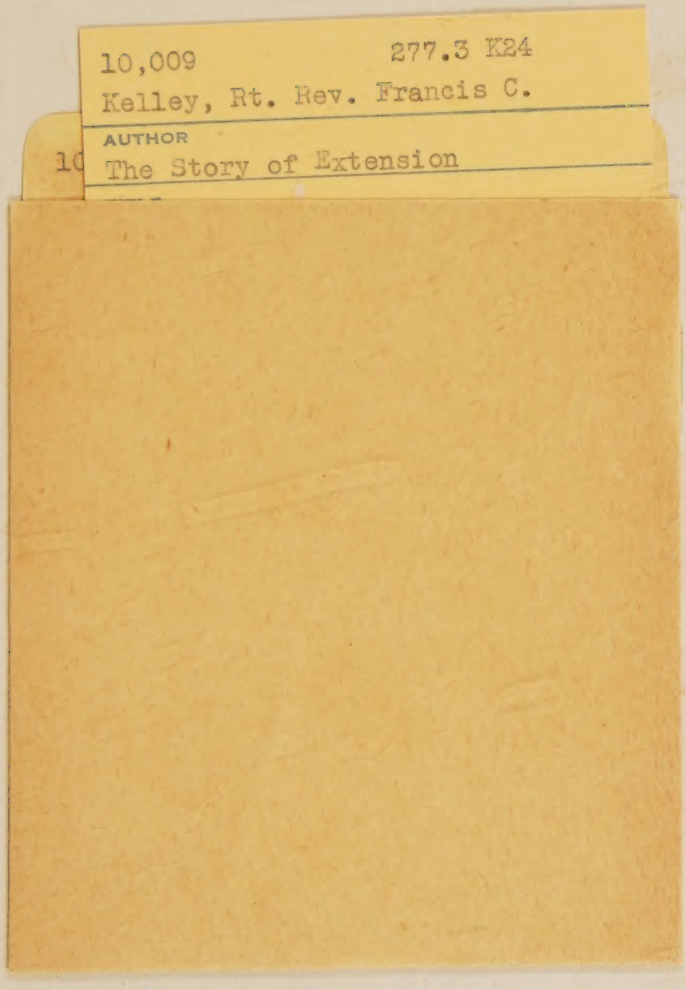
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